

H. Juvenalis (D.J.)
T H E

SATIRES OF JUVENAL,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH A

CORRECT COPY OF THE ORIGINAL LATIN

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE:

CLEARED OF ALL THE MOST EXCEPTIONABLE PASSAGES,

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH MARGINAL NOTES

FROM THE BEST COMMENTATORS.

A L S O

DR. BREWSTER'S PERSIUS;

WITH THE ORIGINAL ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE,

AND NOTES FROM CASAUBON

TO ILLUSTRATE THE DESIGN AND METHOD AS WELL AS

THE SENSE OF HIS SEVERAL SATIRES.

In TWO VOLUMES.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following reformed and correct text of the original Latin is a publication, it is presumed, which needs no apology.*

There are but few masters, who wish not to see the beauties of the manly Juvenal separated from his impurities. He excels all ethic authors in animation : and, if the young scholar can learn to superadd his spirit to the correct and graceful ease, which he learns from Horace, he must acquire, what is rarely to be met with, a perfect style ; plain without meanness, vigorous without tumor, sprightly without pertness, and polished without affectation—if nature has given him, what art can only improve, not infuse, capacity.

This plan rendered a new translation necessary. For Juvenal is not to be understood without helps ; and the translation by several hands, which goes under Dryden's name, is not only unworthy, but incapable, of being adapted to any Latin text ; much more to a correct, chaste text. Every one, who knows any thing of Juvenal, will acknowledge this fact. The translator's ability to supply this defect, is the only question ; and this must be left

* This work was almost ready for the press, when the ingenious Mr. Knox's edition appeared ; and is not superseded by it, as the plans are different.

to the public judgment. If he excels not his rambling predecessors in fidelity, sometimes perhaps in ease and spirit, (not excepting the great and masculine but slovenly Dryden himself) writing, as he does, under great advantages—in an improved state of taste, of classical knowledge, and of English versification; he will freely acknowledge himself to be justly chargeable with great presumption.

Yet he means not by this to challenge the severe eye of rigid criticism. On the contrary, he has many explanations to make, many indulgences to request.

Juvenal is a very unequal writer. In some whole satires, and in some parts of his best satires (i.e. as his translator conceives, the third, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, thirteenth, and fourteenth,) he seems, as Mr. Pope speaks of Shakespear, *to have grown immortal in his own despite*; in plain language, to have written carelessly. And if the translator has consulted his own ease a little upon these occasions, he has erred in good company; his great Master's. For, though no translator can equal this author in his beauties, this is no reason, why a false glare should be thrown over his imperfections.

In this, perhaps, the translator errs from laziness: but in the two following particulars, he errs rather from choice. Triplets, which are considered, perhaps justly, as blemishes in modern poetry, are sometimes to be found in this work. The reason is, they are sometimes useful in translation to prevent diffusion. The modern ear, besides, generally expects the sense and sound to terminate together

together in the conclusion of the second and fourth line. But, if this be essential to perfect harmony in shorter pieces, surely it tends, in larger works, to give a sameness, that tires and disgusts. Nothing, for instance, can exceed Dr. Johnson's imitations of Juvenal for magnificence of sound, and terseness, force and dignity of expression. But were all Juvenal translated in this manner (and it is very far from being his manner at all) that great and excellent critic would have been the first to condemn so much florid harmony without its rests and changes.

There is another thing to be considered (and an humiliating plea it is) in favour of translation. To say nothing of the peculiar difficulty of translating Latin authors (for that ardent spirit, that *vivida vis animi*, which made Rome the mistress of the world, glows also in her best writers) there are reasons, founded in the very principles of language, which render it impossible for any translation whatever to be a just copy of an original. The beauties of every language grow out of the customs, that is, the habits of thinking and acting, prevalent among the people. The ideas, arising from this source, are stronger and more vigorous, and give a proportionable colouring to the correspondent terms and phrases. These ideas are more familiar and general, and immediately caught, upon the first hint, by the mind's rapid power of association, and this begets elliptical forms of expression. As customs, therefore, vary with time and climate, translations and originals, for these and other similar reasons, can never exactly correspond. One shall be concise,

where the other is diffusive ; one familiar or grossly vulgar, where the other is elegant ; one simple and unornamented, where the other is figurative or sublime. Sometimes customs are totally different ; and here translation requires the tame insipid diffusion of explanation : sometimes customs are honourable in one place, low and trivial in another ; and here there is a necessity for disguise. Sometimes the customs stand perhaps upon an equal footing, but are differently expressed, according to the people's national complexion, taste, and degree of civilization ; and here there is a necessity either for diffusion, or disguise, and sometimes for both.

There remains another difficulty. The learned themselves agree not in their ideas about the beauties of an author ; and hence it becomes impossible, that even intelligent and candid judges should generally agree with a translator (and surely he too has his right of judgment as a common privilege) in determining what things are most proper to be dilated, and what compressed.

In short, translation has but two uses. The first and principal is, to give some general idea of an author to persons who are total strangers to his language. The second is to assist learners, especially in the study of poetical authors. And here poetical translations, when tolerably executed, (for literal translations, it is to be feared, are the bane of solid literature,) may probably assist learners, certainly will do them no prejudice. They facilitate their labour, enliven their fancies, and still leave them to the necessary but improving drudgery of consulting their dictionary and grammar, and
of

of exercising their own choice of expression in their native language.

After these explanations, the translator has only one thing to add, which almost results as a corollary from what he has already observed. If he sometimes dilates or embellishes a thought, it must be remembered, that he had an English ear to please; and that, if he sometimes wants the ease and grace of an original, he had his author's thoughts and images to preserve. The first is like that civil versatility of manners, which every man owes to the varying customs of the age in which he lives; but the other is like that integrity and strictness of principle, which never bends to fashion or convenience, at the expence of one single virtue.

These are a few, out of many things, which the translator could offer in justification of his attempt. The brevity of preface admits of no more. The public judgment, (as mentioned above) must now determine; and for the most part it determines right: for, contrary to one of the standing canons of Minute Criticism, it suffers a general assemblage of merit to hide some smaller blemishes.

In the notes, the translator wished to avoid that fault of critics, complained of by the judicious Ruæus, *ut se primum, auctorem deinde suum, illustrandos ornandosque suscipiant* “that they study “rather to display their own learning than explain their author;” and has therefore, for the sake of brevity, referred his reader to books of antiquities, and taken it for granted that a proper knowledge of Mythology, History, and Geography has been already acquired in the previous stages of education.

cation. He has long been of opinion, that short systems of these branches of knowledge, occasionally consulted, or rather previously taught, would supersede that mass of notes, which encumber the Delphin Editions;* where the scholar has the same fable, or custom, or historical anecdote explained to him in every author as he proceeds. This knowledge, to be sure, is essentially necessary. But the margin of classic authors should be reserved for better purposes; to unravel their difficulties, illustrate their beauties, note their blemishes, and explain their design and disposition.

We know little more of Juvenal, than that he lived and died. Instead, therefore, of attempting his life, i. e. attempting a structure without materials, it was thought more expedient to exhibit a short System of Chronology adapted to his writings; especially as it contains a period, of which young scholars have but little knowledge from the common school classics.

But if the Biographer has but little to expect in Juvenal, the Critic may promise himself an ample field of curious observation. He will find in him a rich vein of poetry, though sometimes debased by a careless, not to say, a slovenly incorrectness; and an admirable and refined morality, though sometimes polluted with gross impurities; especially, when his subject leads him to speak of the sexual passions.

His beauties were peculiarly his own, and worthy of the golden age of Roman literature; the

* But the correct edition of Virgil by Ruzus, and that great work of industry and learning, Harduin's Pliny, are never to be mentioned without respect.

happy fruits of a manly and enlightened understanding, a glowing vigour of imagination, and a picturesque force of expression: his defects were his misfortune, the common fault of the age; when even the elegant and well-bred Pliny Junior wanted the graces of chaste and correct composition.

His morals, also, were drawn from the best source, the source of all moral light in its true purity, revelation; to which (as we shall see by and by) he was no stranger: at the same time his impurities, too, must be forgiven him as another misfortune; as the effects of that heathen ignorance, from which he had not emancipated himself.

No writer, therefore, can be more useful. He instructs the true critic and real christian both in his excellences and defects.

In the present edition, however, his grosser parts (which amount to about two hundred lines) are expunged; and it is hoped the young scholar will not regret the omission. It is even hoped, should he call in other editions to his aid, that he will pass these parts over for the present, with the modest deference, which Horace paid to his virtuous father, pointing out to him vitious examples at a safe distance, with this admonition—*Simul ac duraverit ÆTAS Membra animumque tuum, NABIS SINE CORTICE*. The christian youth has, and must have, the same liberty. He must, sometime or other, face the temptations of the world; as his own master, director, and guardian. Man, as a moral creature, must have his trials to exercise his virtue. But happy he, who ventures not into hazardous scenes, before he is well established in virtuous habits,

habits, before his passions are cooled by age, or disciplined by religion!

A few words more must be added about Persius, who appears too in the present edition; not only because he usually accompanies Juvenal, but because he is an excellent author. It is astonishing, that intelligent critics should censure his writings with one indiscriminate charge of obscurity. Nothing can be more unjust. His second, third, and fifth satires (except a very few harsh metaphors and phrases) have all the method of the schools, yet are luminous, elegant, and often highly poetical. There are more difficulties in an equal number of satires in the second book of Horace. The case is different, it is confessed, with respect to his other pieces. The first is obscure, and generally uninteresting, for a reason, which must render some parts of Pope neglected pieces; for not suffering cotemporary fools to fall into obscurity by the natural fate of their little momentary existence. The fourth is but a juvenile piece, for the most part taken from Plato, and obscure for a good reason, because it glanced at a dangerous tyrant, Nero. The sixth, indeed, is upon a noble and general subject, the use of riches: and how Persius, who wrote so well of prayer, philosophy, and moral liberty, in his second, third, and fifth satires, could be in this so cloudy and abrupt, cannot be accounted for, unless we suppose it to be the outlines of a piece, which he was prevented from finishing by an untimely death.

The republication of the elegant Brewster requires

quires no apology. His translation has singular merit. He had an uncommon delicacy of ear, and a perfect knowledge of his author. It is hoped, that the notes, which attend him in this edition, will render him more generally known and more generally useful.

The text of Juvenal and Persius wants a careful revisal ; and it were to be wished, that some person, who has leisure and access to MSS. and early editions, would undertake this important task. Henin-ius, in his quarto edition, intimates an intention of this kind ; but whether he lived to carry it into execution, the Translator had never an opportunity of learning.

He has prefixed his name, in hopes, that candid judges, who approve of the general plan and execution, will favour him with their communications, to improve another edition, with the prospect of which he cannot help flattering himself from the apparent utility of the design. Of the numbers, who admire the nervous original as well as he, some want the time, some the patience, some the knack of versifying, some perhaps the animation, necessary to such a work. A translator of Juvenal must have many heterogeneous qualities. He must have some fire, and some phlegm ; something of the poet, and something of the drudge ; something of the gay wit, and something of the serious christian. The translator would only appropriate to himself the darker parts of this character, if some ingenious friends, well known to fame, did not encourage him to think favourably of himself.

It

It is possible, indeed, friendship may have prevailed over their better judgment. It is possible, they foresaw not all the risks of the attempt. Adventurers upon the sea of ink (for why may we not speak a little poetically, where poetry is the subject?) like those upon the ocean itself, meet often with storms, and rocks, and pirates, which neither they nor their insurers foresee;

Qualia multa mari nautæ patiuntur in alto!

VIRG.

But should the severity, or perhaps the justice of criticism deny him that fame, which poets, great and small, covet alike; he can and will content himself with the consciousness of one motive, which carries its own reward, a sincere intention of doing good by rendering Juvenal a safe author for the use of a very valuable part of the community, that class of ingenuous youth, upon whose right education depend, in a great measure, the morals and happiness of every succeeding generation.

N. B. *The Chronology is annexed to the second Volume.*

D. JUNII

D. JUNII JUVENALIS,

S A T I R Æ.

T H E

S A T I R E S

O F

J U V E N A L.

Vol. I. B

D. JUNII JUVENALIS

S A T I R Æ.

S A T I R A I.

Semper ego auditor tantùm, nunquamne reponam;
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?
Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic Elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus?

This Satire, though not the first written (as we shall soon see) was probably drawn up by the poet as an introduction to his other satires, soon after his retreat from the Bar. Most of those enormities, which he proposed to consider more particularly and distinctly in his other pieces, are grouped here in one general charge.

Yet even here he has an air of dignity. He soon recommends himself to us as an awful, though a self-commissioned Censor. The moment he assumes the chair, we submit to his authority: his air and tone command our reverence: and his bare censure of the corruptions, which pass in review before him, stamps a mark of infamy upon them, in which we acquiesce: we are satisfied with his determination; and wish to call in no farther evidence.

The characters indeed are mostly local, generally unknown: but the manner of the poet has been an useful subject of imitation to others in different ages.

It consists of four parts. The 1st assigns the reasons why he writes at all; and here he lashes cotemporary authors. The 2d declares, why he made satire his particular choice; and here he enters upon his main subject, and lashes the prevailing vices of the times. The 3d expatiates upon a particular evil, as one of the first magnitude, the wretchedness of dependence; and here he descends from the TRAGIC tone of satire, and assumes the COMIC, with

T H E
S A T I R E S
O F
J U V E N A L.

S A T I R E I.

I. **F**OR ever shall I hear in silent pain?
 Shall I repay not one avenging strain?
 Plagu'd as I am so oft with Codrus' roar,
 Mouthing his Theseid e'en to hoarseness o'er?
 With comedies and elegies still read,
 Shall poets, then, unpunish'd rend my head?

Shall

with somewhat of the gaiety and humour of Horace. The 4th concludes with a dialogue between the reader and author, to point out the application of the piece.

The allusion to the story of Marius obliges us to bring down the date as low as the fifth of Trajan. He had written his seventh, and probably his fifteenth and sixteenth before: but here he seems to have quitted the bar and to have devoted himself to lettered ease.

1. *Nunquamne reponam.*] A metaphor from the payment of just debts. *Des mihi nummos, quos continuè reponam.* Plaut. But the humour is from Horace. *Non ego nobilium scriptorum auditor & ultor.* Ep. II. 19. BRITANNICUS.

3. *Togatas.*] *Togata* is properly a comedy on a Roman subject; *prætextata* a tragedy on the same: *Vel qui prætextatas vel qui doctas togatas.* Hor. See Kennet, B. V. C. 6. or Wilson's useful Dictionary of Antiquities.

Telephus? aut, summi plenâ jam margine libri, 5
Scriptus & in tergo, necdum finitus Orestes?

Nota magis nulli domus est sua, quam mihi lucus
Martis, & Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani. Quid agant venti; quas torqueat umbras
Æacus; unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum 10
Pelliculæ; quantas jaculetur Monychus ornos;
Frontonis platani, convulsaque marmora clamant
Semper, & assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ.
Expectes eadem a summo, minimoque Poëtâ.

Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus; & nos
Consilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum 16
Dormiret? Stulta est clementia, cùm tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.

Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam. 21
Cum tener uxorem ducat spado: Mævia Tuscum

Figat

5. *Summi plena.*] There is a beautiful climax in this passage. The volume itself was large, *summus*; yet this was not sufficient, the margin was used, *margine*: This was not only used, but filled; *plena*: nor was this again sufficient; the back too must be employed; *scriptus et in tergo*: After all, the work was still unfinished, *necdum finitus*. An excellent ridicule upon a writer, who, it seems, wanted "the greatest art of all, the art to blot."

7. *Lucus Martis*] Groves were the first subjects of young poets. *Nec ponere lucum Artifices.* Perf.

Antrum Vulcani.] Mount *Ætna*: another hackneyed subject.

9. *Quid agant venti.*] Juvenal mentions *poetica tempestas* as a proverbial expression. Sat. XII. 23.

10. *Alius furtivæ.*] An oblique satire on Valerius Flaccus, his cotemporary, author of the *Argonautics*.

12. *Frontonis.*] Julius Fronto lent his gardens to the poets for their rehearsals. Gardens were usually adorned with statues, *marmora*; and piazzas or arcades, *columnæ*. Hence Sat. VII. *jaceat Lucanus in hortis Marmorcis*.

Shall tragic Telephus consume my day
With length unpunish'd ; or that bulkier play,
Orestes, which, with margin closely penn'd,
Swells o'er the back, nor yet has found its end ?

The grove of Mars, and Vulcan's flaming dome,
I know as well as others know their home.
How tempests bluster, and what ghosts below
The rigid Æacus consigns to woe ;
Whence his stol'n fleece of gold another bears,
What vast wild ash-trees Centaurs whirl for spears ; —
These themes resound so oft thro' Fronto's shades,
Thro' his long ranks of statues, and arcades,
That the eternal noise, th' outrageous tone
Of bards rehearsing rends the solid stone.
The rhyming madness runs alike thro' all :
Expect it from great poets, and from small.

Have I then left the ferule's rigid sway,
And, train'd in rhetoric too, as well as they,
Counsell'd fierce Sylla to resign his power,
And sleep at ease in pleasure's peaceful bower ?
Since paper's doom'd to waste (such shoals there are,
Who scribble) 'tis false clemency to spare.

II. But why, advent'rous, in the lists I run,
Tro'd by the steeds of great Aurunca's son,
I'll now unfold, if you at ease can hear,
And lend my tale a fair impartial ear.

When eunuchs wed, and Mævia dares engage
Fierce boars, bare-bosom'd, on the public stage ;

When

15. *Et nos ergo.*] This is usually read without an interrogation :
But both the sense and spirit are thus lost.

16. *Consilium*] Grammar and rhetoric included the whole course
of Belles Lettres, as then taught at Rome.

20. *Aurunca alumnus.*] The satirist Lucilius was born at
Aurunca.

22. *Cum tener uxorem.*] He mentions the reason, Sat. VI. Some
women, it seems, dreaded the pains of child-bed.

6 JUVENALIS SATIRA I.

Figat aprum, & nudâ teneat venabula mammâ :
 Patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus,
 Quo tondente gravis juvenis mihi barba sonabat :
 Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi 26
 Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
 Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aûrum,
 Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ :
 Difficile est Satiram non scribere. Nam quis iniquæ
 Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se ?
 Causidici nova cum veniat lectica Mathonis
 Plena ipso : & post hunc magni delator amici,
 Et citò rapturus de nobilitate comesâ
 Quod superest : quem Massa timet ; quem munere palpat
 Carus ; & a trepido Thymele summissa Latino. [35
 Quid referam, quantâ ficcum jecur ardeat irâ,
 Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator
 Pupilli prostantis ? Et hic damnatus inani
 Judicio (quid enim salvis infamia nummis ?) 40

Exul

Mævia.] The rage of the Roman women for these fights with wild beasts in the amphitheatre was encouraged by the vile Domitian, and still continued by the negligence of his successors ; and therefore raised the poet's indignation. It was afterwards restrained by an edict of Severus. It is wonderful, Dryden could be so ignorant or so careless as to mount his lady on horseback

When mannish Mævia, that two handed whore,
 Astride on horseback hunts the Tuscan boar.

But " the unhappy Dryden " (as Pope candidly speaks) shall appear but once more in these notes ; and that only out of respect to a greater man, the admirable Tully, in the tenth satire.

26. *Cum pars Niliaci.*] Every word is full of contempt : *Plebs*, *Niliacus*, *Canopus*, *verna*. The Nile was the fruitful parent of the foulest monsters.

27. *Revocante lacernas.*] It may either mean, that he shifted the position of his *lacerna* often, to show his rings : LUBIN. Or, that he changed it often a day, with luxurious caprice : FERRARIUS. For the *lacerna*, *toga*, *tunica*, *prætecta*. See Kennet, V. 8.

28. *Æstivum*

When he, whose razor shav'd my youthful face,
 Outvies in wealth the whole Patrician race;
 When a vile slave, of Egypt's vilest town,
 Crispinus, shifting oft his purple gown,
 Fans his soft hand, with summer rings o'ercharg'd,
 And would be melted, were the stone enlarg'd:
 Who can refrain from satire? He, who can,
 'Midst such corruptions, must be steel, not man.
 When pettyfogging Matho's upstart chair,
 Cramm'd with his garbage, moves in splendid glare;
 When next proceeds, in equal pomp convey'd,
 Th' informer, who his noble friend betray'd,
 The scourge of fleec'd nobility, prepar'd
 To rend that little, former tyrants spar'd,
 The dread e'en of the base informing tribe,
 Whom Massa fears, and Carus stoops to bribe,
 Whose wrath Latinus, scar'd to death, disarms,
 By his wife's shame and prostituted charms.

Oh! how it fires my choler to survey
 That man's retinue, choaking up the way,
 Whose knavery drove his plunder'd ward to court
 The bread of prostitution for support;
 Or Marius, sentenc'd by the laws in vain:
 (For what's mere scandal, so the pence remain?)

Who

28. *Æstivum aurum.*] We learn from the seventh satire, that the Romans had their summer and winter rings.

36. *A trepido Thymele.*] Latinus and Thymele often acted the characters of gallant and adúlteress upon the stage. Hence they are put figuratively for any great informer in similar circumstances. GRANGÆUS. But as it is incongruous to mix figure and real history (for Massa Bæbius and the rest here mentioned were real characters) the Scholiast's opinion is more probable, that the passage relates literally to Latinus himself. But it is a matter of little consequence, whether of the two senses we take.

Exul ab octavâ Marius bibit, & fruitur Diis
Iratis : at tu victrix provincia ploras.

Hæc ego non credam Venufinâ digna lucernâ ?
Hæc ego non agitem ? Sed quid magis Heracleas,
Aut Diomedæas, aut mugitum Labyrinthi, 45
Et mare percussum puero, fabrumque volantem ?

Cum leno accipiat mœchi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
Doctus & ad calicem vigilantî stertere naso :
Cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis 50
Qui bona donavit præsepibus, & caret omni
Majorum censu, dum pervolat axe citato
Flaminiam : puer Automedon nam lora tenebat,
Ipse lacernatæ cum se jactaret amicæ.

Nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces 55
Quadrivio ? Cum jam sextâ cervice feratur
Hinc atque inde patens, ac nudâ pene cathedrâ,
Et multum referens de Mecænate supino

Signator

47. *Si capiendi.*] *Si* is for *quoniam*, because there was an express law enacted by Domitian : *Ademit probrosiis fæminis jus capiendi legata hæreditateque.* Suet.

49. *Vigilanti stertere naso.*] See Sat. III. 165 : the note.

50. *Curam cohortis.*] He means a præfectship, a general command. GRANG.

53. *Puer Automedon.*] As skilful as Automedon, the charioteer of Achilles. See note, Sat. IV. 133.

54. *Ipse lacernatæ.*] This cannot relate to Nero and his eunuch Sporus, who were not mentioned or intimated before. A person of consular dignity is ridiculed in the eighth satire for his extravagant passion for horses, under the fictitious name of Damasippus. The same person is probably meant in both places. GRANG.

57. *Cathedra.*] Was properly a woman's chair for domestic use : *Sella* was a litter, where a person could only sit, when carried abroad : *lectica* one, wherein he could lie, if he chose.

Who feasts at two, while the poor province weeps
In vain victorious : he the treasure keeps,
And shameless spends the unrefunded prize
In jolly exile and the gods defies.

Should I not rather, when such crimes prevail,
Trim satire's lamp with Horace, than retail
The idle dreams in Grecian legends read,
The feats of Hercules—or Diomed—
The bellowing Minotaur—the mazy cell—
The flying artist—and his boy that fell?

When the vile husband, lewd bequests to merit,
(Since by the laws th' adult'refs can't inherit)
Goes snacks with letchers, and his wife, in shame,
And takes the wages in his proper name ;
When, o'er the glass, with pander-skill he throws
His eyes aloft, or snores with wakeful nose :
When he dares hope in war a high command,
Who spent on horses his forefathers' land ;
A stud his whole delight, the rapid car
The only school that train'd him up to war ;
Who, a skill'd charioteer in boyhood, flew
O'er the Flaminian way in public view ;
While, near, his mannish mistress had her seat,
Drest soldier-like, and triumph'd in the feat.

Who would not boldly fill the amplest page
At the highcross (no small one suits the age)
When he (detested sight !) a forger sees,
Mecænas-like, in luxury of ease,
Borne by six slaves, in open chair reclin'd,
Daring the honest censure of mankind ;

Signator falso, qui se lautum, atque beatum
 Exiguīs tabulis & gemmā fecerat udā :
 Occurrit matrona potens, quæ molle Calenum
 Porrectura viro miscet sitiente rubetam,
 Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas,
 Per famam & populum nigros efferre maritos.

60

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum, 65
 Si vis esse aliquis : PROBITAS laudatur, & alget.
 Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, mensas,
 Argentum vetus, & stantem extra pocula caprum.

Quem patitur dormire nurūs corruptor avaræ?
 Quem sponsæ turpes, & prætextatus adulter?
 Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum,
 Qualemcunq; potest : quales ego, vel Cluvienus.

70

Ex quo Deucalion, nimbis tollentibus æquor,
 Navigio montem ascendit, fortesque poposcit,
 Paulatimque animā caluerunt mollia saxa,
 Et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas :
 Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
 Gaudia, discursus : nostri est farrago libelli.

Et

60. *Exiguīs tabulis.*] He made himself sole heir, *exiguīs*; he moistened the seal to make a good impression and safe bequest, *uda*. *Signator falso* is a phrase of purest Latinity; *testamento* understood. GRONOV.

67. *Criminibus debent.*] *Debeo* means, vice was so fashionable, that it claimed the rewards of virtue as its due. *Extra pocula caprum* means chased plate. GRANG.

72. *Vel Cluvienus.*] See note, Sat. X. 215.

73. *Ex quo Deucalion*] Rigault supposes, the poet meant to ridicule the fabulous account of the deluge; and indeed it is hard to find much propriety in the ludicrous expressions used here but upon this supposition. But the translation follows the graver sense.

76. *Votum,*

Who got this guilty opulence and glare,
By wills—discreetly brief—but seal'd with care:
Or a proud dame, who to a spouse athirst
Gives richest wine; but—slips in poison first;
And, an improv'd Locusta in her skill,
Teaches raw female neighbors, how to kill
And bear their husbands livid to the flame—
In spite of busy talk and babbling fame.

Would you be great? Dare something greatly vile,
Worthy the vengeance of some desert isle,
Or some dank dungeon: virtue, now a days,
Gets only the cold charity of praise.
To palaces, and furniture of price,
The only modern avenue is vice.

A monitrous father cuckolding a son,
He-brides, and bucks ere manhood has begun,
Are fights, which let no human patience rest:
Dull indignation's self would do its best
To hammer out a verse in nature's spite,
Such verse as I, and — Cluvienus write.

E'er since the deluge, when one happier pair
Escap'd the general wreck, and, by their pray'r,
From soften'd stone another race began;
Whate'er this busy bustling scene of man
Presents, his passions and his wild designs,
Are the mixt motley subject of my lines.

And

77. *Votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia.*] The four original passions are here meant, though not as accurately and philosophically described as in Virg. *Hinc metuunt, cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque.* For *voluptas* and *gaudia* here are synonymous.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
 Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando 80
 Hos animos? neque enim oculis comitantibus itur
 Ad casum tabulæ; positâ sed luditur arcâ.
 Prælia quanta illic dispensatore videbis
 Armigero! simplexne furor sestertia centum
 Perdere; & horrenti tunicam non reddere servo? 85
 Quis totidem erexit villas? quis fercula septem
 Secretò cœnavit avus? nunc sportula primo
 Limine parva sedet, turbæ rapienda togatæ.
 Ille tamen faciem prius inspicit, & trepidat, ne
 Suppositus venias, ac falso nomine poscas. 90
 Agnitus accipies. Jubet à præcone vocari
 Ipsos Trojugenas: nam vexant limen & ipsi
 Nobiscum.

80. *Sinus.*] Grangæus is perhaps right, who takes this for the fold of the garment used as a purse. But the other sense is more poetical.

83. *Prælia quanta.*] This is best considered as an irony. *Prælia* means the game: *arma* implied in *armigero*, the cash and dice: the armour bearer *armiger*, the steward, who furnishes the money, and sometimes perhaps throws the dice by way of relief to the combatants. We have the same metaphor, Sat. XIV. *parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo*. The ridicule then is, that those wretches employed all that time and spirit in this infamous vice, which the hero does in the field against the enemies of his country. GRANG.

The hundred Sestertia or larger sesterces made eight hundred and seven pounds five shillings and ten-pence; every larger sesterce, according to Arbuthnot, being eight pounds one shilling and five-pence halfpenny.

86. *Quis fercula septem.*] The old Romans had usually but two dishes. Suetonius tells us that three only were the Emperor Augustus' standing table.

87. *Secretò cœnavit.*] This means "to give an entertainment." For the virtuous ancients used to entertain in an inward apartment, *At domus interior regali splendida luxu*. Virg. Their usual eating room was the *atrium*, the common hall, a place open to the view of their fellow-citizens. Their luxury, though frugal, was private; what

And when did vice with growth so rank prevail?
 Or av'rice wanton in so fair a gale?
 When has the gambling spirit run so high?
 Whole fortunes hang suspended on a dye:
 They play, their strong-box not their purses nigh!
 How fierce a conflict marks this well-fought field,
 Each hero bent on ruin ere he yield,
 Th' attendant Steward serving to his knight
 The generous weapons of the desp'rate fight!
 "Madmen! that can't on your starv'd slave bestow
 "A jacket, yet risk hundreds on a throw!"

III. Who rear'd of old so many country seats?
 Or serv'd sev'n dishes up at private treats?
 But patrons treat no more: for now the whole,
 Their lux'ry spares, is the penurious Dole.

Without, in cold civility, it stands,
 At distance snatch'd by scrambling clients' hands:
 Poor as it is, 'tis giv'n with niggard care,
 Left an impostor take away a share.
 Known, you receive: the great, of high descent,
 Advance: they too these haughty doors frequent:
 The

what they were almost ashamed to own: frugality was their general habit and boast. A heathen can here teach us that the morals of a nation are gone, when frugality grows into disgrace. He speaks more fully in the sixth, and this with singular spirit,

----- *Sævior armis*
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

87. *Sportula*.] The old Romans used to entertain their clients with a supper upon their return from the forum, which was called *cæna recta*. Nero, as Suetonius tells us, (XV.) changed it to the *Sportula*, and Domitian (VII.) restored the *cæna recta*. It seems when the poet wrote, patrons used either way at choice. In the third satire we see a mess distributed, here a hundred *quadrantes*, or Roman farthings, about twenty pence of our money. It was called *Sportula* from the small baskets in which the dole was distributed.

Nobiscum. Da Prætori, da deinde Tribuno.
 Sed libertinus prior est: Prior, inquit, ego adsum.
 Cur timeam dubitemve locum defendere? quamvis 95
 Natus ad Euphratem, molles quod in aure fenestræ
 Arguerint, licet ipse negem: sed quinque; tabernæ
 Quadringenta parant. Quid confert purpura major
 Optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
 Conductas Corvinus oves? Ego possideo plus 100
 Pallante, & Licinis: Expectent ergo Tribuni.
 Vincant divitiæ, sacro nec cedat honori
 Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis.
 Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum
 Majestas: et si, funesta pecunia, templo 105
 Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
 Ut colitur pax, atque fides, victoria, virtus,
 Quæque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.

Sed cum summus honor finito computet anno,
 Sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat; 110

Quid

93. *Da prætori*] See note, Sat. II. 47.

96. *In aure fenestræ*.] The Asiatics were distinguished from other people by wearing ear-rings.

98. *Purpura major*] The common reading *majus* is neither sense nor grammar. What is meant here is the laticlave, the dress of senators. The knights wore a narrower purple border, called thence the angusticlave. Kenner, V. 8.

101. *Pallante & Licinis*.] For Pallas see the Chronology: We have a Licinus remarkable for his wealth. Sat. XIV. 306

102. *Vincant divitiæ*] This is generally made a part of the ludicrous squabble, and put into the mouth of the knighted freedman. The sense becomes more clear and natural, if put into the poet's mouth, as his sarcastic observation upon the fact.

103. *Pedibus albis*.] i.e. as some say, *pedibus nudis*. The better interpretation is *cretâ vel gypso notatis*. The feet of imported slaves were marked with chalk. Pliny, XXXV. 17.

108. *Concordia*

The cry'r gives orders, as they stand enroll'd ;
 " Give to the Prætor, next the tribune : " " Hold,
 " Hold (cries some freedman) that, I'll swear, is wrong,
 " First come, first serve : I'm here before them long :
 " Tho' near th' Euphrates born (I'll not deny
 " What my bor'd ears proclaim to ev'ry eye)
 " I'll not a tittle of my right abate :
 " Five shops produce me a clear knight's estate.
 " A fig for all, the nobler purple yields,
 " Since poor Corvinus, in Laurential fields,
 " Tends sheep for hire, high blood in tatters clad :
 " I've more than Licinus or Pallas had :
 " Wait then, ye tribunes "—Yes, let wealth prevail,
 And one, but late imported here for sale,
 Vie with an office, sacred held before ;
 Since gold's the god, we Romans now adore !
 For, tho', pernicious gold ! no altars flame,
 Nor rise such domes, in honour of thy name,
 As Peace, Faith, Valour, Victory obtain ;
 As Concord has her stork-frequented fane ;
 Yet thou, more honour'd, shar'st the purer part,
 Th' unfeign'd devotion of the flaming heart !
 But when high office condescends to count,
 At the year's end, the paltry dole's amount ;

What

108. *Concordia nido*] Amidst the various interpretations of this obscure line, it is best perhaps to understand it as a reflection upon the impiety of the age. The Scholiast says, storks used to breed in the temple of concord. and adds *et satiricè NIDO non TEMPLO*, intimating, it should seem, that it was more frequented by them than by worshippers. This was written in the reign of the warlike Trajan, whom the author did not admire.

Quid facient comites, quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc
est,

Et panis, fumusq; domi? densissima centum
Quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum
Languida, vel prægnans, & circumducitur uxor.
Hic petit absenti, notâ jam callidus arte, 115
Ostendens vacuum, & clausam pro conjuge fellam.
Galla mea est, inquit; citius dimitte: moraris?
Profer, Galla, caput. Noli vexare, quiescit.

Ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum.
Sportula, deinde forum, Jurisque peritus Apollo, 120
Atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere
Nescio quis titulos Ægyptius, atque Arabarches,
Cujus ad effigiem non tantum mejere fas est.
Vestibulis abeunt veteres, lassique clientes,
Votaque deponunt; quanquam longissima cœnæ 125
Spes homini: caules miseris, atque ignis emendus.

Optima silvarum, intereâ, pelagique vorabit
Rex horum, vacuisque thoris tantum ipse jacebit.
Nam de tot pulchris, & latis orbibus, & tam
Antiquis, unâ comedunt patrimonia mensâ. 130
Nullus jam parasitus erit: sed quis feret istas
Luxuriæ sordes? quanta est gula, quæ sibi totos

Ponit

122. *Arabarches.*] An officer in Egypt, who collected the duty arising from the cattle brought from Arabia into that country. The person here meant was probably one Tiberius Alexander, a Jew, who renounced his religion, and turned Roman. He was certainly in high favour with Vespasian. Suet. 6. HOLIDAY.

123. *Non tantum mejere.*] This means, that his statue was revered as sacred. It was held unlawful to defile holy places by the act here mentioned. *pueri, sacer est locus; extra Meiete.* Pers. The common interpretation is wrong. GRANG.

129. *De tot pulchris.*] *Orbes* are the tables, which originally were circular. The most beautiful, (*pulchris*) were made of citron wood brought from Mauritania at a most enormous price. Plin, XIII. 15.

What shall poor clients do, whose life depends,
For food and clothes, on what this pittance sends.
To claim this dole, lo! crowding litters throng:
The sick or pregnant wife is dragg'd along,
One shams a chair, with stale but curious trick,
Close-drawn and empty, for a wife that's sick:
"My Galla's here, (he cries) dispatch us quick:"
"Madam! put forth your head; let's shun mistakes."
"Hush, Sir, she sleeps: 'twill hurt her, if she wakes."

How fair a train of business marks the day,
From the first rising to the setting ray!
The servile Dole's the morning's first resort;
The patron's then attended to the court,
The forum or Apollo's wrangling dome,
Where, figur'd, stand the ancient chiefs of Rome;
Where some Egyptian tax collector, thrust,
Is held by modern Rome a sacred bust!

Return'd from hence, in the same pageant state,
The clients drop their patron at the gate:
Dejected, they retire: alas! all fled
The fond long hope, on which their fancies fed,
Th' expected supper: sneaking, they retire,
To buy the day's provisions, herbs, and fire.

Meantime their patron, while his loaded board
Smokes with all dainties, Seas and Woods afford,
Guttles alone, no friend or client near—
The blissful void adds flavour to his cheer.
In vain, so many tables round their hall,
Antique and curious: they are useless all.
Patrons the selfish pleasure only feel,
And gobble down whole manors at a meal
Ah! parasites must cease!—a luxury,
So meanly great, with patience who can see?

How

Ponit apros, animal propter convivia natum?

Pœna tamen præsens, cùm tu deponis amiçtus
Turgidus, & crudum pavonem in balnea portas. 135
Hinc subitæ mortes, atque intestata senectus.
It nova, nec tristis per cunctas fabula cœnas :
Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.

Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
Posteritas : eadem cupient facientque minores. 140
OMNE in præcipiti vitium stetit. Utere velis,
Totos pande sinus. Dicas hîc forsitan, unde
Ingenium par materiæ? unde illa priorum
Scribendi quodcumque animo flagrante liberet
Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen? 145
Quid refert dictis ignoscat Mutius, an non?
Pone Tigellinum; tedâ lucebit in illâ,

Qua

146. *Ignoscat Mutius.*] A bad man satirized by Lucilius. He was dead near three hundred years before; and therefore when the poet speaks in the present tense, he means "Lucilius shows no signs of concern IN HIS WRITINGS whether Mutius forgave him or not."

147. *Pone Tigellinum.*] In the Chronology A. D. 65 it is observed, that Nero punished the Christians upon a false pretence, that they had set fire to the city. He affected to treat them with more severity, because (as Tacitus tells us) the house of his favourite Tigellinus was destroyed. The meaning then is: "Change the persons, put Tigellinus in the place of Mutius, and then the Sati-
"rist will be treated as the Christians were." GRANG.

But as Tigellinus was dead when this satire was written, it remains to be enquired, why he is introduced at this remote period in Trajan's time? It is probable, the poet means some favourite of Trajan. Great as he was in military virtues, he had not the happiness of the poet's good opinion. Though no tyrant, yet he was a persecutor of the innocent Christians: though a man of great talents, yet he had great private vices, which Juvenal disliked, but could not publicly arraign. Spartian tells us, that Adrian, who succeeded afterwards to the empire, paid his court to Trajan by fulsome adulation to his minions. *Corrupisse eum* (sc. pecuniâ)
Trajane

How vile, to eat a boar alone ! a beast,
Design'd by nature for the social feast !

But mark the sequel ! Heav'n's immediate wrath
Arrests the bloated glutton in the bath :
The rank crude peacock indigestion breeds :
A sudden and intestate death succeeds :
The news flies round, the tattle of the day :
And friends shove out with joy the worthless clay.

IV. Sin can proceed no farther : future times
Must humbly be content to ape our crimes :
All vices reign, which can pollute a world :—
Launch, Satire, then, with all thy sails unfurl'd !

M. But where's the genius equal to the task,
Where that fair liberty (methinks you ask)
Of uttering honest truth, that generous claim
Of our forefathers, which I dare not name ?
What cares the bard for Mutius's esteem ?—
But let great Tigellinus be his theme :

Then

Traiani liberos, curâsse delicatos, eosdemque sæpe lisse per ea tempora, quibus in aulâ fuit, opinio multa firmavit. Juvenal seems to have had some such favourite in his eye. Trajan's vice here alluded to, is acknowledged by Xiphiline.

47. *Teda lucebit eadem.*] There are various readings in this place. The most received is, *lucebis* and *diducis* for *diduces* by Enallage. But Hennin gives us the above reading for some good reason, (we must suppose,) though he mentions not his authority.

Teda means the *tunica molesta*, in which the Christians suffered with a stake fixt under their chin, to keep them erect, as mentioned in the Chron. A D. 65. So far the critics are agreed. But the next line is variously explained. Some say *diducere sulcum* means "to plow the sand," i. e. to labour in vain. Indeed it is a common phrase, but suits not this place. Others read *diducet* and put it

Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,
 Et latum mediâ sulcum diducet arenâ.
 Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehetur 150
 Pensilibus plumis, atque illinc despiciet nos?
 Cum veniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
 Accusator erit, qui verbum dixerit, hic est.
 Securus licet Æneam, Rutulumque ferocem
 Committas: nulli gravis est percussus Achilles; 155
 Aut multum quæsitus Hylas, urnamque secutus.
 Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
 Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
 Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ.
 Inde iræ, & lacrymæ. Tecum prius ergo voluta 160
 Hæc animo, ante tubas: galeatum serò duelli
 Pœnitet. Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
 Quorum Flaminîâ tegitur cinis, atque Latinâ.

SATIRA

it three lines below after *despiciet*, and suppose it means "to divide the passengers with his train." But to put *arena* for the people or even the street, is a very harsh metaphor. Grangæus says *diducit* is for the plural, as, Virg. Geor. III. 402. But both verbs there have not the same nominative; and, indeed, no figure can excuse such a confusion of numbers in the same sentence.

The following solution is humbly submitted to the judgment of the reader. The passage clearly relates to Nero's punishments inflicted upon the primitive Christians. One we have in the verse before. Tacitus tells us also (see the Chronology) that he dressed them besides in skins and threw them to dogs and wild beasts to be devoured by them. He does not say indeed, that this was done in the amphitheatre. But the amphitheatre was the usual place of such savage exhibitions. Now *arena* was used for the amphitheatre so early as Horace. Ep. I. 1. This then accounts for the word *arena*. In this unhappy disguise, they were dragged by the *Uncus*, the executioner's instrument, into the centre of the amphitheatre; and this accounts for the words *Sulcum diducere*, & *mediâ arenâ*.

The only difficulty now remaining, is, that *et* seems to confine both lines to the same action. But we must observe, that *et* is often used disjunctively, as is observed in the note, XIII. 70:

153. *Accusator*

Then shall he, smear'd with pitch and wrapp'd in fire,
In fierce convulsions, at the stake expire ;
Or, thro' the furrow'd sand, be dragg'd to doom,
Of beasts the prey, to please the mob of Rome !

A. Shall, then, the pois'ner of three uncles ride
In downy litter and in full-blown pride ;
And, from his guilty elevation, throw
Contemptuous looks on better men below ?

M. Yes ; when you meet him, pass in silence by :
But say, THAT'S HE ; 'tis treason, and you die.
Deal in the Epic, and you're safe from harm ;
The Trojan prince against bold Turnus arm :
Achilles slay, before the Trojan wall :
Or let poor Hylas with his pitcher fall :
No reader feels himself concern'd at all.
But when, provok'd to wrath by wicked men,
Lucilius brandishes his flaming pen,
The guilty wretch, whose bosom akes, within,
With the cold sweats and pangs of conscious sin,
Reddens, takes fire, wrath flashing in his face—
Satire's unsafe, in every age and place.
Before you charge, prepare for the event :
Once arm'd for fight the soldier can't repent.

A. I'll try, then, since the living I must dread,
Whether I can't make freer with the dead ;
Their sleeping vices, rais'd from dust anew,
Shall warn the living, who their paths pursue.

SATIRE

153. *Accusator erit.*] This is understood differently. Holiday understands it plainly (*ille*) *erit accusator, qui, &c.* Others *Accusator erit (illi) qui, &c.* The translation follows the latter sense.

160. *Inde iræ et lacrymæ*] The phrase is a proverbial expression, originally taken from Terence. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ, hinc illa miseria.*

163. *Flaminia.*] The Romans commonly buried near the highways ; whence the common phrase of epitaphs, *Siste, viator.*

This verse seems to intimate that the poet satirized living delinquents under the characters of the dead : and consequently to confirm the opinion suggested above, line 137.

S A T I R A II.

U Ltra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet, & glaciale
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent,
Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.

Indocti primùm : quanquam plena omnia gypso
Chryssippi invenias. Nam perfectissimus horum est, 5
Si quis Aristotelem similem, vel Pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthis.

FRONTIS nulla fides. Quis enim non vicus abundat
Tristibus obscœnis ? Castigas turpia, cum sis
Inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinædos ? 10

Loripedem rectus derideat, Æthiopem albus.
Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes ?
Quis cœlum terris non misceat, & mare cœlo,
Si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni ?

Clodius

This satire is a severe but just invective against the philosophers; who, while they pretended to be the instructors of the heathen world, were in fact its greatest corruptors. Vanity of speculation led them into gross errors in principle; and slavish dependence upon the great, inclined them rather to flatter than correct the errors of practice. Two of their gross errors are expressly reprobated in this satire; Pæderasty and a disbelief of a future state.

It is a pity indeed the poet has sketched so important a subject with so careless a hand; but the Christian may learn an useful moral from his piece; and that is, the expediency of two gospel institutions, A WRITTEN WORD and A STANDING MINISTRY: a written word, to prevent the loose speculations of human fancy in matters of duty and conscience; and a standing ministry, to hold up that word as a faithful mirror to themselves and others in all generations.

4. *Indocti primùm.*] The commentators can find no enumeration here; and, therefore, arbitrarily render this phrase by *valdè indocti*. But there is an enumeration here. The 1st charge against the philosophers

S A T I R E II.

I. **O**H! I could fly, with anger and disdain,
Beyond Sarmatia and the frozen main;
When grave impostors moral lectures read,
Curii in show, but Bacchanals in deed!

II. First, they're illiterate: tho' there's scarce a place,
But boasts in plaister a Chrysippus' face:
A Pittacus' or Aristotle's head
Marks, as they think, the sage most deeply read;
And a Cleanthes' genuine form and looks,
On shelf parading, is the best of books!

III. Trust not to mere appearances: you meet
Grave solemn debauchees in every street.
Canst thou, worst sink of Catamites, who shame,
Whilst they adopt, fair wisdom's sacred name,
Take morals for thy theme, and lewdness blame?
They should be fair, who venture to deride
The disproportion'd leg, or footy hide.
But who can hear, unmov'd with just disdain,
The Gracchi of seditious mobs complain?
Who would not swear no modesty is left,
Should Milo murder blame, or Verres theft?

Clodius,

philosophers is ignorance, the 2d profligacy of manners; the 3d and 4th its ill effects in hardening the vicious, and disseminating corruption; and the 5th is irreligion.

10. *Socraticos.*] The poet, it is to be hoped, meant not to reflect upon the excellent Socrates. This word, then, must be considered as equivalent only to *philosophicos*; as he was the father of all philosophers, the worthy father of a degenerate set of children.

13. *Quis cælum terris.*] Alludes to the comic form of exclamation *O cælum, O terra, O maria Neptuni*. Ter.

Clodius accuset mœchos, Catilina Cethegum? 15
In tabulam Syllæ si dicant discipuli tres?

Qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter
Concubitu: qui tunc leges revocabat amaras
Omnibus, atque ipsis Veneri Martique timendas;
Cùm tot abortivis sæcundam Julia vulvam 20
Solveret, & patruo similes effunderet offas.
Nonne igitur jure, ac meritò vitia ultima fictos
Contemnunt Scauros, & castigata remordent?

Non tulit ex illis torvum Laronia quemdam
Clamantem toties; ubi nunc lex Julia? Dormis? 25
Ad quem ita subridens: felicia tempora, quæ te
Moribus opponunt: habeat jam Roma pudorem:
TERTIUS è cœlo cecidit Cato! Sed tamen unde
Hæc emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo
Quæ tibi? Ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernæ. 30
Quod si vexantur leges, ac jura, citari
Ante omnes debet Scantinia. Respice primùm
Et scrutare viros: faciunt hi plura, sed illos
Defendit numerus; junctæq; umbone phalanges.
Magna inter molles concordia. Non erit ullum 35
Exemplum

16. *Discipuli tres.*] He means most probably the second triumvirate, that of Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus.

17. *Qualis erat nuper.*] He means Domitian. See note, I. 47.

19. *Veneri Martique timendas.*] Our author, we shall find, laughs very freely at the popular theology. No Christian apologist took more pains to explode its absurdities. We cannot account for this and the sublimity of his morals upon any principle but one, which is mentioned, Chronol. A. D. 95. We find, that the light of the gospel had reached a consul, a person of the Imperial family, at that time. It is very natural to suppose, that many (our poet among others) might catch A REFLECTED LIGHT from the lives and conversations of its professors, long before their own prejudices allowed them to examine its pretensions as a saving religion. We have many among ourselves, who can admire the admirable morality

Clodius, adult'ry? Catiline accusè
His friend Cethegus of a traitor's views?
Or Sylla's three apt scholars should deplore
Proscription,—bath'd, themselves, in deeper gore?

Such was our late reformer, who renew'd
Such fierce and thund'ring laws against the lewd,
That Mars himself and Venus quak'd with fright;—
Whilst teeming Julia shock'd the modest light
With embryos, worthy of the tragic page:
All like th' incestuous censor of the age!

And must not rakes despise, in just return,
These sham-reformers and their lectures spurn?

IV. As one of these, complaining of the times,
Call'd for the Julian law to check our crimes,
Laronia, with a sneering smile, reply'd:

“Blest age! that rais'd you up to stem the tide!
“Vice now must blush thro' all this shameless town,
“Since heaven has sent us a third Cato down!
“But pray—whence that perfume, that scents the air,
“Thro' all your philosophic load of hair!
“Ne'er blush, Sir: 'tis most exquisitely sweet:
“I fain would buy some; what's the shop, the street?
“But one word more: if laws must have their way,
“Sure, the Scantinian first should come in play.
“Search your own sex with honesty, you'll find,
“Your lewdness leaves us many a league behind:
“But you, a numerous, firm, compacted band,
“Defy the honest statutes of the land.

What

morality of the Gospel, yet have not humility and self-denial
enough to receive its doctrines. Surely this unbelief is more un-
accountable, than that of a Juvénal, Pliny, Antonine and the like.

29. *Hirsuto collo.*] The philosophic hypocrite affected a neglect
of person to cover his effeminacy.

Exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu.

Numquid nos agimus causas? Civilia Jura
 Novimus? Aut ullo strepitu fora vestra movemus?
 Luctantur pauca, comedunt coliphia pauca.
 Vos trahitis lanam, calathisque peracta refertis 40
 Vellera; vos tenui prægnantem flamine fusum
 Penelopê meliùs, meliùs torquetis Arachnê,
 Horrida quale facit residens in codice pellex.
 Notum est cur solo tabulas impleverit Hister
 Liberto; dederit vivus cur multa puellæ. 45
 Dives erit, magno quæ dormit tertia lecto!
 Tu nube, atque tace. Donant arcana cylindros.
 De nobis post hæc tristis sententia fertur!
 DAT veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas!
 Fugerant trepidi vera ac manifesta canentem 50
 Stoicidæ. Quid enim falsi Laronia? Sed quid
 Non facient alii, cum tu multitia sumas,
 Cretice? Et hanc vestem populo mirante perores
 In Proculas, & Pollineas: Est mœcha Fabulla:
 Damnetur, si vis; etiam Carfinia. Talem 55
 Non sumet damnata togam. Sed Julius ardet:
 Æstuo. Nudus agas; minus est infania turpis.
 En habitum, quo te leges ac jura ferentem

Vulneribus

47. *Tu nube atque tace.*] Laronia brings in a new personage upon the stage. The introduction of new speakers, which we must call real personification to distinguish it from the figurative kind, which generally takes the name of personification, is one of Juvenal's great beauties. Horace, the father of all graces, has a little of it, especially in his *Vulceius Mena*; he has just unveiled the beauty; and does no more. But Juvenal for ever keeps us awake, ever charms, ever transports us with his change of scene. It is the happiest effect of a vigorous imagination; and it is just sufficient to note this once for all, as we have instances of it almost in every satire.

53. *Cretice.*

" What sympathy connects the soft!—a crime,
 " Where found in woman, since the birth of time!
 " Learn we your laws, or wage the wordy war
 " Of noise, and nonsense, at the wrangling bar?
 " True; of our sex a few eccentric fools
 " Diet with wrestlers, and frequent their schools:
 " But yours can spin, and draw a finer thread,
 " Than the best spinsters e'er in story read.
 " The secret's out, why Hister during life
 " Gave such rich presents to his virgin wife;
 " Why a vile freedman got his wealth when dead:
 " Happy the wife, who makes a third a bed!
 " Marry, my wench, keep secrets, if you're wife:
 " Secrets get gems of richest form and size.
 " Yet, who are blam'd, but womankind indeed!
 " The wolf's acquitted, and the lamb must bleed!"
 Aw'd by the force of truth, the Stoics fly:
 For who can say, Laronia told a lie?
 What wonder? How should others fear the laws,
 When you, dread Creticus, appear in gawse?
 Against lewd women bellow forth aloud,
 Your dress the joke and wonder of the crowd?
 You say, Fabulla's an adult'refs: true:
 And, if you please, put down Carfinia too:
 Yet will the culprit scorn to dress like you.
 " But July glows, I'm all a fire" you say:
 " Lead naked, then; 'tis a less frantic way.
 Oh! what a dress for Rome's old sons to see
 An awful judge in, passing his decree;

Rough

53. *Cretice.*] Creticus is a fictitious name for some magistrate of high office, ironically applied. Crete was once famous for the severity of its laws and administrations.

57. *Infamia.*] Grangæus reads *infamia*, and says *dentibus albis* *plendi sunt qui legunt, infamia*: yet Hennin has not followed him.

Vulneribus crudis populus, modò victor, & illud
 Montanum positis audiret vulgus aratris ! 60
 Quid ? Non proclames, in corpore Judicis ista
 Si videas ? Quæro, an deceant multitia testem.
 Acer, & indomitus, libertatisque magister,
 Crêtice, pelluces ! DEDIT hanc contagio labem,
 Et dabit in plures : sicut grex totus in agris 65
 Unius scabie cadit, & porrigine porci ;
 Uvaeque contactâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.

Fœdus hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu.
 NEMO repente fuit turpissimus. Accipient te
 Paulatim qui longa domi redimicula sumunt 70
 Frontibus, & toto posuere monilia collo,
 Atque Bonam teneræ placant abdomine porcæ,
 Et magno cratere Deam : sed more sinistro
 Exagitata procul non intrat fœmina limen.
 Solis ara Deæ maribus patet ! ite, profanæ,
 Clamatur ! nullo gemit hic tibicina cornu. 75
 Talia secretâ coluerunt Orgia tedâ,
 Cecropiam soliti Baptæ lassare Cotytto.

Ille supercilium madida fuligine tinctum
 Obliquâ producit acu ; pingitque trementes 80
 Attollens oculos : vitreo bibit ille Priapo,
 Reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet
 Cœrulea indutus scutulata, aut galbana rafa ;
 Et, per Junonem, domini jurante ministro.

Ille

67. *Uvaeque contacta.*] Some MSS. read *conspecta*. But the first gives the most intelligible idea.

70. *Longa domi redimicula.*] This is supposed to relate to the Alban college instituted by Domitian in honour of Minerva, mentioned Suet. IV. But there are three reasons against this opinion. 1. The honest Suetonius would have mentioned this college with abhorrence, had it really answered this description. 2. The word *domi* seems to limit it expressly to some private association. 3. This society worshipped the *Dea bona*, not *Minerva*. May not the truth be, that there was such a private society of petits Maitres, and that the poet, in detestation of Domitian

Rough from their ploughs, or conquest's stubborn field,
Smarting with glorious wounds as yet unheal'd!
And shall we not so soft a judge detest?
A witness would be hiss'd, so lewdly drest.
But you, who all the Stoic lore profess,
Ascend the bench in loose transparent dress!

V. 'Twas loose example gave the stain, and will,
With bane contagious, spread it wider still:
As one scabb'd beast spreads mischief thro' the plain;
And grape contracts from grape the livid stain.

Sin is progressive: rogues, by length of time,
Not at one stride, reach vice's great Sublime.
Soon, Creticus, improving in disgrace,
Will, in that body, take a brother's place,
That sorry brotherhood, which vilely apes
The frailer sex in lewdness' various shapes.
Female their dress: the Pow'r, whom they adore,
Female; by men unlawful held before!

But now, the rite revers'd, these words resound;
"Hence, women, far! profane not holy ground!"
Yes; the foul rites to males alone belong;
E'en here unheard a female minstrel's song!
Such Orgies kept Cotytto's priests by night;
So lewd, that e'en the goddess loath'd the sight!

Now mark, how these sweet inmates play their part;
And force tame nature with the aids of art!
One forms the well-arch'd brow with sable dye;
And gives new languish to the luscious eye:
This in a glass-Priapus lewdly swills,
A golden cawl with flowing tresses fills,
And female clothes of softest texture wears;
And e'en his fribbling slave by Juno swears:

That

Domitian, might give his piece some features taken from both
Institutions?

Ille tenet speculum pathici gestamen Othonis, 85
 Actoris Aurunci spoliū, quo se ille videbat
 Armatum, cum jam tolli vexilla juberet.
 Res memoranda novis annalibus, atque recenti
 Historiâ, speculum civilis sarcina belli!
 Nimirum summi ducis est occidere Galbam, 90
 Et curare cutem summi constantia civis,
 Bebriaci in campo spoliū affectare palatī,
 Et pressum in faciem digitis extendere panem;
 Quod nec in Assyrio pharetrata Semiramis orbe,
 Mœsta nec Aëtiacâ fecit Cleopatra carinâ. 95

Hic nullus verbis pudor, aut reverentia mensæ:
 Hic turpis Cybeles, & fractâ voce loquendi
 Libertas, & crine senex fanaticus albo,
 Sacrorum Antistes, rarum ac memorabile magni
 Gutturis exemplum, conducendusque magister. 100
 Quid tamen expectant; Phrygio quos tempus erat jam
 More supervacuam cultris abscindere carnem?

Quadringenta dedit Gracchus sestertia, dotem
 Cornicini; sive hic recto cantaverat ære:
 Signatæ tabulæ; dictum, feliciter; ingens 105
 Cœna sedet; gremio jacuit nova nupta mariti.
 O proceres, Censore opus est, an haruspice nobis?

Scilicet

86. *Actoris Aurunci spoliū.*] A parody upon a line in Virg.
 Æ. XII. 94.

90. *Nimirum Summi ducis.*] We have here too an instance of
 his hatred to Domitian. The memory of Otho was honoured
 by the Flavian party, in opposition both to Galba and Vitellius.
 Suetonius mentions the reason with regard to Galba.

But what we are principally to observe here, is the same Mock-
 Heroic, which we admire in these lines of Pope;

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or—some frail china jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her—new brocade,
 Forget her prayers, or miss—a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or—necklace at a ball:
 Or whether heav'n has doom'd that—Shock must fall.

That holds a glass, to which soft Otho fate,
(Not Turnus more with Actor's spoils elate)
In which th' imperial fop, from head to toe,
View'd his sweet form, before he charg'd the foe.
A glass, the equipage of civil war !
Surely, the muse of hist'ry must prepare
New annals to record a thing so rare !
What a brave chieftain's prowess speaks this feat,
Its patriotic fortitude how great ;
To slay old Galba, and—with curious care,
Clear the soft skin of every FILTHY hair,
To seek in fight the world's important stake,
And—o'er the face to spread the soft'ning cake !
The two worst queens, that stain th' historic page,
Ne'er match'd this boasted hero of our age !

No decency their talk or board restrains :
Nothing but Cybele's wild license reigns :
While here a doting high-priest, gray with years,
Lord of a gut unparallel'd, appears ;
Worthy, a stipend for the post he bears !
What wait these fribbles ? why not curtail quite
The part they need not, by the Phrygian rite ?

VI. Mark a worse instance of this beastly itch !
A Fife or Trumpeter (I know not which)
Made heart-smit Gracchus long to be a spouse :
A tempting dower's propos'd to aid his vows :
The deeds are sign'd : and, with due solemn air,
The ceremony joins the happy pair :
A splendid supper decks the board : with pride
Sweet spouse sits smirking at HIS husband's side.
Say, graceless nobles, need these monstrous fights
A Censor, or th' Aruspex' cleansing rites ?

Scilicet horreres, majoraque monstra putares,
 Si mulier vitulum, vel, si bos ederet agnum?
 Segmenta, & longos habitus, & flammea sumit, 110
 Arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro
 Sudavit clypeis ancilibus! O pater urbis,
 Unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? Unde
 Hæc tetigit, Gradive, tuos urtica nepotes?
 Traditure ecce viro clausus genere, atque opibus vir: 115
 Nec galeam quassas, nec terram cuspide pulsas,
 Nec quereris patri! Vade ergo, & cede severi
 Jugeribus campi, quem negligis! Officium cras
 Primo sole mihi peragendum in valle Quirini.
 Quæ causa officii? Quid quæris? Nubit amicus, 120
 Nec multos adhibet. Liceat modò vivere; fient,
 Fient ista palàm, cupient & in acta referri!

Intereà tormentum ingens nubentibus hæret,
 Quod nequeunt parere, & partu retinere maritos.
 Sed melius, quòd nil animis in corpora juris 125
 Natura indulget. Steriles moriuntur, & illis
 Turgida non prodest conditâ pyxide Lyde;
 Nec prodest agili palmas præbere Luperco.

Vicit & hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi,
 Lustravitque fugâ mediam gladiator arenam, 130
 Et Capitolinis generosior, & Marcellis
 Et Catulis, Paulique minoribus, & Fabiis, &
 Omnibus ad podium spectantibus: his licet ipsum
 Admoveas, cujus tunc munere retia misit.

Esse

111. *Arcano qui sacra ferens.*] Gracchus was one of the Salii or priests of Mars, who sometimes carried the *Ancilia* about the town in procession. Kennet, II. 5.

128. *Luperco.*] See Kennet, II. 2.

129. *Fuscina Gracchi.*] For the Retiarius and Myrmillo, see Kennet, V. 4.

Would it be thought a prodigy by all,
Should e'er a calf from teeming woman fall,
Or a lamb drop as strangely from a cow?—
And don't you here a prodigy avow?
Behold a Salian, impudently drest
In a bride's modest veil and flowing vest!
O Mars, the founder of our walls and race,
Whence comes to Latian swains this foul disgrace,
This lust to thy brave sons? O canst thou see
A first-rate noble turn'd into a She;
And yet, not shake thy helm, nor strike the plain
With angry lance, and to thy fire complain!
Go, quit thy field, thy favourite field no more;
Its rigid virtues have forsook its shore!
Cries one "in Romulus's vale I pay
"Devoirs to-morrow with the dawn of day.
"What's to be done? a trifling form: a friend
"Takes HIM a husband, and but few attend."
Yes, few at present: yet let vice but run
To rank luxuriance, as it has begun;
These matches will not fear to face the sun:
And monsters wish to see their shame appear,
Rang'd with the great transactions of the year!
And yet these He-brides feel one grievous smart,
They cannot breed; to keep a husband's heart.
And yet 'tis better: better, nature's plan
Should check the wild enormous will of man.
Barren they die: nor Lyde with her pill,
Nor Pan's priests fit them for the midwife's skill.
Yet Gracchus dar'd a bolder deed commit;
When, as a Retiary, he trod the pit,
And the Myrmillo's nobler arms declin'd,
The hiss, the mock, the laughter of mankind:
Tho' born more nobly than all nobles there,
Than e'en th' imperial Prætor in his chair!

Esse aliquos Manes, & subterranea regna, 135
 Et contum, & Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
 Atque unâ transire vadum tot millia cymbâ,
 Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.
 Sed tu vera puta. Curius quid sentit, & ambo
 Scipiadæ? Quid Fabricius, manesq; Camilli? 140
 Quid Cremeræ legio, & Cannis consumpta juvenus,
 Tot bellorum animæ? Quoties hinc talis ad illos
 Umbra venit, cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur
 Sulphura cum tedis, & si foret humida laurus.

Illuc heu miseri traducimur! arma quidem ultra 145
 Littora Jubernæ promovimus, & modò captas
 Orcadas, ac minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.
 Sed quæ nunc populi fiunt victoris in urbe,
 Non faciunt ipsi populi, quos vicimus armis!

SATIRA

139 *Sed tu vera puta.*] It is very manifest from these words and the spirited exhortation that follows, that the poet seriously wished to inculcate the belief of a future state. And yet he could hardly have used a more ludicrous cast of expression, had it been his real purpose to explode the doctrine.

It seems not easy to account for this but by supposing that his meaning was to burlesque the usual objections of unbelievers while he maintained the general truth.

Many strange conceptions have prevailed even among Christians with regard to the circumstances of the invisible world. And no wonder: we can only conceive it under sensible images. But the general truth stands independent of all fictions and follies. Scepticism may laugh at the croaking frogs and squallid ferryman; but nature will not be laughed out of her hopes and fears, which, in every hour of reflection, point out an hereafter.

145. *Illuc heu! miseri traducimur.*] The common interpretation is, "thither must we go after all our unbelief;" and this indeed connects the place with the preceding sentence. But *traduco* is used in the sense of "corrupting" or "disgracing," as *squallentes traducit avos*. Sat. VIII. And upon this authority the translation ventures

VII. A life to come and righteous realms below,
 Virtue to crown, and deal to vice its woe ; -
 Much more *a furly Charon at his ferry,*
A puddled Styx, hoarse frogs, and crowded wherry,
 Are now, tho' sacred held in days of old,
 Tenets, which none but arrant children hold.
 Hold thou thy fathers' creed : revere, as true,
 The faith, from whence their generous virtues grew.
 How must old heroes, Rome's illustrious Dead,
 Who nobly conquer'd, or who nobly bled,
 Brave souls of war, with indignation glow,
 When their degenerate sons descend below !
 Struck with these prodigies of guilt they pray
 For water, sulphur and the laurel-spray,
 To purge the foul contagious sight away !
 To such corruption are we sunk ! 'tis true,
 Our arms victorious distant realms subdue ;
 Ierne, Britain's utmost coasts, that run
 Near to the climes of an unsetting sun,
 Yield to our prowess : —yet the vanquish'd hate
 The vice and folly of the victor state !

ventures to differ from others, in order to give it (what it otherwise wants) a proper coherence both with the preceding and the following sentence.

147. *Minima contentos nocte Britannos*.] Not the Britains in general, but the northern parts of the island, where the nights are short from their proximity to the polar circle. See the Chron. A. D. 84.

S A T I R A III.

QUamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
 Laudo tamen, vacuis quòd sedem figere Cumis
 Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.
 Janua Baiarum est, & gratum littus, amœni
 Seceſſus! Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ. 5
 Nam quid tam miserum, & tam solum vidimus, ut non
 Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
 Tectorum assiduos, ac mille pericula sævæ
 Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense Poëtas?

Sed dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ, 10
 Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam;
 Hic ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ.
 Nunc sacri fontis nemus, & delubra locantur
 Judæis, quorum cophinus, fœnumque supellex.

Omnis

This satire cannot be understood, unless we confine it to one single object, the peculiar distresses of VIRTUOUS POVERTY; and, in this view, it is one of the poet's master pieces. Nothing could be more happily imagined than the scenery. He introduces as his speaker or principal figure, a person distinguished by his age and virtues. He supposes him to quit an abandoned city in disgust, and conducts him out by a way that awakens all the tenderest images of antiquity. We immediately become interested, and join the venerable fugitive. Around us we see nothing but the awful monuments of the pious Numa; and at a distance the base town which has degenerated from his noble institutions. This situation gives the speaker every possible advantage. He stands, as it were, upon consecrated ground, and every word he utters, takes oracular authority.

At the same time, he departs in good temper; the temper of a philosopher, not a cross humorist or misanthrope: for he some-
 times

S A T I R E III.

I. **T**H^O', by my old and much-lov'd friend's retreat,
 My real anguish, like my loss, was great;
 Yet I commend the taste, that wisely chose
 The peaceful Cumæ for his calm repose;
 And gave the Sibyl one good subject more:
 It is a sweet recess and pleasing shore;
 A scene enliven'd by the passing train,
 That fly to Baiæ's salutary plain!
 I'd sooner e'en to Prochyta repair,
 Than breathe Suburra's gross unwholesome air:
 What desert can present such scenes of fright,
 As fires, as houses tumbling day and night;
 As a mad city's thousand threats and snares,
 And bards rehearsing, when the dog-star glares?
 While one poor cart packt up his whole estate,
 He, musing, halted at the conduit gate;
 Where Numa and his nightly mistress met.
 But now the fane and grove and fount are let

To

times takes the comic tone of satire, and laughs where the subject is beneath the dignity of a grave rebuke.

This satire seems not to be strictly methodical, and that too with propriety; being supposed to be the extemporary effusions of honest indignation. But its outlines are 1. a beautiful introduction, 2. That nothing but wicked arts thrive at Rome. 3. The Greeks possess these in the highest perfection. 4. The fashions of Rome, its modes both of thinking and acting, render it impossible for the poor to subsist. 5. The particular inconveniences of a crowded metropolis: and these two heads are beautifully contrasted with the simplicity and comforts of the country. 6. The perils of the night from the want of a good police. 7. A spirited conclusion, which gives poignancy to the whole.

Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est 15
 Arbor, & ejectis mendicat silva Camœnis.
 In vallem Ægeriæ descendimus, & speluncas
 Dissimiles veris. Quanto præstantius esset
 Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
 Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum! 20
 Hic tunc Umbritius, Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
 Res hodiè minor est, herè quàm fuit, ac eadem cras
 Deteret exiguis aliquid; proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas: 25
 Dum nova canities, dum prima, & recta senectus;
 Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat, & pedibus me
 Porto meis, nullo dextram fubeunte bacillo.
 Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius istic,
 Et Catulus: maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt: 30
 Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
 Siccandam eluviam, portandum ad busta cadaver,
 Et præbere caput dominâ venale sub hastâ.

Quondam

15. *Omnis enim populo.*] It is improbable, the Jews should pay tribute for their cold lodging in a grove. But what the poet had in his eye, was the *διδραχμον* or half shekel, fifteen-pence half-penny of our money, which each Jew (as Xiphiline tells us) was ordered by Vespasian to pay to the Capitol, after the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem, to which it had been paid before. This money was exacted with great rigour in Domitian's reign, of which Suetonius, XII. gives us a remarkable instance. Besides this severity, Domitian banished them out of the city. As they lodged, therefore, in the grove at night, and begged in the city by day (as we see, Sat. VI. 541) having no other furniture but a basket for their provisions, and hay for their bed at night; it is probable, that the Capitoline tax was the only thing which the poet had in view upon this occasion.

Copbinus was a basket peculiar to the Jews from a Syriac or Hebrew word.

24. *Deteret.*] A metaphor from a file.

31. *Conducere*

To vagrant Jews, who beg about by day;
 Their All a basket and a wisp of hay:
 For tribute's paid by every holy tree:
 The muses exil'd, beggars rent the fee.
 To fair Ægeria's vale we then pursue
 Our downward course, and grots unlike the true.
 How had the sacred stream more sweetly roll'd,
 Still edg'd with rural verdure, as of old;
 If still in nature's modest charms it shone,
 And marble ne'er defil'd its genuine stone!

II. Then thus, Umbritius with an honest frown:
 Since there's no room, in this abandon'd town,
 For generous arts; since virtue has no pay;
 And my wealth lessens, as my years decay;
 I'll settle, where the flying artist chose
 To stoop his weary wings and seek repose:
 While age, as yet, tho' gray, is hale and strong,
 While the kind fates my thread of life prolong;
 While my two honest legs can bear their load,
 And need no staff to prop them on their road.

Let's fly: let men live here of happier skill
 To thrive by turning black to white at will;
 Who think all jobs alike, that bring them gain;
 Will rivers cleanse, or raise a mole or fane,
 Conduct a fun'ral, or the kennel clear,
 Or slaves dispose of, at a salesman's spear.

With

31. *Conducere flumina, portus.*] *Conducunt alveos fluminum et portus reparandos.* GRANG.

33. *Et præbere caput.*] Turnebus and a crowd after him suppose this signifies "to sell themselves." The more natural sense is "to sell slaves." The poet is speaking of sordid trades; and of this sort was the slave trade. Perf. VI. 76. A spear was fixt in the ground as the sign of a sale. Kennet, III. 13.

Quondam hi cornicines, & municipalis arenæ
 Perpetui comites, notæq; per oppida buccæ, 35
 Munera nunc edunt, & verso pollice vulgi
 Quemlibet occidunt populariter : inde reversi
 Conducunt foricas. Et cur non omnia ? Cùm sint
 Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
 Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari. 40

Quid Romæ faciam ? Mentiri nescio : librum,
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare, & poscere : motus
 Astrorum ignoro : funus promittere patris
 Nec volo, nec possum : ranarum viscera nunquam
 Inspeci : ferre ad nuptam quæ mittit adulter, 45
 Quæ mandat, nôrint alii : me nemo ministro
 Fur erit : atque idè nulli comes exeo, tanquam
 Mancus, & extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.
 Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius, & cui fervens
 Æstuat occultis animus, semperq; tacendis ? 50
 Nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet unquam,
 Participem qui te secreti fecit honesti.
 Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
 Accusare

36. *Verso pollice vulgi.*] Kennet, V. 4.

38. *Conducunt foricas*] There was a duty laid upon the *forica* collected by officers called *foricarii*. This business was solicited as warmly by the first men of Rome, as the first offices of state.

44. *Ranarum viscera.*] The *rana rubeta*, or, toad; out of which the ancients extracted a strong poison. Sat. I. 70.

48. *Extinctæ corpus.*] As difficult a place as any in the whole author. The learned Markland reads *extinctâ dextrâ*, and this makes the construction easy, but enfeebles the sentiment. The Delphin editor says, it is an hypallage for *dextra extincta et inutilis corpori*. This construction is harsh, but affords an elevated sense worthy of Juvenal. The latter is followed in the translation. *Comes* is a client, as *ducendus et unus et comes alter*. Hor. And *mancus* is metaphorically used, as *Talibus officiis propè mancus*. Id. "I go
 " forth

With country gladiators, once content,
As trumpeters from town to town they went,
Known by puff'd cheeks: but now, in high renown,
They give grand exhibitions to the town;
And popularly great can save or kill,
As flatter'd crowds by signs express their will.
From this high state retir'd, with strange descent,
For lucre's sake, the tax on jakes they rent:
And why not all things? since they have *that* worth,
Which fortune loves, in frolic hours of mirth,
To raise aloft,—the wonder of the earth!

What shall I do at Rome? I want the art
To speak a language foreign to my heart.
I cannot praise, nor ask, with fawning smile,
To read a volume, which I know is vile:
I cannot read the stars: no father's knell
To graceless sons will I nor can foretell:
Pois'ning's no trade of mine: I can't convey
Lewd cards or gifts a matron to betray:
Do this, who can: no villain shall entice
These hands to be the ministers of vice.
Hence, as unfit for all a patron's ends,
Lonesome I go, own'd by no potent friends;
Nay, a mere off-cast, like a dead right hand,
Now grown a load, I'm sever'd from the land.

Who now are lov'd, but men, whose bosoms swell
With secrets dire, too horrible to tell?
No thanks, no kindness will a friend bestow,
Where honest is the secret, which you know:
But Verres' love infallibly he wins,
Who can at will impeach him for his sins.

Let

"forth no great man's attendant; as a man totally unfit for the
"purposes of the great; nay, cast away from society, as a morti-
"fied right hand from the body."

Accusare potest. Tanti tibi non sit opaci [55]
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodq; in mare volvitur aurum,
 Ut somno careas, ponendaq; præmia sumas
 Tristis, & a magno semper timearis amico.

Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
 Et quos præcipuè fugiam, properabo fateri; 59
 Nec pudor obstabit. Non possum ferre, Quirites,
 Græcam urbem; quamvis quota portio fæcis Achææ!
 Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,
 Et linguam, & mores, & cum tibicine chordas
 Obliquas, necnon gentilia tympana secum 65
 Vexit, & ad Circum jussas prostare puellas.
 Ite, quibus grata est pictâ lupa barbara mitrâ!
 Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
 Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo!

Hic altâ Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relictâ, 70
 Hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus, aut Alabandis,
 Esquillas, dictumque petunt a vimine collem,
 Viscera magnarum domuum, dominique futuri.
 Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
 Promptus, & Isæo torrentior: ede quid illum 75
 Esse

56. *Præmia Sumas.*] There is an apparent impropriety in this language: "Let not all the gold of Tagus bribe thee to take "bribes." But the sense is clear: "Let not all Tagus, much "less, low dirty rewards, tempt thee to do wrong."

60. *Nec pudor obstabit.*] Because a contempt of the fashionable language would be thought a mark of rusticity.

62. *Jam pridem Syrus.*] There is a poetical boldness and spirit in this line, worthy of Virgil. *Hinc movet Euphrates bellum.* Geor. I. 509.

64. *Chordas obliquas.*] A Syrian lyre, of a particular construction. Syria first polluted Rome with prostitutes. They are called in Horace, from a Syriac word, *ambubaicæ*. Sat. I. 2.

67. *Trechè-*

Let not all Tagus' glittering sands of gold
Tempt thee, in horrid confidence, to hold
Secrets which banish all the sweets of sleep;
Or bribes to take, which conscience dares not keep;
To choose a wretched self-condemning state,
And be thy patron's constant dread and hate!

III. I'll hasten now, most frankly, to confess,
Whom most I fly, and nobles most carefs.
Romans! to see a Grecian city, where
Old Rome once stood, I will not, cannot bear.
And yet, compar'd with the vile mob, that come
From other parts, how small the Grecian scum!
Syrian Orontes, bursting from its shore,
Mixt its foul waves with Tiber long before,
And brought its manners, language, timbrel, lyre,
And minstrel wenches, who can love for hire!
Go ye, that can; admire the foreign face,
The gawdy mitre and the lewd embrace!
See, Romulus, thy son, thy hardy clown,
Is turn'd a beau, and wears a tawdry gown;
Like Asia's sons, a necklace he assumes,
His neck, (ah! shame!) distilling with perfumes!
Here knaves, from various parts of Greece arrive,
In search of better homes; and here they thrive.
First, inmates of great houses they cajole;
Then lord it as the masters of the whole.
For tools to work with, lo! they bring along
Quick wit, a front of bronze, and fluent tongue:
Isæus roll'd no torrent half so strong.

Tell

67. *Trechedipnum*.] Was properly a feasting dress; *ceroma* wrestlers' oil; *niceterium* a collar worn by wrestlers as a badge of victory. But the Scholiast (who is followed in the translation) considers these as marks of effeminacy; and says, *En tibi, Romule, rustici tui in omnem diffundi luxum jam didicerunt!*

75. *Isæo*.] Pliny junior mentions an eloquent Roman of this name. B. II. Ep. 3. But it is better understood of Demosthenes's master

Esse putes? Quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos:
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus; omnia novit.
Græculus esuriens, in cœlum jusseris, ibit. [80

Ad summam non Maurus erat, nec Sarmata, nec Thrax,
Qui sumpsit pennas; mediis sed natus Athenis.

Horum ego non fugiam conchylia? Me prior ille
Signabit? Fultusque toro meliore recumbet,

Advectus Romam, quo pruna, & coctona vento?

Usque adeò nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum 85

Hausit Aventini, baccâ nutrita Sabinâ?

Quid, quodd adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici;

Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat

Herculis, Antæum procul a tellure tenentis?

Miratur vocem angustam, quâ deterius nec 90

Ille sonat, quo mordetur gallina marito.

Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare: sed illis

Creditur. Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic

Nec Stratocles, aut cum molli Demetrius Hæmo.

Natio comœda est. Rides? Majore cachinno 95

Concutitur: flet, si lacrymas aspexit amici:

Nec dolet. Igniculum brumæ si tempore poscas,

Accipit endromidem: si dixeris, æstuo, sudat.

Non sumus ergo pares: melior qui semper & omni

Nocte

master Isæus, who, though Isocrates taught rhetoric with greater reputation, yet was much his superior, in what the Greeks call the *δαιμόνιος*, which his pupil afterwards exemplified in its highest splendour.

90. *Quâ deterius nec ille sonat.*] This low and trivial line is applied by most to the cock. But Claverius says this is contrary to fact, and therefore reads *illa sonat quum*. But we need not vary from the MSS. *Sonat* is for *sonari facit*, i. e. *sonum excitat*: so Sat. III. 246. So *Strangulat*, X. 9. It is the language of poetry. See Sat. VII. 68.

Tell me that Greek's profession, if you can?—

All sciences are center'd in the man :

Grammarian, rhet'ric-master, geometrician,

Painter, perfumer, soothsayer, physician,

Rope-dancer, fortune-teller—what you will ;

It seems, there's nothing, that transcends his skill.

The hungry Greek, but bid him mount the skies,

Claps on a pair of wings, and off he flies.

In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian hit

The art of flying ; 'twas an Athens-wit.

And can I see such men in purple flare,

Nor wish to fly as far as feet can bear ?

Before me, shall that wretch be call'd to sign,

Or shall he on a better couch recline,

Who came, imported by the trading gale,

Which brought his country's figs and prunes for sale?

Avails it naught, that the first air, I drew,

Was Latian ? that on Latian fruits I grew ?

Nay, this smooth tribe, with tongue of oil, can praise

A lord's harsh features, or his booby phrase ;

His lank crane-neck to Hercules compare,

As stretch'd to lift Antæus up in air ;

Or praise his squeaking voice as *sweetly shrill*,

Tho' a trod hen ne'er squall'd or scream'd so ill.

We too may praise these things : 'tis true, we may :

But they alone, have the true pleasing way.

And yet these wights, who figure most at Rome,

Would be esteem'd no miracles at home.

All Greeks are actors : laugh ; these civil folk

More loudly laugh, and cry, “ a charming joke : ”

Weep, and they weep, yet feel no grief at heart ;

Spontaneous flow their tears by rules of art :

Ask for a little fire ; a cloke they get :

But say, 'tis sultry ; Gracious ! how they sweat !

We are no match, then, for such rogues as these :

They must excel us, who can change, with ease,

Their

Nocte dieq; potest alienum sumere vultum ; 100
 A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
 Si benè ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,
 Si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.

Et, quoniam cœpit Græcorum mentio, transi
 Gymnasia, atq; audi facinus majoris abollæ. 105
 Stoïcus occidit Baream, delator amicum,
 Discipulumque senex, ripâ nutritus in illâ,
 Ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est penna caballi.

Non est Romano cuiquam locus hîc, ubi regnat
 Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus, aut Erimanthus : 110
 Qui, gentis vitio, nunquam partitur amicum ;
 Solus habet. Nam cùm facilem stillavit in aurem
 Exiguum de naturæ patriæque veneno,
 Limine summoveor ; perierunt tempora longi
 Servitii : nusquam minor est jactura clientis. 115
 Quod porrò officium (ne nobis blandiar) aut quod
 Pauperis hîc meritum ; si curet nocte togatus,
 Currere, cùm Prætor lictorem impellat, & ire
 Præcipitem jubeat, dudum vigilantibus orbis ;
 Ne prior Albinam, aut Modiam collega salutet ? 120
 Da testem Romæ tam sanctum, quam fuit hospes

Numinis

103. *Si trullâ.*] There are numerous interpretations of this passage. From the other circumstances mentioned, it most probably means that act, in favour of which the silly good nature of Claudius once meditated an edict. *Dicitur etiam meditatus edictum, quo veniam daret flatum crepitumque ventris in convivio emittendi, cum periclitatum quendam præ pudore ex continentia reperisset.* Suet. XXXII. Or, for the sake of delicacy, it may be understood of drinking a goblet off at a draught, and striking the table with it.

105. *Facinus majoris abollæ.*] A proverbial expression, according to the scholiast, for, “a crime of a deeper dye.” But the translation follows the later commentators, and takes the philosophic cloke, *abolla*, for a sect.

108. *Gorgonei delapsa.*] This philosopher was born at Tarsus, where Bellerophon was thrown down by Pegasus ; though Casaubon says at Corinth, in the suburbs of which city the fountain Pirene was occasioned by the stroke of that horse’s foot.

Their artificial faces, day and night :
 Their *dear sweet* patron's ever in the right !
 No bounds their fulsome adulation knows :
 They can commend, where others stop their nose !

But let us, since we speak of Greeks, inspect
 The deeds of one, e'en of the graver sect.
 A Stoic—old—a friend—by lucre led,
 Kill'd his own ward, by whom his mouth was fed ;
 Born in that town, where Pegafus, of yore,
 Threw down the gentle rider whom he bore.

Rome's not for us : no prudent Roman seeks
 His maintenance at Rome : 'tis rul'd by Greeks :
 They share a friend with none : true sons of Greece,
 They'll have him wholly, for themselves to fleece.
 The work's soon done : for, let them but instil
 One drop of venom (which they have at will)
 In the weak credulous ear ; I'm straight expell'd,
 'The fruits of my long servitude withheld,
 The flatterer sweeping all I ought to get :—
 A client lost gives no where less regret.

What poor man's act (to speak without disguise)
 E'er seems a favour in a patron's eyes ?
 Do what he will ; tho' he, by break of day,
 Whips on his gown and posts with speed away,
 Swift as the Prætor's Lictor does his part,
 Lest his sly rival colleague get the start ;
 And win old dotards, long since up, to see,
 Who's most alert or tardy in congee ?

IV. Produce

112. *Solus habet*.] He engrosses his patron with all the jealousy
 of a lover. *Postquam nos Amaryllis habet.* Virg.

114. *Limine submoveor.*] "To be driven away with disgrace:"
 a strong expression taken from the Lictor's office. *I, lictor, submove*
turbam, & da viam domino. Liv. *Non enim gazæ neque consularis*
submovet lictor miseros tumultus mentis. Hor.

121. *Hospes Numinis Idæi.*] Scipio Nasica. Liv. XXIX. 14.

Numinis Idæi : procedat vel Numa, vel qui
 Servavit trepidam flagranti ex æde Minervam ;
 Protinùs ad censum : de moribus ultima fiet
 Quæstio : quot pascit servos, quot possidet agri 125
 Jugera, quam multâ magnâque paropside cœnat ?
 QUANTUM quisque suâ nummorum servat in arcâ,
 Tantum habet & fidei : jures licèt & Samothracum
 Et nostrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper
 Creditur, atque Deos, Diis ignoscentibus ipsis. 130

Quid, quodd materiam præbet causasque jocorum
 Omnibus hic idem, si fœda & scissa lacerna,
 Si toga fordidula est, & ruptâ calceus alter
 Pelle patet ; vel si, consuto vulnere, crassum
 Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix ? 135
 NIL habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
 Quàm quodd ridiculos homines facit ; Exeat, inquit,
 Si pudor est, & de pulvino surgat equestri,
 Cujus res legi non sufficit, & sedeant hîc
 Lenonum pueri quocunque in fornice nati ! 140
 Hic plaudat nitidi præconis filius inter
 Pinnirapi cultos juvenes, juvenesque lanistæ !
 Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni !

Quis gener hîc placuit censu minor, atque puellæ
 Sarcinulis impar ? Quis pauper scribitur hæres ? 145
 Quando in consilio est Ædilibus ? agmine factò
 Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

HAUD

122. *Qui Servavit.*] Lucius Metellus, who lost his eye-sight by this pious act.

142. *Pinnirapi.*] The same as *Retiarius*. Kennet, V. 4.

VI. Produce at Rome a witness ; let him boast
 The worth of Numa, or the pious host
 Of Cybele, or his, who got his fame
 By saving trembling Pallas from the flame ;
 Yet the first question is, his wealth's amount :
 His morals are the last in Rome's account.
 " How many slaves (they cry) can he maintain ?
 " How many acres has he of domain ?
 " Say, in what stile and figure does he live ?
 " How many cover'd dishes does he give ? "
 Th' exact degree of character, you hold,
 Is suited to the measure of your gold.
 Swear by our gods, and those the Greeks adore ;
 All still believe you perjur'd,—if you're poor :
 That poor men mind not thunder, is their creed ;
 That gods forgive in pity to their need !
 Why should I add the jokes, the great bestow,
 In high good humour, on the poor below ?
 For mere defects which Providence has sent,
 The tatter'd cloak, soil'd gown, or shoe that's rent
 Or lately botch'd with parsimonious care,
 The wounds of time and weather to repair ?
 The worst of ills, to poverty ally'd,
 Is the proud scoff: it hurts man's honest pride.
 " Pack hence, and from the cushion'd benches rise ;
 " Begone, for shame ! (the play-house steward cries)
 " Dare you sit here, whose fortune wants the rate,
 " Which law requires, to make a knight's estate ? "
 Yes, yes : to quality the place is due !
 Some vile pimp's children, litter'd in a stew ;
 Or brood of some gladiator, or spruce cry'r !
 The place is theirs ! in vain, the poor aspire !
 Yes, yes ! proud Otho's law declares it wrong ;
 That rich and poor should make one common throng !
 What son-in-law's approv'd, who cannot settle,
 According to the fair one's weight of metal ?

HAUD facile emergant, quorum virtutibus obstat
 Res angusta domi. Sed Romæ durior illis
 Conatus : magno hospitium miserabile, magno 150
 Servorum ventres, & frugi cœnula magno.
 Fistilibus cœnare pudet, quod turpe negavit
 Translatus subitò ad Marfos, mensamque Sabellam,
 Contentusque illic Veneto duroque cucullo.

Pars magna Italiæ est (si verum admittimus) in quâ 155
 Nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus ; ipsa dierum
 Festorum herbofo colitur siquando theatro
 Majestas, tandemque redit ad pulpita notum
 Exodium, cum personæ pallentis hiatum
 In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans : 160
 Æquales habitus illic, similemque videbis
 Orchestram, & populum : clari velamen honoris
 Sufficiunt tunicæ summis Ædilibus albæ.

Hic ultrâ vires habitûs nitor : hic aliquid plus,
 Quam satis est ; interdum alienâ sumitur arcâ. 165
 Commune id vitium est : hic vivimus ambitiosâ
 Paupertate omnes : quid te moror ? OMNIA Romæ
 Cum

152. *Negavit.*] It should be *negabit* : an error of the transcribers.
 GRANG.

166. *Hic vivimus ambitiosâ paupertate.*] *Paupertas, quæ ultra vires
 fudet nitori & pretio vestium.* GRANG. By this explanation we
 see, there is a happy and expressive brevity in that figure,
 which is called Oxymôron in the school-rhetoric. No writer
 furnishes more brilliant instances of this beauty, than Juvenal.
 That it is not inconsistent with simplicity, we may deter-
 mine, if we consider, that some of the most admired passages in
 that great interpreter of nature, Homer, are of this kind. As,
 δῶκα ἔκων ἀκροντι γε θυμῷ. II. IV. δακρυοεν γελασασα.
 II. VI. Μειδιων βλοσυροισι προσωπασι. II. VII. and
 the like.

Nature

Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir?
When does he at an Ædile-board appear?
Oh! long since should poor Romans have been fir'd
At high Patrician insults, and conspir'd
To spurn them in a body, and retir'd!

'Tis want's hard lot; once sunk beneath its tide,
The virtuous rise not: hopeless they subside.
At Rome their lot is worse: for dear their shed;
Dear their poor meal; their slaves are dearly fed.
Here we disdain to eat off earthen ware;
Yet, in the frugal country, 'tis not rare:
The coarse blue hood is downright finery there.

Believe me, none, in any country town,
Presume, before they die, to wear a gown.
E'en, when they dress away on festal days,
And on their turf-built seats enjoy their plays;
When, happy in their rustic mirth, they ask
No higher sport than farce and gaping mask;
When, tho' the hideous sight makes infants squall,
It still delights men, women, children, all;
On equal terms the rich and poor you see,
Their habits undistinguish'd in degree:
The Ædile only, in white tunic dress'd,
By this is mark'd contented from the rest.

But here at Rome, beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornaments and garish show.
We take on credit, and at random waste:
Ambitious poverty's the general taste.
All things are high at Rome: the price how dear,
That Cossus grant you but a civil leer?

And

Nature abounds with contradictory qualities; and it is the
work only of a lively imagination to catch, and happily express,
the motley assemblage. The error is here, as in most other things;
affectation.

Cum pretio. Quid das, ut Cossus aliquando salutes?
Ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello?

Ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati. 170

Plena domus libis genialibus. Accipe & illud

Fermentum tibi habe: præstare tributa clientes

Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.

Quis timet, aut timuit gelidâ Præneste ruinam;

Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volfiniis, aut 175

Simplicibus Gabiis, aut proni Tiburis arce?

Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam

Magnâ parte sui: nam sic labentibus obstat

Villicus, & veteris rimæ contextit hiatum,

Securos pendente jubet dormire ruinâ. 180

Vivendum est illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli

Nocte metus: jam poscit aquam, jam frivola tranfert

Ucalegon; tabulata tibi jam tertia fumant:

Tu nescis. Nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis,

Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola tuetur 185

A pluvîâ; molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.

Lectus erat Codro Proculâ minor, urceoli fex,

Ornamentum abaci; necnon & parvulus infra

Cantharus, & recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron:

Jamq;

171. *Genialibus.*] The common reading is *venalibus*. But the first is the most proper. It relates to the birth-day, when men usually sacrificed to their *genius*; as *Funde merum genio*. Perf.

172. *Præstare tributa.*] This signifies the presents made to the patrons: the next line, the presents made to their favourite slaves.

182. *Frivola transfert Ucalegon.*] A parody on Virgil; *Proximus ardet Ucalegon*. *Æn.* II.

186. *Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.*] This is no lazy expletive. It points out to us the wretchedness of the garrets, where the poorer people lived at Rome;—such places as were usually allotted to breeding pigeons.

189. *Sub eodem marmore Chiron.*] This may be understood two ways. The *abacus* or cupboard was of real marble (a cheap stone
ia

And that Veiento's higher pride may brook,
 Without one word, to grant a distant look?
 Clients a pow'rful patron's ear must buy,
 From some lov'd slave, at rates exceeding high:
 This cuts his beard: that, with officious care,
 Hangs, in some fane, his consecrated hair;
 His birth-day cakes crowd on him in such store,
 The house abounds.—Add this vexation more,
 Lords have their annual presents: 'tis our curse,
 That presents too must swell the favourites' purse.

V. Who needs, in any country town, to dread,
 Lest crazy houses tumble on his head?
 Not so, at Rome: most houses are unsound;
 Weak buttresses but keep them from the ground.
 In such slight manner stewards do their part;
 That, when they've propt the frames with flimsy art,
 And stoppt old cracks, and just have laid you dry;
 They do no more: "'tis weather-proof, (they cry,)"
 "You now may sleep at ease, if sound of head,"—
 Tho' the next night may crush you in your bed!

Let *me* live, where no fears of fire molest;
 Fears, which at Rome each night disturb our rest.
 "Fire, fire's" a cry, that scares, in every place;
 One calls for water: one, with scuttering pace,
 His lumber bears away: and there as oft
 The fire, unknown to you, invades your loft.
 For flames below of course must upwards fly,
 And soon invade your lodging in the sky;
 That wretched hole, to breeding pigeons due:
 The ruin only later reaches you.

Thus dwelt poor Codrus, of few goods possesst,
 A bed—board—tankard—and six cups at best;
 ITEM, a Chiron's head, Greek books, and rotten chest.

Jamq; vetus Græcos servabat cista libellos, 190
Et divina Opici rodebant carmina mures.

Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat? Et tamen illud
Perdidit infelix totum nil: ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quodd nudum, & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, testoque; juvabit. 195

Si magni Arturius cecidit domus; horrida mater,
Pullati proceres, differt vadimonia prætor:
Tunc geminus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
Ardet adhuc? & jam accurrit qui marmora donet;
Conferat impensas: Hic nuda, & candida signa; 200
Hic aliquid præclarum Euphranoris, & Polycleti:
Hæc Asianorum vetera ornamenta Deorum:
Hic libros dabit, & forulos, mediamq; Minervam:
Hic modium argenti. Meliora, ac plura reponit
Perficus orborum lautissimus, & meritò jam 205
Suspectus, tanquam ipse suas incenderit ædes.

Si

in Italy) and Chiron was the foot craved in the figure of Chiron; a pedestal of which sort was called *trapezophorum*. GRANG. Or *marmor* is used ironically for cheaper materials, more suitable to the poor poet's condition, and Chiron's statue was the sign of his new profession, physic. LUBIN.

191. *Opici mures*.] Ignorant, barbarous; from the *Opici* or *Ofcii*, an ancient rude people of Italy. So *opicæ castigat amicæ Verba*. Sat. VI.

196. *Horrida mater*.] The poet gives us here the usual solemnity of a public mourning.

198. *Tunc odimus ignem*.] The Scholiast says, it was usual to extinguish fire in times of mourning. This idea gives peculiar beauty to the passage.

200. *Nuda & candida signa*.] After the taste of the Greeks, whose statues were naked: *Candida* of the best Parian marble. GRANG.

202. *Hæc Asianorum*.] The common reading is *Pbæcasianorum*; of which the excellent Turnebus, with all his learning, can make no sense. The above is the reading of the Scholiast and many MSS. The poet alludes to some particular fact known at the time.

205. *Perficus*.

His bed was scant, for his short wife too short ;
 His cups were earthen, all of smaller sort ;
 His board was earth ; beneath, his tankard lay ;
 And Chiron, both of the same marble—clay :
 His Chiron show'd, that physic was his bread ;
 His books pack'd up, that poetry was fled :
 The mice, alas ! foes to poetic taste,
 Diet on heav'nly strains, and volumes waste.
 " Codrus had nothing, then : " 'tis true ; but, still,
 He lost that nothing ; and, to crown his ill,
 He begg'd food, lodging, shelter to obtain
 Thro' all the streets of Rome, and begg'd in vain.

But if Arturius' palace falls, the blow
 Spreads o'er the town one general face of woe :
 In deepest weeds array'd, the matrons weep :
 The nobles mourn in sable robes as deep :
 The judge adjourns the courts ; and all conspire
 To pity Rome, and execrate all fire.
 Still does it burn ? a crowd officious flies,
 To furnish marble and to bring supplies :
 This, Parian busts in nature's taste complete ;
 That, on Euphranor and a Polyclète.
 A lady, here, old ornaments conveys,
 Which grac'd the Asian fanes in better days.
 There a male friend the library replaces
 With a Minerva's bust and books and cases ;
 And one sends cash by bushels.—Rich before,
 Thus blest Arturius multiply'd his store :
 Justly suspected to have rais'd the flame ;
 Whence, Phœnix-like, his grander palace came.

55 Could

205. *Perficus*.] He means the man mentioned before. Persian
 was become a common name to denote opulence : *Perficos odi*,
puer, apparatus. Hor.

Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
 Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,
 Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
 Hortulus, hîc, puteusq; brevis, nec recte movendus, 210
 In tenues plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
 Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.
 Est aliquid quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
 Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertæ! 215

Plurimus hîc æger moritur vigilando; sed illum
 Languorem peperit cibus imperfectus, & hærens
 Ardenti stomacho: Nam quæ meritoria somnum
 Admittunt? Magnis opibus dormitur in urbe.
 Inde caput morbi: rhedarum transitus arcto 220
 Vicorum inflexu, & stantis convicia mandræ
 Eripiunt somnum Druso, vitulisque marinis.
 Si vocat officium, turbâ cedente, vehetur
 Dives, & ingenti curret super ora Liburno;
 Atque obiter leget, aut scribet, vel dormiêt intus: 225
 Namque facit somnum clausâ lectica fenestrâ.
 Ante tamen veniet: nobis properantibus obstat
 Unda prior: magno populus premit agmine lumbos
 Qui sequitur: ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro
 Alter; at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam. 230
 Pinguia crura luto; plantâ mox undique magnâ
 Calcor, & in digito clavus mihi militis hæret.

Nonne

222. *Druso vitulisque marinis.*] This is an admirable instance of that species of ridicule called oblique Satire. See note, Sat. X. 215.

Some suppose Drusus means the emperor Claudius. But who the person was, is a matter of no consequence: the satire had its use, we may suppose, when it was written.

232. *Clavus mihi militis hæret.*] He alludes to the soldier's caliga or shoe. See note 306.

Could you from the dear Circus' sports retreat,
And in some country village fix your seat;
You'd get the noblest house for less, than here
You rent a loathsome doghole for a year.
A garden-plot's at hand; and, in your yard,
A fountain springs that needs no rope, prepar'd
To feed those herbs with soft irriguous rill,
Which your own hands with pleasing culture till:
Whence you might cull a bountiful repast
For five score guests of Pythagoric cast.
'Tis sure, some joy, (wealth scarcely more procures)
To call the compass of a lizard yours!

Here the sick mostly die for want of rest:
By watching cheekt, the stomach can't digest:
The food turns sour: the patient pines and drops:
What sleep can dwell near rattling inns and shops?
Great is th' expence at Rome to sleep at ease:
And this, the source of many a dire disease.
A crowd of carts, in narrow passes stow'd,
With jarring wheels contending for the road,
And the rude brawls, the surly carters make,
Would keep e'en Drusus and sea-calves awake.

If business call, lo! slaves the rich convey,
High o'er the heads of crowds, that must give way;
He, as he lolls, may read, or write, or doze;
For blinds can make it night and bring repose:
And yet he comes in time: but we, tho' need,
Tho' duty urges and requires our speed,
Oft feel ourselves between two waves confin'd:
One stops before; this batters us behind.
Here's no escaping in a skin that's whole:
An elbow punches, or a chairman's pole:
My skull's by some rude beam or pitcher hurt:
Black both my legs, bespatter'd o'er with dirt:
Hard kicks succeed; and, to complete my woes,
Some soldier's foot of iron galls my toes.

Nonne vides, quanto celebretur sportula fumo?
 Centum convivæ; sequitur sua quemque culina:
 Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res 235
 Impositas capiti, quas recto vertice portat
 Servulus infelix; & cursu ventilat ignem.
 Scinduntur tunicæ fartæ modò: longa coruscat
 Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
 Plaustravehunt; nutant altè, populoque minantur. 240
 Nam si procubuit, qui saxa Ligustica portat
 Axis, & eversum fudit super agmina montem,
 Quid superest de corporibus? quis membra, quis ossa
 Invenit? obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver,
 More animæ. Domus interea secura patellas 245
 Jam lavat, & buccâ foculum excitat, & sonat unctis
 Strigilibus, & pleno componit lintea gutto.
 Hæc inter pueros variè properantur: at ille
 Jam sedet in ripa, tetrumque novitius horret
 Porthmea, nec sperat cœnosi gurgitis alnum 250
 Infelix, nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem.

Respice nunc alia, ac diversa pericula noctis.
 Quod spatium tectis sublimibus, unde cerebrum
 Testa ferit! quoties rimosa, & curta fenestris
 Vasa cadunt, quanto percussum pondere signent, 255
 Et lædant silicem! Possis ignavus haberi,

Et

239. *Sarraco veniente.*] Poets are sometimes of use. It is probable, that this gave the first hint to that edict of Adrian, mentioned by Spartian: *Vehicula cum ingentibus sarcinis urbem ingredi prohibuit.*

245. *Domus interea.*] This is generally understood of the slave who was bringing home the Sportula, and supposed to be killed by the way. But the meat was ready drest, *nam cursu ventilat ignem*; whereas, the family is supposed by the poet to be preparing a fire against the return of the fancied sufferer, *buccâ foculum excitat.* This inclines us to interpret this passage of any poor Roman, suffering by some one of the numerous casualties of a tumultuous town.

247. *Strigilis.*] "The rubber" was made of metal. The proceleusmatic foot is used for a dactyle.

256. Et

See next the Dole's tumultuous bustling throng !
 These too disturb you as you go along :
 A hundred guests ! and each his kitchen brings ;
 Scarce Corbulo could bear this mass of things.
 A poor slave bears it, meat and all within ;
 With head erect, and scours thro' thick and thin,
 And ventilates the embers as he goes : — [cloaths !
 Ah ! what shall save from rents your new-patch'd

But hark ! a waggon groans : at every stir,
 You're threaten'd by some nodding pine or fir :
 'Tis well, they warn us : Should those cars, that groan
 Beneath the weight of vast Ligurian stone,
 Should they break down, and pour their mountain load,
 Good heav'ns ! these ruins, o'er the street bestrow'd,
 Would grind a man to dust ; nor flesh, nor bone
 Be found, the body, like the spirit, flown.
 Meantime his slaves (no evil thought so near)
 Provide the bath and supper for his cheer ;
 With care they wash the plates, the fire they light,
 Make the loud sounding rubbers clean and bright,
 The towels lay, the cruet fill with oil —
 Ah ! vain their love, vain their officious toil ! —
 He sits on Styx's bank, a novel scene,
 Trembling at surly Charon's squalid mien ;
 Nor hopes, poor man, to reach the further shore :
 He wants a mite to pay his ferry o'er.

VI. See next the diff'rent perils of the night :
 Mark how the houses rise with tow'ring height ;
 And how from garret tops come thundering down
 Whole show'rs of broken jars, to crack your crown !
 Mark but how deep their fall indents the stone ;
 And think how small the chance of flesh and bone !

Midst

256. *Et lædant flicem.*] There is an embarrassment in the common editions, which is removed, as the reader may observe, by a slight change in the punctuation.

Et subiti casûs improvidus, ad cœnam fi
 Intestatus eas; adeò tot fata, quot illâ
 Nocte patent vigiles, te prætereunte, fenestræ.
 Ergo optes, votumque feras miserabile tecum, 260
 Ut sint contentæ patulas effundere pelves.

Èbrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
 Dat pœnas; noctem patitur lugentis amicum
 Pelidæ; cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus.
 “Ergo non alitèr poterit dormire?” quibusdam 265
 Somnum rixa facit: sed quamvis improbus annis,
 Atq; mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
 Vitari jubet, & comitum longissimus ordo:
 Multum prætereà flammæ, atq; ænea lampas:
 Me, quem Luna solet deducere, vel breve lumen 270
 Candelæ, cujus dispenso & tempero filum,
 Contemnit. Miseræ cognosce procœmia rixæ;
 Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantùm.
 Stat contrà, stariq; jubet: parere necesse est.
 Nam quid agas, cum te furiosus cogat, & idem 275
 Fortior? Unde venis? Exclamat: cujus aceto,
 Cujus

262. *Ebrius ac petulans.*] This was a serious matter of complaint at Rome (which seems to have had no regular police) as we see in Suetonius's life of Nero.

270. *Vel breve lumen*] We have seen enough of Juvenal already, to observe; that he is capable, when he pleases, of all the harmony, force and majesty of Virgil, and yet he is frequently prosaic and inharmonious, as in the following closes. I. *Quam mihi lucus—Subduximus et nos—nam quis iniquæ—ferreus ut teneat se—bibit et Fruitur Dîs—prior, inquit, ego adsum.* II. *Discipuli tres—sed tamen unde—quos tempus erat jam—Minoribus et Fabiis et.* III. *Herè quam fuit ac eadem cras—nisi conscius et cui fervens—quâ deterius nec—procedat vel Numa vel qui—nitor hic aliquid plus—improvidus ad cœnam fi—deducere vel breve lumen.*

What reasons are to be assigned for this inequality? 1. Sometimes there is real force in a flat close; and therefore we have instances of it in Virgil himself, as *intempesta filet nox*. 2. Sometimes the majesty of the sentiment compensates for it. 3. Sometimes a previous

Midst all these perils, it bespeaks a mind
 Absurdly thoughtless and perversely blind,
 To sup abroad, unless you've made your will :
 Each waking window, big with fate, may kill.
 Bless the good gods, and think your fortune rare,
 If nothing but a Jordan be your share !

The drunken buck, too, *feels quite queer* (he'll tell ye)
 If he has beat no harmless man to jelly :
 Feels like Achilles, when his friend he wept,
 And toss'd about all night, and never slept.
 "What, can't he sleep, then ?" No : without a brawl,
 His sleeping dose, no buck can sleep at all.
 Yet can this wretch, tho' hot with youth and wine,
 With coward care th' unequal fray decline,
 When purple, a large train, and lamps appear,
 And shew that rank is following in the rear :
 But me, to whom the moon, or the dim ray
 Of a small frugal wick, must light the way,
 Poor me he fights, if that be call'd a fight,
 Where I must tamely bear a ruffian's might :
 He stops, cries, "stand : " what can I, but submit ?
 To fight a drunken bear, were want of wit.

" Whence

a previous weak sound, like flats in music, gives double force to something following, which ought to be significant. 4. Sometimes, big with his own conceptions, the poet minds only the general effect of his whole piece, and thinks a curious selection of words beneath his attention. 5. There is one general reason more ; satire being the language of familiar life, *verba togæ*, as Persius speaks, the poet sometimes stooped from the elevation which was natural to his genius, that he might not deviate too far from the style of his predecessors.

This is noted for the sake of the young scholar, that he may not imitate Juvenal in his carelessness of numbers, at least until he can plead as good reasons for such a liberty.

Cujus conche tumes? Quis tecum festile porrum
 Sutor, & elixi vervecis labra comedit?
 Nil mihi respondes? aut dic, aut accipe calcem.
 Ede ubi consistas: in quâ te quæro profeuchâ? 280
 Dicere si tentes aliquid, tacitusve recedas,
 Tantundem est: feriunt pariter: vadimonia deinde
 Irati faciunt: libertas pauperis hæc est!
 Pulsatus rogat, & pugnis concisus adorat,
 Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti. 285

Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: Nam qui spoliet te
 Non deerit, clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubiq;
 Fixa catenatæ filuit compago tabernæ.
 Interdum & ferro subitus grassator agit rem,
 Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur 290
 Et Pomptina palus, & Gallinaria pinus.
 Sic inde huc omnes tanquam ad vivaria currunt.

Quâ fornace graves, quâ non incude catenæ?
 Maximus in vinculis ferri modus, ut timeas, ne
 Vomer deficiat, ne marræ, & farcula defint. 295
 Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
 Sæcula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
 Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam!

His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas:
 Sed jumenta vocant, & Sol inclinât; eundum est. 300
 Nam

277. *Conche tumes.*] A bean eaten in the pod or hull. The *porrum* was of two sorts, *festivum* and *capitatum*. Plin. XX. 6.

296. *Proavorum.*] The direct order of blood was, *pater, avus, proavus, abavus, atavus, tritavus*, MAJORES: *Filius, nepos, pronepos, abnepos, atnepos, trinepos*, MINORES. Juvenal is pretty accurate in his calculation; for he takes in ten generations. The first prison was built by king Tullus.

“ Whence com’st thou, scoundrel? on whose beans-in-
 “ And rot-gut wine got’st thou that bellyfull? [hull
 “ With what companion-cobler hast thou fed
 “ On stinking leeks and carrion-sheep’s tough head?
 “ What? art thou dumb? speak, rascal, or, ere long,
 “ A swinging kick shall help thee to a tongue.
 “ In what vile stand of strolling beggars, say,
 “ May I your roguiship find another day?”

Whether you speak, or civilly retreat;
 It makes no difference: still you must be beat.
 Then he turns plaintiff, too: transferr’d the fault,
 ’Tis he, that brings the action of assault.
 Such is the poor man’s freedom! beaten, bruis’d,
 He prays, and thinks himself most kindly us’d,
 If suffer’d *by his worship* to retain
 The few loose teeth that happen to remain.

When midnight comes, and chains our houses close
 And promise peace and safety to repose,
 Worse ills arise: beneath the silent shade,
 The thief prowls forth, our treasures to invade;
 And fell assassins wield the murd’rous blade.
 For, when the guards their country lodges block,
 To Rome, as to a nursery, they flock:
 In shoals they come, here in safe darkness lie,
 Batten in mischief, and the laws defy.

Alas! what forge, what anvil’s unemploy’d?
 In chains what tons of iron are destroy’d?
 So large the waste; we well may dread a dearth
 Of necessary tools to till the earth!
 Oh! blest our great forefathers! blest their day!
 When, foster’d by their kings’ and tribunes’ sway,
 One general soul of virtue did prevail;
 And all Rome’s rogues scarce fill’d one common jail!

VII. Many more causes urge me from this town:
 But now, enough: the sun is hastening down:

The

64 JUVENALIS SATIRA IV.

Nam mihi commotâ jamdudum mulio virgâ
Innuit: ergò vale, nostri memor; & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino;
Me quoq; ad Elvinam Cererem, vestramq; Dianam
Convelle a Cumis: Satirarum ego (ni pudet illas) 305
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

304. *Dianam.*] There was a grove at Aquinum, sacred to *Diana*. This town, the native place of Juvenal, gave birth in later ages to that great father of Scholastic Divinity, Thomas Aquinas.

305. *Convelle a Cumis.*] The word *convelle* has great force. Nothing but friendship and the cause of virtue could force the speaker to quit the delicious retreat of Cumæ for the colder country of Aquinum.

306. *Caligatus.*

S A T I R A IV.

E Cce iterùm Crispinus; & est mihi sæpè vocandus
Ad partes; monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum.
A vitiis; æger, solâque libidine fortis.

Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quantâ nemorum vectetur in umbrâ, 5
Jugera

This satire details an humorous anecdote in the life of Domitian, which gives us a stronger idea of that gloomy tyrant's cruelty, than the most laboured accounts of his historians and biographers. It strikes us with the greater force by the ingenuity of the disposition. It is ushered in with the character of one of his courtiers; whom we suppose at first to be the principal hero of the scene from his dignified appearance. But, lo! when we expected nothing less, a greater actor is introduced, his Imperial Master; and that too, by an easy transition and mock-invocation, which give it an excellent effect.

This is the plan; but is filled up with a careless hand. It has not all those ridiculous circumstances thrown in, which might be expected from a lively imagination. The poet, however, has touched

The carter, grown impatient of delay,
Has long since wav'd his whip: I must away.
Adieu, my friend; and, when all-sick of Rome,
You fly for comfort to your native home,
Call me from Cumæ to your sacred shade:
And, if your muse admits my feeble aid,
Your hills I'll climb, with vengeance arm'd, to wage
Virtue's just wars with you 'gainst this abandon'd age.

306. *Caligatus.*] The *caliga* was a soldier's shoe, armed with nails; alluded to before: *in digito clavus mihi militis hæret.* Here, then, by a beautiful allusion, a satirist is considered as a combatant against vice.

S A T I R E IV.

ONCE more Crispinus comes, and, often more,
Must he re-enter, ere our scenes are o'er:
A monstrous wretch! in whom there is not known
One virtue, for his vices to atone:
Diseas'd, and vigorous but in lust alone.

What matters, then, what large piazza's strain
The steeds that air him, shelter'd from the rain;
Or

touched the principal features in each of the courtiers' characters with much force and truth; and dismisses the master with an execration, which breathes the spirit of an old Roman.

1. *Vocandus ad partes.*] A metaphor from the stage.

2. *Redemptum a vitiis.*] A strong idea taken from the Stoic philosophy, or rather indeed from true religion; which considers all wicked men as slaves.

5. *Porticibus.*] See Sat. VII. The Romans had porticos to ride in.

5. *Vectetur in umbra.*] Shady walks, in which they were carried in the *lectica* or litter.

Jugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit ædes?
 Nemo malus felix; minimè corruptor, & idem
 Incestus; cum quo nuper vittata jacebat
 Sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura sacerdos.

Sed nunc de factis levioribus: & tamen alter 10
 Si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum.

Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Seioque, decebat
 Crispinum. Quid agas, cum dira & fœdior omni
 Crimine persona est? mullum sex millibus emit,
 Æquantem sanè paribus sestertia libris, 15

Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.

Consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
 Præcipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi.

Est ratio ulterior, magnæ si misit amicæ,
 Quæ vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro. 20

Nil tale expectes; emit sibi! Multa videmus,

Quæ miser & frugi non fecit Apicius! Hoc tu

Succinctus patriâ quondam, Crispine, papyro?

Hoc pretium squamæ? potuit fortasse minoris

Piscator, quam piscis, emi. Provincia tanti 25

Vendit agros; sed majores Appulia vendit.

Quales

9. *Sanguine adhuc vivo.*] Vestal virgins, who violated their vows of chastity, were buried above.

12. *Titio Seioque.*] Fictitious names in law processes, like Stiles and Nokes in ours.

13. *Fœdior omni crimine persona est.*] The poet pursues the dramatic allusion, with which he began; for *persona* means nothing more than a mask or dramatic character.

14. *Sex millibus.*] Six thousand smaller sesterces, or six larger sesterces, which make forty-eight pounds eight shillings and ninepence.

16. *Ut perhibent.*] We learn from Horace, that a mullet of three pounds was thought a great rarity: *mullum laudas, insane, trilibrem.* Sat. II. 2.

22. *Apicius.*] See Sat. XI. 3.

23. *Papyrus.*] The cloaths of slaves, as well as paper, were made of this plant, as early as the days of Anacreon. Ode. V.

Or what a depth of woods compose the shade,
Where, skreen'd from heat, his litter is convey'd;
Or, what whole acres, near the forum, hold
The sumptuous buildings purchas'd by his gold?
No wicked man is happy: he, the least,
A lewd seducer, an adult'rous beast,
Who drew a vestal, by his impious lust,
To sink a living victim to the dust.

But this in him, which would in others draw
A Censor's notice, is a venial flaw:
For things, which common characters disgrace,
Are quite becoming in Crispinus' case.
What wonder? when the actor's self exceeds,
In native turpitude, the guilt of deeds?
He paid six larger sesterces, of late,
For one rare mullet, just six pounds in weight,
A pound a sesterce, as those gossips say,
Who magnify the stories of the day.
I'd praise the artist, had it been his drift
To gull some childless dotard with the gift;
Or, what were wiser still, some haughty fair,
Who rides exalted in her well-glafs'd chair.
No, no: it was for his own palate bought! —
Indeed, so many of such pranks are wrought;
That, were he judg'd of by our modern plan,
Apicius was a poor and frugal man! —
Dar'd you do this, who came imported here,
In Egypt's paper wrapp'd, your country geer?
Bear fins this price? The fisherman, I guess,
His very liberty had sold for less.
A province sells large manors at this rate;
Apulia sells the largest thro' her state:

What

Quales tunc epulas ipsum glutisse putemus
 Induperatorem? cum tot sestertia, partem
 Exiguam, & modicæ sumptam de margine cœnæ,
 Purpureus magni ructaret scurra Palatî,
 Jam princeps equitum, magnâ qui voce solebat
 Vendere municipes pactâ mercede filuros?

30

Incipe Calliope, licet hic confidere: non est
 Cantandum: res vera agitur. Narrate, puellæ
 Pierides: profit mihi vos dixisse puellas.

35

Cum jam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
 Ultimus, & calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
 Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile rhombi,
 Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon,
 Implevitque sinus: neque enim minor hæserat illis
 Quos operit glacies Mæotica, ruptaque tandem
 Solibus effundit torpentis ad offia Ponti,
 Desidiâ tardos, & longo frigore pingues.

Destinat

28. *Induperator.*] An old word from Ennius, well adapted to mock-heroic.

29. *Modicæ sumptam de margine cœnæ.*] This is generally understood of a side dish at the Emperor's table. But, the construction will allow us to understand it of Crispinus, and this is much more in Juvenal's usual spirit of exaggeration.

31. *Princeps equitum.*] As he, who was first named by the Censors at the close of their offices in the catalogue of Senators, was called *princeps Senatûs*, so the first named knight was called *princeps equitum*. HOL.

32. *Pactâ mercede.*] This is Grævius' reading. The common editions have *fractâ de merce* or *Phariâ de merce*; of which it is hard to make sense.

33. *Licet hîc confidere.*] Like our English phrase "to dwell upon a subject."

36. *Cum jam semianimum.*] The poet is going here into the mock-heroic, which is supported in Latin principally by extravagant exaggeration

What dishes shall we think, then, serv'd to glut
Th' imperial master's more enormous gut?
When one, we see, of his buffoons was able
To serve so dear a side-dish at his table?
Whom Rome must now as her first knight admire,
Tho' once he sold his country shades for hire?

Come, strike, Calliope, thy loudest string:
It is no fiction; 'tis a fact I sing.
Sing, heavenly maids: 'twill please your ears, I trust,
To be call'd maidens in these days of lust.

When the last chief of Flavian birth
Mangled the poor afflicted earth,
When Rome crouch'd to the bald-pate hero,
The brutal bloody second Nero;
A turbot of a size portentous,
(By some strange fate or fortune sent us)
Caught at the fair Ancona, stow'd
Th' inclosing nets with mountain-load.
The Euxine and Mæotic lake
Ne'er pour'd one of a larger make:
When, thaw'd, they send their monstrous growth,
Fed by whole winters' ice and sloth.

The

exaggeration. In English we have a higher advantage. The cast of Hudibrastic verse and language is peculiarly adapted to this species of poetry. This, it is hoped, will be an excuse for the alteration of metre, in this, the principal part of the satire.

37. *Calvo Neroni.*] Domitian (here called Nero for his cruelty) was so disgusted at his own baldness, that he could not, with patience, hear baldness objected to any other person either seriously or in jest. Suet.

39. *Dorica sustinet Ancon.*] Ancona was a colony of the Syracusans; who were of Doric extraction. It had an elegant temple in honour of Venus.

Destinat hoc monstrum cymbæ liniq; magister
 Pontifici summo. Quis enim proponere talem, 45
 Aut emere auderet? Cùm plena & littora multo
 Delatore forent; dispersi protinus algæ
 Inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo;
 Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem,
 Depastumque diu vivaria Cæsaris, inde 50
 Elapsum veterem ad dominum debere reverti.
 Si quid Palphurio, si credimus Armillato,
 Quicquid conspicuum, pulchrumq; ex æquore toto est,
 Res fisci est, ubicunq; natat: donabitur ergo,
 Ne pereat, jam letifero cedente pruinis 55
 Autumno, jam quartanam sperantibus ægris.
 Stridebat deformis hyems, prædamque recentem
 Servabat: tamen hic properat, velut urgeat Auster.
 Utq; lacus suberant, ubi quanquam diruta servat
 Ignem Trojanum, & Vestam colit Alba minorem, 60
 Obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.
 Ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine valvæ.
 Exclusi expectant admissa obsonia patres.
 Itur ad Atridem: tum Picens, Accipe, dixit,
 Privatis majora focus: genialis agatur 65
 Iste dies; propera stomachum laxare saginis,

Et

47. *Algæ inquisitores*] Probably he means such officers as we now call "tide-waiters." *Algæ* denotes their vigilance and rapacity.

56. *Sperantibus ægris*.] For *metuentibus*: as *Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem*. Virg.

60. *Alba minorem*.] In opposition to the larger vestal-fire preserved at Rome.

64. *Picens*.] The fisherman; for *Ancona* was in *Picenum*.

65. *Stomachum laxare Saginis*.] *Hiscæ deliciis accipiendis illum præpara*. LUBIN.

The fisher judg'd, with ready wit,
That 'twas the high-priest's legal bit.
For who this fish durst sell or buy ;
So many a vile informer nigh ?
When sea-coast spies, a prowling cattle,
Straight with the helpless man would battle,
And make it out as clear as day,
The fish was Cæsar's runaway ;
That he once liv'd in Cæsar's stew,
And, some how, slyly thence withdrew ;
And therefore still was Cæsar's due ?
For our court lawyers do maintain,
That every fish, of every main,
Above the common standard great,
Falls to th' exchequer an escheat.

Well did the fisher, then, determine,
The prince to humour, not his vermin.
'Twas Autumn's close ; the sick in fear
Of quartans following in the rear ;
And winter, by its cool approach,
Kept turbot sound as any roach :
Yet with dispatch the fisher flew,
As if the deadly southwind blew.

As soon as he to Alba came,
(Known for chaste Vesta's humbler flame)
The crowd flock'd round, in huge surprize,
And stopp'd the fish to feast their eyes.
Anon, the palace gates expand :
Without, obsequious fathers stand,
And give the fish, their betters, place.
The fisher, then, with courtly grace,
Begins : " Great lord of seas and earth,
" Accept, what suits no subject's hearth.
" Your stomach for a feast prepare,
" Worthy a monarch, rich and rare :

" Accept

Et tua servatum consume in sæcula rhombum.
 Ipse capi voluit. Quid apertius? & tamen illi
 Surgebant cristæ. Nihil est, quod credere de se
 Non possit, cùm laudatur diis æqua potestas. 70
 Sed deerat pisci patinæ mensura. Vocantur
 Ergò in concilium procures, quos oderat ille;
 In quorum facie, miseræ magnæque sedebat
 Pallor amicitiae. Primus (clamante Liburno,
 "Currite, jam fedit,") raptâ properabat abollâ 75
 Pegasus, attonitæ positus modò villicus urbi.
 Anne aliud tunc præfecti? Quorum optimus, atq;
 Interpres legum sanctissimus; omnia quanquam
 Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi
 Justitia. Venit & Crispi jucunda senectus: 80
 Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
 Ingenium. Maria, ac terras, populosque regenti
 Quis comes utilior, si clade & peste sub illâ
 Sævitiâ damnare, & honestum afferre liceret
 Consilium? sed quid violentius aure tyranni? 85

Cum

69. *Surgebant cristæ.*] A metaphor from a cock. HOL.

80. *Crispi jucunda senectus.*] Suetonius gives us a specimen of Crispus's pleasantries. The tyrant was used to spend some part of the day in killing flies. When, therefore, some person, who wanted to be introduced to the Emperor, asked Crispus, if there was any company with him, he drolly said, *ne musca quidem*, "no, not a fly."

“ Accept a fish, which fates ordain,
“ To grace the annals of your reign.
“ May’t please your Grace ! himself he set
“ A willing captive in my net.”

What nauseous cant ! enough to cloy !
Yet, how he plum’d himself for joy !
But man, in plenitude of might,
Thinks every compliment his right.

A charger, of sufficient size,
Was wanting for this noble prize.
The Fathers, then, his mortal hate,
Were call’d this subject to debate.
Pal’d o’er with horror and dismay,
Their wretched haggard looks betray,
That ’tis most dismal to depend
On a capricious tyrant-friend.

The herald cries, “ Make haste, hallo !
“ The Emp’ror’s sat an hour ago.”

Straight, Pegasus snatch’d up his cloak,
And posted off as fast as smoke ;
Late *Bailiff* of the city made :

(A præfect’s was no better trade,
While all men fear’d a tyrant’s blade !)
An upright judge, had fate’s decrees
Plac’d him in better days than these :
But times were hard : he warp’d the laws,
And par’d poor Justice of her claws.

Then Crispus came, a sweet old fellow,
Of manners, tongue, and temper mellow.
No friend on earth, so fit as he,
For one who rul’d both land and Sea ;
Had it been safe to be sincere :
But truth disgusts a tyrant’s ear.

Cum quo de pluviis, aut æstibus, aut nimboſo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici.

Ille igitur numquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera poſſet
Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero. 90
Sic multas hyemes, atque octogefima vidit
Solſtitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ.

Proximus ejusdem properabat Acilius ævi,
Cum juvene indigno, quem mors tam ſæva maneret,
Et domini gladiis tam feſtinata: ſed olim 95
Prodigio par eſt in nobilitate ſeneſtus.

Unde fit, ut malim fraterculus eſſe gigantum.
Profuit ergo nihil miſero, quòd cominùs urſos
Figebat Numidas, Albanâ nudus arenâ
Venator. Quis enim jam non intelligat artes 100
Patricias? Quis priſcum illud miretur acumen,
Brute, tuum? Facile eſt barbato imponere regi.

Nec melior vultu, quamvis ignobilis, ibat
Rubrius, offeſſæ veteris reus, atque tacendæ;
Et tamen improbrior Satiram ſcribente cinædo. 105

Montani quoque venter adeſt abdomine tardus:
Et matutino ſudans Criſpinus amomo;

Quantum vix redolent duo funera: ſævior illo

Pompeius

94. *Cum juvene indigno.*] We know not, who this young man was, or what reſemblance his caſe bore to that of the firſt Brutus.

97. *Fraterculus gigantum.*] i. e. *terræ filius* or *progenies terræ* (as Perf. VI. 57. expreſſes it) one of the meanest original.

98. *Urſos.*] There are no bears in Africa. The old Romans called lions by that name. Virgil ſpeaks the common language, *Æn.* V. *pelle Libyſſidis urſæ*. LIPSIVS.

102. *Barbato regi.*] The Romans had no barber till the year 454. HOL.

105. *Satiram ſcribente cinædo.*] He means Nero. The alluſion is explained by Tacitus: *Quintianus mollitiæ corporis infamis, & a Nerone probroſo carmine diffamatus, contumelias ultum ibat*, i. e. entered into the conſpiracy againſt Nero out of reſentment. Ann. XV. 49.

And no friend to this tyrant spake,
But put his very life at stake;
Tho' he but talk'd of trivial things,
Of showers, of heat, and rainy springs.
He, therefore, wisely never try'd
To stem a strong resistless tide;
Nor with just courage was endu'd
To speak his mind, tho' death ensu'd.
Defended by this armour, he
Full fourscore summers liv'd to see,
E'en in that den of tyranny.

Next him in speed, in years the same,
With a sweet youth, Acilius came;
A youth! unjustly doom'd to feel
The ruthless master's murd'rous steel.—
Indeed a Noble, gray with years,
A downright prodigy appears!
And hence one plain conclusion;—that
'Tis better be a beggar's brat!
This stripling, willing to escape
The tyrant's fangs in any shape,
Feign'd himself mad, and durst engage
With beasts upon the Alban stage:
In vain: his tyrant, shrewd and sly,
Saw thro' the trick, and bid him die.
Brutus! who now adays admires
Thy wit, tho' cry'd up by our Sires?
For 'twas the easiest of all things
To cheat old gray-beards, ancient kings.

Next Rubrius came, with frighted face,
Tho' but of vile Plebeian race;
A wicked wretch, who once sinn'd faster
Than Nero, his old scribbling master.

Next came Montanus, puffing, blowing,
All paunch: and next Crispinus, flowing

Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire fufurro :
 Et qui vulturibus fervabat viscera Dacis
 Fuscus, marmoreâ meditatus prælia villâ.

110

Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
 Qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ,
 Grande, & conspicuum nostro quoque tempore mon-
 Cæcus adulator, dirusque a ponte satelles, 115 [strum,
 Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
 Blandaue devexæ jactaret basia rhedæ.

Nemo magis rhombum stupuit : nam plurima dixit
 In lævum conversus : at illi dextra jacebat
 Bellua : sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat & ictus ; 120
 Et pegma, & pueros inde ad velaria raptos.

Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus œstro
 Percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat ; Et, ingens
 Omen habes, inquit, magni, clariq; triumphi !
 Regem aliquem capies ; aut de temone Britanno 125
 Excidet Arviragus : peregrina est bellua : Cernis

Erectas

115. *Dirusque a ponte satelles.*] *Satelles* a courtier, a *ponte* from a beggar ; Bridges being the usual stand of beggars.

121. *Pegma et pueros.*] *Pegma* was a machine, upon which a boy was seated, probably representing Ganymede, and whirled aloft by it into a scenical heaven represented in the *velaria* or purple hangings of the theatre. HOL.

126. *Arviragus.*] Who he was, is not certainly known ; but he must have been a prince who made himself formidable to the Romans, after the year 84, upon Agricola's recall.—Holiday's account are mere monkish fables.

With morning gums, in plenty such,
That scarce two fun'rals stink as much.

Next Pompey came, of greater note,
For skill in cutting of a throat
By whispers in the gentlest key :
Next Dacian vulturs' future prey,
Fuscus, who learnt his martial skill
At full ease in his marble vill.

Then clos'd the rear, and form'd the junto,
Catullus fierce, and shrewd Veiento :
Catullus blind, deny'd the sight
Of female beauty his delight ;
A hard remorseless wretch, who knew well
In cruel days to beat the cruel ;
Rais'd from a beggar's sorry stand
To lord, as Minion, o'er the land ;
And fit, stripp'd of his purple train,
To take his former trade again ;
And, at Aricia, bufs his palms,
As cars descend, and ask for alms.
None o'er the fish stood more amaz'd,
And none with such encomiums prais'd.
These to the left he chanc'd to pay,
While—to the right the turbot lay.
Thus, at the town diversions, he
Admir'd the feats he could not see.

But higher still Veiento soar'd,
And, as a thundring prophet, roar'd,
" Cæsar, this fish is, sure, portentous
" Of triumphs, brilliant, great, momentous !
" You'll take some rival king in war,
" Or, shatter'd from his British car,
" Arviragus shall fall to earth :
" The beast's, you see, of foreign birth :
" Upon his back, you see, he bears
" A warlike crop of bristling spears."

Erectas in terga fudes? Hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret, & annos.

Quidnam igitur censes? Conciditur? Absit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait; testa alta paretur, 130
Quæ tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem.

Debetur magnus patinæ subitusque Prometheus.
Argillam, atq; rotam citiùs properate: sed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Cæsar, figuli tua castra sequantur.

Vicit digna viro sententia: noverat ille 135
Luxuriam imperii veterem, noctesque Neronis
Jam medias, aliamque famem, cùm pulmo Falerno
Arderet. Nulli major fuit usus edendi
Tempestate meâ. Circæis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo 140
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu:
Et semel aspecti littus dicebat echini. X

Surgitur

127. *Erectas in terga fudes.*] Hypallage: *terga erecta in fudes.*

132. *Prometheus.*] Prometheus, as those very credible authors, the poets, maintain, was a potter or manufacturer in clay, of such admirable skill, that the whole human race are indebted to him for their original: a better account, by the way, of the existence of man, than all the Epicureans, either ancient or modern, ever gave; for they give us AN EFFECT WITHOUT A CAUSE, that is, A WORLD WITHOUT A CREATOR, and MORAL CREATURES (as men undoubtedly are) WITHOUT A MORAL GOVERNOR!—But what we have at present to observe is, the poetical force of this expression. If the speaker had said “let us get some artisan of the “greatest, readiest, and most incomparable skill to make this “necessary dish,” this would not have conveyed his flattery with half the strength and delicacy of this single word. It is called the figure Antonomasia.

It is to be lamented, that scholastic rhetoric is growing into disuse. Its terms, indeed, are of awkward cast: but so are the technical terms of all sciences, professions and trades; and yet without these, as general heads or ideas of distribution, nothing can be taught, nothing well exercised.

136. *Noctesque Neronis.*] Domitian affected to imitate Nero.

140. *Rutupine*

But this alone he left untold

From whence the turbot, and how old.

At length, the mighty question's put :

"What must be done? shall he be cut?"

"Forbid it, heav'ns!" Montanus cries,

"Let's not disgrace the noble prize!

"Let some skill'd artisan provide

"A dish magnificently wide:

"Instant, with wheel and clay begin it:

"Let us not lose a single minute:

"And, Sire! hereafter 'twill be right;

"That potters follow you in fight."

This sentence past: what could be wiser,

And worthier of the sage adviser?

He knew old scenes by Nero acted,

The feasts to midnight hours protracted,

And Whets of stout Falernian, heating

The jaded paunch for second eating.

This wight, believe me, was the prime

Of all good eaters in my time:

By the first bite he nicely knew,

Where each particular oyster grew;

Whether home-bred, or British-true;

And learnedly at sight could tell,

Whence came the cray fish by its shell.

Well;

140. *Rutupino*.] *Circeum* and *Lucrinus lacus* were in Italy; but *Rutupium* or *Rutupiæ* was a town in our island, the great sea port of the Romans, commonly supposed to be the modern *Sandwich*, but more truly, as the editor of Camden says, a corn field in its vicinity, a monument of the changes incident to sublunary things. Vol. I. 268. It had the honour of furnishing Rome with choice oysters, a curious anecdote in the history of good eating, not to be omitted in an English translation.

Surgitur, & misso procures exire jubentur
 Concilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem
 Traxerat attonitos, & festinare coactos, 145
 Tanquam de Cattis aliquid, torvisque Sicambris
 Dicturus; tamquam diversis partibus orbis
 Anxia præcipiti venisset epistola pennâ!

Atq; utinam his potiùs nugis tota illa dedisset
 Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi 150
 Illustresque animas impunè, & vindice nullo!
 Sed periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
 Cœperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.

148. *Anxia penna.*] The Scholiast says, the Romans used to entwine the expressès which brought good news with laurels; bad news with feathers. The first is true, but of the second custom there are no traces. It is probably but a metaphorical phrase: for bad news (even to a proverb) has wings, and flies faster than good.

Well; then: this mighty business clear'd,
 The council rose, and disappear'd:
 Brought there in haste and fright and fear,
 As if some weighty news to hear;
 As if, arriv'd from various parts,
 With eager pace and trembling hearts,
 Expresses pour'd upon expresses,
 And brought accounts of dire distresses!
 O! had he spent his sanguinary reign
 In trifles thus ridiculous and vain,
 Nor robb'd, with lawless rage, the orphan'd state
 Of her best spirits by untimely fate!—
 At last he perish'd, when his rage was spread
 To lower life, and grew the cobblers' dread:
 Then was he check'd; 'twas then too late he fell,
 And bath'd in Lamian carnage plung'd to hell.

S A T I R A V.

SI te propositi nondum pudet, atque eadem est mens,
 Ut bona summa putes, alienâ vivere quadrâ;
 Si potes illa pati, quæ nec Sarmentus iniquas
 Cæsar's ad mensas, nec vilis Galba tulisset,
 Quamvis jurato metuam tibi credere testi. 5
 Ventre nihil novi frugalius. Hoc tamen ipsum
 Defecisse puta, quod inani sufficit alvo.
 Nulla crepido vacat? Nusquam pons, & tegetis pars
 Dimidia

This satire is meant to ridicule some particular great man (who is here called by the fictitious name of Virro) for his sordid treatment of his clients, rather than to explode, in general, a dependence upon the great. Dependence is a necessary part of that system of subordination, without which society cannot subsist. Horace, with his usual knowledge of life and fine sense, teaches us this lesson, Epist. I. 17.

*Si prodesse tuis, pauloque benignius ipsum
 Te tractare voles, accedes fœdus ad unctum.*

Juvenal, on the contrary, with his usual tone of high exaggeration, shows the baseness of improper compliances. Here, then, from both the poets taken together, we may learn that happy temperature of virtue, the spirit and modesty of the true citizen; a modest deference to rank and authority, and a spirit above every thing that is dishonest or unmanly.

Its parts are clearly, as follows. 1. A general reflection upon the baseness of dependence, by way of introduction. 2. Indignities put upon the client previous to the entertainment. 3. The difference between the patron and client in respect of wine, water, and attendants. 4. In bread. 5. Dishes. 6. The dessert. 7. The aggravation of the whole, the cruel pleasure of teasing a poor client; and a spirited conclusion.

S A T I R E V.

I. **I**F, lost to honour, and perversely wrong,
 You still will think, as you have thought too long,
 That 'tis the highest bliss a man can feel,
 To hang on lordly patrons for a meal;
 If you can tamely bear that pride and scorn,
 Which Galba and Sarmentus had not born,
 At Cæsar's princely board;—I should be loath
 To take your solemn evidence on oath.
 Hunger, a frugal thing, is cheaply fed:
 Or grant, you wanted necessary bread;
 Is there no beggar's stand, which you can get?
 No piece of mat, tho' scarce a fence from wet?

Of

1. *Si nondum.*] Lubin reads *sic* interrogatively, to make sense of the passage: but it wants MSS. authority. Most others take it thus: "If you swore, that you are not ashamed of your base dependence, I would not take your word as a sworn evidence in the matter." But *testis* is an idle circumstance in a matter depending upon a person's simple declaration.

The following interpretation is submitted to the reader's judgment. "If you are not ashamed of your vile dependence, you discover such a *SERVILE* disposition; that, like slaves, your oath should not be accepted as testimony in *ANY* matter; you have so much of the *SLAVE* in you, that you should not have a *FREE-MAN*'s privilege." Free-men only were credited upon oath; slaves were always examined by torture.

3. *Sarmentus, Galba.*] Two parasites of the Augustan age; one mentioned by Horace, the other by Martial.

Iniquas.] *In quibus non omnes æquales.* GRANG.

8. *Crepido.*] Any cavern or hollow on the road-side; the usual stand of beggars.

Dimidiâ brevior? tantine injuria cœnæ?
 Tam jejuna fames? quin poscis? honestius illic 10
 Et tremere, & sordes farris mordere canini!

Primo fige loco, quod tu discumbere jussus
 Mercedem solidam veterum capis officiorum.
 (Fructus amicitiae magnæ, cibus: imputat hunc rex,
 Et quamvis rarum, tamen imputat.) Ergò duos post 15
 Si libuit menses neglectum adhibere clientem,
 (Tertia ne vacuo cessaret culcitra lecto,)
 Unà simus ait; votorum summa: quid ultra
 Quæris? Habet Trebius propter quod rumpere somnum
 Debeat, & ligulas dimittere, sollicitus, ne 20
 Tota salutatrix jam turba peregerit orbem,
 Sideribus dubiis, aut illo tempore, quo se
 Frigida circumagunt pigri farraca Bootæ.

Qualis cœna tamen? Vinum, quod succida nolit
 Lana pati: de convivâ Corybanta videbis. 25
 Jurgia proludunt; sed mox & pocula torques

Saucius,

10. *Quin poscis?*] The common reading is false quantity; *cum possis honestius illic*. The above is from Henninius.

17. *Tertia ne vacuo.*] The dining-room had three beds, and thence called *trielinium*, and each bed usually held three guests, and sometimes four, among inferior people. The indignity put upon Trebius was, that he had but the last cushion or place (*culcitra*) upon the lowest bed, *tertia*; and this too, because there was no other person to occupy it; *vacuo*. HOL.

22. *Sideribus dubiis.*] At day-break, when the stars begin to fade.

23. *Pigri Sarraca Bootæ.*] A phrase for midnight, and the earlier hours of morning in the later winter months, the time spoken of here (*vernus Jupiter*, line 78.) because, as we must suppose, (for the commentators take no notice of the difficulty) this sign then passes the meridian or is in the western hemisphere. But Grangæus well observes, that *frigida* is not an idle epithet merely because this constellation lies near the north pole; but it denotes the coldness of the morning, and the hardships of Trebius' attendance.

26 *Pocula torques.*] The sentence is exceedingly embarrassed, but the sense seems to be this. The sorry wine soon turns Trebius
 into

Prize you a contumelious treat so much ?
Where you must hunger, yet not dare to touch ?
SPIRIT would rather beg, and shiv'ring dine
On crusts of bread, the very dogs decline !

II. Imagine first, a long attendance past,
You're ask'd to sup ; your whole reward at last !
(For say, what does acquaintance with the great
Procure poor clients, at the best, but meat ?
And this your patron notes with wondrous care
As a high favour, be it e'er so rare :)
Two months, then, past, he takes it in his head
(Tho' merely to fill up a vacant bed)
To grow quite civil all at once, and say,
" Oblige me with your company to day ;"
Bless me ! what raptures do these words infuse,
How have you reach'd the summit of your views ?
For this it is, that Trebius breaks his rest,
Hurries and scampers, slipshod and half drest,
Anxious, his daily compliments to bring,
Ere the whole levee have made up the ring ;
At dawn, or earlier, when, with lazy roll,
Bootes' frozen car just turns the pole.

III. Yet what's the feast ? why, wine unfit to steep
A clothier's wool, or drest a scabby sheep ;
Mere sordid dregs, so execrably bad,
That the vile potion makes the drinker mad.
Brawls are the prelude of the frantic scene :
Anon, this rot-gut kindling up your spleen,

You

into a madman, *Corybanta widebis* : hence he quarrels with the
waiters, *jurgia proludunt* : they retort : he is provoked and throws
the glasses at them *pocula torques* : They are provoked in their turn,
throw off all reverence, and whirl a larger vessel from the side
board, *lagenæ*.

At the same time, the poet forgets not to raise our indignation ;
for the poor client comes off the sufferer. He throws but glasses ;
they

Saucius, & rubrâ deterges vulnera mappâ;
Inter vos quoties, libertorumque cohortem
Pugna Saguntinâ fervet commissa lagenâ.

Ipse capillato diffusum consule potat, 30
Calcatamque tenet bellis socialibus uvam,
Cardiaco nunquam cyathum missurus amico.
Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus, aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam, titulumque senectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine testæ: 35
Quale coronati Thræsea, Helvidiusque bibebant,
Brutorum, & Cassi natalibus. Ipse capaces
Heliadum crustas, & inæquales beryllo
Virro tenet phialas: Tibi non committitur aurum;
Vel, si quando datur, custos affixus ibidem, 40
Qui numeret gemmas, unguesque observet acutos.
Da veniam: præclara illic laudatur iaspis:
Nam Virro (ut multi) gemmas ad pocula transfert
A digitis; quas in vaginæ fronte solebat
Ponere zelotypo juvenis prælatus Hiarbæ. 45
Tu Beneventani sutoris nomen habentem
Siccabis calicem nasorum quatuor, ac jam
Quassatum, & rupto poscentem sulfura vitro.

Si

they flaggons: he throws only without effect, *torques*; they have their full revenge, they break his head, *saucius, terges vulnera*. *Inter vos* means "whenever a quarrel rises (as is often the case) between the servants and men of your station." *Cobors* is humorously used, being a military term.

44. *Vaginæ*.] See Virg. *Æn.* IV. 261.

39. *Committitur aurum*.] The *phiala* mentioned before.

46. *Tu Beneventani*.] His name was Vatinius. He was a cobbler of Beneventum, who, ingratiating himself with Nero, became one of the worst instruments of his enormities. Martial has given us a pretty epigram upon him (as far as a witty pun can be entitled to that character) in this distich,

*Vilia sutoris calicem monumenta Vatini
Accipe;—sed nasus longior ille fuit.* XIV. 96.

"But

You whirl the glasses, and are bang'd by turns ;
 The freed-men rally, and the battle burns :
 You've wounds to wipe, match'd, in unequal wars,
 With varlets arm'd with vast Saguntine jars.

He drinks, what you must never taste or know,
 A vintage cask'd two hundred years ago :
 A glass of which the niggard would not send
 To ease the tort'ring cholic of a friend.
 To-morrow will his lordship change his wine ;
 He'll drink some mellow Alban or Setine,
 Drawn from a cask so venerably old,
 Its age and country can't be read for mould.
 Such drank great Thrasea and Helvidius crown'd,
 When Brutus' birth-day put the goblet round !

His amber cup with gold and beryl shines,
 Enchas'd : this to your hands he ne'er consigns ;
 Or, if he does, some servant never fails
 To count the gems, and mark your felon nails.
 Excuse him : a fam'd jasper glitters there ;
 For Virro, with true fashionable air,
 His finger robs of gems, to grace his plate : —
 Unlike the founder of the Roman state,
 Who, on his hilted sword, his jasper bore,
 When he turn'd lover on the Lybian shore.
 But for your service stands, your humbler lot,
 The Beneventine cobbler's four-nos'd pot ;
 Itself imperfect, full of cracks and patches,
 And only fit to be exchang'd for matches.

Whene'er

"But longer was the inventor's nose, i. e. in smelling or finding
 "out charges against the innocent to please his cruel master."
 GRANG.

Si stomachus domini fervet vinoque, ciboque;
 Frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis. 50
 Non eadem vobis poni modò vina querebar?
 Vos aliam potatis aquam. Tibi pocula cursor
 Gætulus dabit, aut nigri manus ossæ Mauri,
 Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
 Clivosæ veheris dum per monumenta Latinæ. 55
 Flos Asiæ ante ipsum, pretio majore paratus,
 Quàm fuit & Tulli census pugnacis, & Anci:
 Et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
 Frivola. Quod cùm ita sit, tu Gætulum Ganymedem
 Respice, cum sities: nescit tot millibus emptus 60
 Pauperibus miscere puer: sed forma, sed ætas
 Digna supercilio. Quando ad te pervenit ille?
 Quando vocatus adest, calidæ gelidæque minister?
 Quippe indignatur veteri parere clienti;
 Quòdque aliquid poscas & quòd se stante recumbas. 65
 Maxima quæque domus servis est plena superbis.

Ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem
 Vix fractum, solidæ jam mucida frustra farinæ,
 Quæ genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum.
 Sed tener & niveus, mollique filigine factus 70
 Servatur domino. Dextram cohibere memento.
 Salva sit Artoptæ reverentia. Finge tamen te
 Improbulum; superest illîc qui ponere cogat.
 Vin' tu consuetis, audax conviva, canistris
 Impleri, panisque tui novissè colorem? 75
 Scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quòd sæpè relictâ
 Conjuge, per montem adversum, gelidasque cucurri
 Esquilias, fremeret sævâ cùm grandine vernus
 Jupiter, & multo stillaret penula nimbo.

Auspice

55. *Monumenta Latinæ.*] The Romans buried near the public roads. I. 163.

59. *Gætulum Ganymedem.*] See note 4. 132.

67. *Vix fractum.*] Non sectum, quod ob duritiem fieri non poterat.
 LUE.

Whene'er with food and wine his stomach glows,
Water refin'd, more cold than Scythian snows,
Awaits his call, his ferment to compose.
In wines, a diff'rence did I lately blame?
Behold your very water's not the same!

Again, a dark Getulian footman draws
Your beverage, or some Negro's raw bone paws,
Who, in the Latin road, by midnight's gloom,
Would seem a ghost just started from his tomb.
But Asia's flow'r attends him, bought for more,
Than was possess'd, in sober days of yore,
By warlike Tullus or by Ancus either;
Nay than the trump'ry of Rome's kings together.
Ask your own footy Ganymede, when dry:
Ne'er ask a youth, bought at a price so high:
He scorns to serve a dirty client-crowd:
His age and bloom allow him to be proud.
When does he e'en that meaner task perform
To give you water either cold or warm?
He's vex't to see you at your ease reclin'd,
While he, your betters, humbly waits behind:—
In all great houses, such proud slaves we find.

IV. Mark with what scorn, that other deals your
Of bread in moldy fragments hard as flint; [flint
Fragments, your lab'ring grinders cannot bite:
But your lord's bread, how fair, how fine, how white!
Keep off your saucy hands, with awful dread:
'Twas not for you the baker meant that bread.
Or, should you touch it, some one of his train
Stands by, to make you lay it down again. [fed!
"How now (he cries) you clown, worse taught than
"What! know you not the colour of your bread?"
"And was it, then, for this," you sigh and say,
"I left so oft my wife, and urg'd my way,
"Up cold *Æsquiliæ*, while th'inclement sky
"Pour'd rain and hail, nor left one tatter dry."

V. See!

Aspice quàm longo distendat pectore lancem, 80
 Quæ fertur domino squilla; & quibus undique septa
 Asparagis, quâ despiciat convivia caudâ,
 Cum venit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.
 Sed tibi dimidio constrictus Cammarus ovo
 Ponitur, exiguâ feralis cœna patellâ. 85

Ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit: at hic, qui
 Pallidus offertur misero tibi caulis, olebit
 Laternam: illud enim vestris datur alveolis, quod
 Canna Micipsarum prorâ subvexit acutâ:
 Propter quod Romæ cum Boccare nemo lavatur; 91
 Quod tutos etiam facit à serpentibus Afros.

Mullus erit domino, quod misit Corsica, vel quem
 Taurominitanæ rupes, quando omne peractum est
 Et jam defecit nostrum mare; dum gula sævit,
 Retibus assiduis penitus scrutante macello 95
 Proxima; nec patitur Tyrrenum crescere piscem.
 Instruit ergo focum provincia: sumitur illinc
 Quod captator emat Lenas, Aurelia vendat.

Virroni muræna datur, quæ maxima venit
 Gurgite de Siculo: nam dum se continet Auster, 100
 Dum sedet, & siccat madidas in carcere pennas,
 Contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim.
 Vos anguilla manet longæ cognata colubræ,
 Aut glacie aspersus maculis Tiberinus, & ipse
 Vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloacâ, 105
 Et solitus mediæ cryptam penetrare Suburræ.

Ipsi

81. *Squilla.*] We cannot understand this passage, without observing what Grangæus notes from Suidas, that the tail of this fish was reckoned the most exquisite part. The true name of this fish is not at present known.

85. *Feralis cœna.*] A poor meagre feast, laid out for the ghosts of the dead, usually eat up by the poorer sort. Hence *e flammâ petere cibum*. Ter.

88. *Alveolus.*] It is strange, a wooden dish should be served at a great man's table to mortify a client; but *alveolus* has no other meaning, and is a diminutive too.

V. See! how that charger with a lobster bends!
See! what a depth of breast the fish distends!

With what asparagus 'tis garnish'd round!
How its tail tells the guests, as with a bound
And haughty state he comes to take the board,
I am no meat for you; but for your lord.
But you on a small fun'ral dish must sup,
A wasted crab with half an egg beat up.

With true Venafrian dresses he his fish;
Your wither'd coleworts (wooden too their dish)
Stink of the lamp: for, 'troth! the oil, you use,
Was brought to Rome in African canoes.
That oil, for which all company forsakes
The baths when Bocchar enters; which e'en makes
The sons of Afric safe amidst her snakes.

The Corsican and the Sicilian shores
Send him his mullets: for our Tyrrhene stores
Are drain'd by nets that poach both night and day:
Pierce lux'ry bids, and cat'ers prowl for pay;
No fish are left to reach their natural size:
The province therefore sends us our supplies.
Hence Lenas' fish, which legacies obtain;
And hence the fish Aurelia sells again.

A lamprey, see, your patrons tooth awaits,
The finest produce of Sicilian straights.
For, when the southwind sleeps, his wings to dry,
The daring nets Charybdis' self defy.
But a vile eel, first cousin to the snake,
Or, viler pike, which, in its spots and make,
Bespeaks the Tiber and a growth at home,
Amidst the ice and common sewers of Rome,
Nay, e'en the sink of foul Suburra's street;
'Tis this, and this alone must be your treat.

O! that

Ipſi pauca velim, facilem ſi præbeat aurem :
 Nemo petit, modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
 A Seneca ; quæ Piſo bonus, quæ Cotta ſolebat
 Largiri : namque & titulis, & faſcibus olim 110
 Major habebatur donandi gloria : ſolum
 Poſcimus, ut cænes civiliter. Hoc face, & eſto,
 Eſto (ut nunc multi) dives tibi, pauper amicis.

Anſeris ante ipſum magni jecur, anſeribus par
 Altilis, & flavi dignus ferro Meleagri 115
 Fumat aper. Poſt hunc tradentur tubera, ſi ver
 Tunc erit, & facient optata tonitrua cœnas
 Majores : tibi habe frumentum, Alledius, inquit,
 O Libye, diſjunge boves, dum tubera mittas.

Structorem interea, ne qua indignatio deſit, 120
 Saltantem ſpectes, & chironomonta volanti
 Cultello, donec peragat dictata magiſtri
 Omnia. Nec minimo fanè diſcrimine refert,
 Quo geſtu lepores, & quo gallina ſecetur.
 Ducêris plantâ, velut iſtus ab Hercule Cacus ; 125
 Et ponere foris, ſi quid tentaveris unquam
 Hiſcere, tanquam habeas tria nomina. Quando propinat
 Virro tibi, ſumitque tuis contacta labellis
 Pocula ? Quis veſtrûm temerarius uſq; adeò, quis
 Perditus, ut dicat Regi, bibe ? Plurima ſunt, quæ 130
 Non audent homines pertuſâ dicere lænâ.

Quadringenta

120. *Structorem.*] We have a curious picture of one of theſe carving ſchools in the eleventh ſatire : *Et totâ ſonat ulmea cœna Suburrâ.*

127. *Tanquam habeas tria nomina.*] Every free-born Roman and every freed-man had three names ; a *prænomen*, *nomen*, and *cognomen*. Trebius, then, muſt have had three. To make ſenſe, therefore, of this paſſage, ſome arbitrarily read *quamquam* ; and ſome ſuppoſe that Juvenal ſpeaks the language of early times, when none but the better families had three names. But the hint, thrown out in the firſt note, ſolves the whole difficulty. Juvenal conſiders Trebius as a ſlave.

O! that your lord would hear a word or two
With patient ear: "We do not ask of you,
"What Seneca or Piso us'd to send
"To soothe the sorrows of an humble friend,
"(For once the generous action held a rate
"Above the pomp and equipage of state :)
"'Tis this we ask, this only we entreat ;
"Give us but common manners with your meat.
"Do this, and then be you, like many more,
"Rich to yourself, to humble clients poor."

Before him a fed goose's liver lies,
Smoking ; a capon like a goose in size ;
And boar as fine as that, in poets read,
Which ask'd a hero's arm to lay him dead.

Next mushrooms enter, if a spring, that's fine,
And gracious thunders send this fare divine.

"Lybia! (Alledius thus accosts our ears)
"Keep to thyself thy corn, unyoke thy steers :
"Send us but mushrooms ; from thy happy shore,
"But send us mushrooms, and we ask no more."

Meantime a carver, (to augment your spleen)
Capers and waves his knife, amidst the scene,
Till he discharge each scientific rule,
By masters taught in the dissecting school.
For 'tis, it seems, a most momentous point,
That dishes should be taken joint from joint,
With attitudes of art ; and should you dare
Barely to mutter with a free-man's air,
His instant wrath your very person feels,
Dragg'd out of doors, like Cacus, by the heels.
Does Virro e'er hand you the cup he sips ?
Or touch a cup polluted by your lips ?
What client dares to put on so much brass,
As just to say, "Sir, put about the glass."
Many the freedoms, social mirth allows,
Which yet no threadbare client dares espouse.

But

Quadringenta tibi si quis Deus, aut similis Dîs
 Et melior fati donaret homuncio, quantus
 Ex nihilo fieres, quantus Virronis amicus !
 Da Trebio, pone ad Trebium : vis frater ab istis 135
 Ilibus ? O nummi, vobis hunc præstat honorem :
 Vos estis fratres. Dominus tamen, & Domini Rex
 Si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvulus aula
 Luferit Æneas, nec filia dulcior illo.
 Jucundum & carum sterilis facit uxor amicum. 140
 Sed tua nunc Mycale pariat licet, & pueros tres
 In gremium patris fundat, simul ipse loquaci
 Gaudebit nido, viridem thoraca jubebit
 Afferri, minimasque nuces, assemque rogatum,
 Ad mensam quoties parasitus venerit infans. 145
 Vilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
 Boletus domino ; sed qualem Claudius edit,
 Ante illum uxoris, post quem nil amplius edit.
 Virro sibi & reliquis Virronibus illa jubebit
 Poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore, 150
 Qualia perpetuus Phæacum Autumnus habebat ;
 Credere quæ possis surrepta sororibus Afris.
 Tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit
 Qui tegitur parmâ, & galeâ, metuensque flagelli
 Discit ab hirsuto jaculum torquere Capellâ. 155

Forfitan

133. *Homuncio quantus.*] Ill pointed in all the common editions: *aut similis Dîs donaret*; *homuncio quantus ex nihilo fieres*. But *homuncio*, a diminutive, and *quantus* will not agree, upon any principles, even of burlesque.

139. *Luferit Æneas.*] A parody upon Virg. *Æn.* IV. 328.

139. *Qui tegitur parmâ.*] This passage has another very ingenious interpretation. The *tyro* is a monkey taught military exercises: *metuensque flagelli* shows his agility in his mock-exhibitions: the *agger* is the *agger Tarquinii*, a place frequented by the rabble: *Capella* is a nick-name for any awkward rough figure, and means therefore the master of the show. That *Capella* was a nick-name,

we

But should some God, or godlike man, than fate
More gracious, bless you with a knight's estate;
How great from nothing would you grow! how high
In Virro's love! how then would Virro cry,
"Hand Trebius that—and that:—this bit looks nice,
"My dearest brother, shall I send a slice?"

O money, money! you THIS BROTHER are,
To you he pays his kind officious care!

And would you, Trebius, be a patron too?
Your patron's patron? That, without ado,
May be your case, if you've no boy at all,
Or dearer girl, to play about your hall.

'Tis wondrous, what sweet creatures husbands are,
Who have no chick or child to be their heir!

Nay lovely riches, tho' your wife should teem,
And bear three children, will procure esteem:

He'll view your prattling little ones with joy,
And often treat them with some pretty toy,

Whene'er the infant parasites appear

At table;—made by riches, ah! how dear!

Toadstools, not mushrooms, are the client's treat;

But mushrooms, such as mighty Claudius eat,

(Before that glorious one, which prov'd his last,

Cook'd by his emp'ress,) are your lord's repast.

VI. His and his fav'rites' fruit a fragrance throws,

Which is but destin'd to regale your nose;

Such as Phæacia's constant autumns bore,

Or the three sisters cropt on Afric's shore:

But you must gnaw such vile and scabby fruit,

As serves, at exercise, the raw recruit.

VII. You

we learn from Suetonius; who, after describing Caligula's bad person, adds *quare CAPRAM nominare criminosum & exitiale habebatur.*
GRANG.

Forsitan impensæ Virronem parcere credas :
 Hoc agit ut doleas : nam quæ comœdia ? Mimus
 Quis melior plorante gulâ ? Ergo omnia fiunt,
 Si nescis, ut per lacrymas effundere bilem
 Cogaris, pressoque diu stridere molari. 160
 Tu tibi liber homo, & regis conviva videris ;
 Captum te nidore suæ putat ille culinæ :
 Nec malè conjectat : quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
 Bis ferat, Hetruscum puero si contigit aurum,
 Vel nodus tantùm, & signum de paupere loro ? 165
 Spes benè cœnandi vos decipit : Ecce dabit jam
 Semesum leporem, atque aliquid de clunibus apri :
 Ad nos jam veniet minor altilis : inde parato,
 Intactoque omnes, & stricto pane tacetis.
 Ille sapit, qui te sic utitur. Omnia ferre 170
 Si potes, & debes ; pulsandum vertice raso
 Præbebis quandoque caput, nec dura timebis
 Flagra pati, his epulis, & tali dignus amico.

165. *Lorum.*] Kennet, V. 8.

169. *Stricto pane.*] Mistaken in the Delph. edition. It is a metaphor from war, like *stringere gladium* to prepare for close action.

172. *Nec dura timebis flagra.*] Slaves, when enfranchised, had their heads shaved, and were struck by the prætor's lictor upon the head with a wand, called *vindicta*. The poet, then, says, "the time will come, when you will wish to have your head beaten,—nay, you will cheerfully endure the hardest blows even of a lash, rather than bear such a servitude, mean as you are at present, in thinking yourself happy in such a friend and such a feast." There is another sense, which supposes that shaving the head, &c. are indignities put upon the client by the insolent patron. Each interpretation has its difficulties.

VII. You think perhaps he acts the saving part :
 No, no : the pleasure is to plague your heart.
 For what's the comedy or farce that beats
 A glutton pining 'midst luxurious treats ?
 To make you grind your watering teeth, and vent
 Your spleen in weeping, is his sole intent.
 You think yourself companion of the great ;
 Are free and happy in your own conceit :
 He thinks you tempted by th' attractive smell
 Of his warm kitchen, and he judges well.
 For who's so naked, if within his veins
 The meanest drop of free born blood remains,
 As twice a patron's insults to endure ?
 The hope of a good supper is your lure :
 " Anon," you cry, " that half-eat boar or hare,
 " Or smaller fowl, will reach us as our share "
 Expecting thus, with bread untouch'd, you sit,
 With gaping mouth and grinding appetite,
 Prepar'd for action,—but alas ! in vain :
 He mocks your hunger and deludes your pain.
 In troth, he's wise, and gives you but your due :
 For they, that bear such things, deserve them too.
 The day must come, when, weary of your yoke,
 You'll wish for freedom's sake the hardest stroke :
 Mean time, be wretched, till you are releas'd ;
 Worthy of such a friend, and such a feast !

S A T I R A VI.

CRedo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
 In terris visamq; diu; cùm frigida parvas
 Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque Laremque,
 Et pecus, & dominos communi clauderet umbrâ:
 Silvestrem montana torum cùm sterneret uxor
 Frondibus, & culmo, vicinarumque ferarum
 Pellibus: haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
 Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos:

Sed

We are now entering upon Juvenal's celebrated satire against women; which many have considered (but these must be people who talk of things they never read) as a tremendous battery, designed to extirpate the whole sex and all human race together; for the universal prohibition of marriage can answer no other purpose. But it is reasonable to suppose, that nothing so extravagant ever entered into the writer's mind. It is probable, that he chose this as the ground of his satire, with the honest views of a zealous reformer. Obliquities, we know, must be wrested to the contrary extreme, in order to bring them into the straight line. In this view, the satire has its uses. Alarmed by its exalted tone, female readers may learn to reflect, and see some wrong propensities which they may wish to check: and the student in rhetoric may learn (what is the great merit of the piece) the art of oratorical exaggeration.

The general heads of distribution seem to be these. 1. Lust. 2. Imperiousness of temper. 3. Affectation of things UNNATURAL to the sex. 4. Affectation of things, natural in THEMSELVES, but vitious in their EXCESS. 5. Superstition. 6. The more tragical crimes of the sex. 7. Particularly murder, with which he concludes.

These charges he supports mostly by a few PARTICULAR examples of ill conduct: a false kind of reasoning; which all his brilliancy of imagination cannot disguise: for the females might say (as the lion said to the man in the fable) "WE ARE NO

PAINTERS.

S A T I R E VI.

THAT chastity, in ancient Saturn's time,
 Sojourn'd awhile in this inferior clime,
 May possibly be true;—while savage men
 Humbly for houses tenanted the den;
 While the same common covert of a rock
 Lodg'd household-god, fire, masters, and the flock;
 While skins of neighbouring beasts and leaves and straw,
 Strew'd by coarse wives, were all the beds they saw;
 Wives, not like Cynthia, or the nymph, who cry'd
 Her pretty eyes out when her sparrow died:

But

PAINTERS."* Indeed, excellent as their talents are, when properly cultivated, we do not find they ever had a wish to retaliate. Yet it is not the want of materials; it is not the want of provocation; it is the effect of their greater delicacy: they might recriminate with great justice. Let the male reader, then, carry this along with him, as he peruses this satire; and he too may learn to correct his own worse propensities, rather than indulge the petulance of low pleasantry or illiberal reflection.

There are here several lines taken from Mr. Dryden's translation of this satire; who clearly appears to have understood it better than any others, and translated it with more care and spirit.

1. Credo.] *Plerumque de re incertâ.* GRANG.

7. Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus] Cynthia, Propertius's mistress; the other is Lesbia, Catullus's mistress. The poet alludes to Catullus's exquisite little piece upon the death of Lesbia's sparrow.

*Lugeto O Veneres, Cupidinesque
 Et quantum est hominum venustiorum, &c.
 O factum malè, O miselle passer,
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Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,
Et sæpè horridior glandem ructante marito. 10

Quippe alitèr tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti
Vivebant homines; qui, rupto robore nati,
Compositive luto, nullos habuere parentes.
Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterant, & sub Jove, sed Jove nondum 15
Barbato; nondum Græcis jurare paratis
Per caput alterius: cùm furem nemo timeret
Caulibus, aut pomis, & aperto viveret horto.
Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit,
Hâc comite, atq; duæ pariter fugère sorores. 20

Antiquum & vetus est alienum, Posthume, lectum
Polluere, atque sacri Genium contemnere fulcri.
Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas.
Viderunt primos argentea sæcula mœchos.
Conventum tamen, & pactum, & sponsalia, nostrâ 25
Tempestate, paras; jamque à tonsore magistro
Pecsteris, & digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
Certè sanus eras. Uxorem, Posthume, ducis?
Dic, quâ Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?
Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam? 30
Cum

9. *Sed potanda ferens.*] *Non sugenda sed potanda ubera exhibens.*
LUBIN.

Ferens may be taken for the compound *circumferens*, to signify that she dispatched her household affairs at the same time: *Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.* VIRG.

12. *Qui rupto robore nati.*] In the fifteenth satire, where his subject required him to be serious, the poet discovers a very just idea of human original. He almost speaks the language of holy Writ,

Sensum a cœlesti demissum traximus arce.

17. *Per caput alterius.*] All agree that perjury is here meant; but there are three or four ways of explaining the words. The best seems to be, "before the Greeks had got the knack of swearing by the head of another MAN, i. e. the deified rabble whom
"they

But wives with breasts so hale, that infants grew
To giant strength by the full meals they drew ;
Wives oft so rude and rough, that they surpass,
In rugged frame, a husband gorg'd on mast.

For hardy men liv'd on a diff'rent plan,
In early times, when first this world began ;
When, by creative wisdom, first they broke,
Fresh from the teeming womb of earth or oak.
Some few faint traces might perhaps remain
Of chastity in Jove's corrupter reign,
But 'twas ere jolly Jove had got a beard,
And perjury was as yet a crime unheard ;
When thieves broke no one's peace, when gardens knew
No fence, and yet their fruits in safety grew.
But by degrees expell'd, by sin's increase,
Astræa fled, and fought the realms of peace :
With her, this sister held an equal pace,
And both at once left earth's corrupted race.

To violate chaste wedlock's sacred state
Is, Posthumus, a crime of ancient date.
The iron age produc'd each other vice :
But lewd gallants with silver took their rise.
But you in these degenerate days prepare
To wed : some master barber decks your hair :
Perhaps the ring is giv'n the fav'rite fair.
Why, man, you once had brains : what ? mean to wed ?
Oh ! say, what phrenzy has possess'd thy head ?

And

"they worshipped and violated without shame or fear." This agrees with the poet's ideas. Sat. XIII. 38.

25. *Conventum, pactum, sponsalia.*] Three law terms appropriated to marriage: *conventum* the first overture, *pactum* the contract, *sponsalia* the betrothment. Hence virgins were said to be *sperata*, *pacta*, *sponsæ*. GRANG.

29. *Colubris.*] Snakes were the constant attendants of the furies.

Huic dea cæruleis unum de crinibus anguem

Conjicit. VIRG.

Cum pateant altæ caligantesque fenestræ ?
Cum tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pons ?

Sed placet Urfidio lex Julia : tollere dulcem
Cogitat hæredem ; cariturus turture magno,
Mullorumque jubis, & captatore macello !

35

Quid fieri non posse putes, si jungitur ulla
Urfidio ? Si mæchorum turpissimus olim

Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro ;

Quem toties textit perituri cista Latini ?

Quid, quòd & antiquis uxor de moribus illi

40

Quæritur ? O Medici mediam pertundite venam.

Delicias hominis ! Tarpeium limen adora

Pronus, & auratam Junoni cæde juvencam ;

(Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici ;

Paucæ aded Cereris vittas contingere dignæ,

45

Quarum non timeat pater oscula,) Necte coronam

Postibus, & densos per limina tende corymbos !

Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit ? Ocyùs illud

Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.

Magna

35. *Mullorum jubis*] Mulletts are a bearded fish : *barbâ geminâ insigniuntur inferiori labro.* Plin. IX. 17.

Captatore macello] A strong expression, for *opsoniis, quæ in macello emptæ, captatores donabant.* GRANG.

41. *Mediam pertundite venam*] The middle vein, not (as Holiday says) in the forehead, but in the arm, usually opened in phrenetic persons. The usual phrase is *secare, incidere venam*, and the like ; but the poet, for emphasis, coins a new phrase, *pertundite*.

42. *Tarpeium limen adora.*] Juno was worshipped in common with Jupiter in the Capitol. She was the *dea pronuba*, or president over marriage ; the passage therefore belongs to her only. The horns of the victims were usually gilt.

44. *Si tibi.*] The original is embarrassed with a parenthesis, which is avoided in the translation.

45. *Cereris vittas*] He alludes to the Thesmophoria, a feast at Athens sacred to Ceres. See Wilson's Dictionary, or Potter, B. II. 20.

And canst thou, then, a female tyrant bear ;
So many ropes and airy windows near,
Or the Æmilian bridge, to end thy life,
And save thee from that worst of plagues, a wife ?

“ Ay (but you cry) the Julian law’s restraint
“ Shall keep my fair one free from stain or taint :
“ I want an heir ”—Yes, fool, and thus forego
The rarities which flatt’ers now bestow ;
Which on the bach’lor from each market pour :
All lost for ever, from the present hour !

Good gods ! why turns not water into fire,
If wedlock’s grown Urfidius’s desire ?
If he, of all free livers the most loose,
Now thrusts his neck into the marriage-noose ?
Who, oft immur’d in stifling coffers lay,
Intriguing, like Latinus in the play ?
“ Nay, he must have one ” (see how nice his taste !)
“ Of ancient manners, primitively chaste ! ”
O come, physicians, bleed the middle vein,
Bleed deep : by heav’n, the man’s bereft of brain !
Sweet creature ! go ; your grateful homage pay
To gracious Juno ; a gilt heifer slay ;
With joyous ivy all your doors entwine ;—
Yes, do it,—if a virtuous wife be thine !
So few there are, whom Ceres’ fillets suit ;
So few, whom Sires can venture to salute !
Can one man Iberina’s lust supply ?
Sooner she’d live contented with one eye.

F 4

“ Yes,

Magna tamen fama est cujusdam rure paterno 50
 Viventis: vivat Gabiis, ut vixit in agro;
 Vivat Fidenis, & agello cedo paterno.
 Quis tamen affirmat, nihil actum in montibus, aut in
 Speluncis? Adeò senuerunt Jupiter, & Mars?
 Porticibusne tibi monstratur fœmina voto 55
 Digna tuo? Cuneis an habent spectacula totis
 Quod securus ames quodq; inde excerpere possis?
 Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharædus Echion,
 Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiusque choraules.
 Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos: 60
 Ornentur postes, & grandi janua lauro,
 Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
 Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans!
 Nupta Senatori comitata est Hippia ludium
 Ad Pharon, & Nilum, famosæque mœnia Lagi, 65
 Prodigia & mores urbis damnanter Canopo.
 Immemor illa domûs, & conjugis atq; sororis,
 Nil patriæ indulsit, plorantesque improba natos;
 Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.
 Sed

50. *Cujusdam.*] Whether this alludes to the story of Lucretia, or to some young person of great fame in that age, is not clear.

56. *Cuneis*] The seats in the theatre. See Ruæus's Virg. Geo. II. 381. for Kennet is imperfect.

62. *Testudineo.*] This alludes to a real historical anecdote, given us by Pliny, VII. 12. or more fully, Val. Max. IX. 14. from whom Pliny took it. Lentulus and Metellus, consuls A. R. 696, were observed by all the people at a public exhibition to bear a striking resemblance to two gladiators at that time on the stage.
GRANG.

He should have said, actors; for such is the true account. He should have observed, too, that it was noticed rather as a natural curiosity, than any mark of criminality in the mothers; which the age requisite to the consular honour rendered improbable. But this detracts not from the archness of the poet's allusion, or the critic's sagacity.

65. *Mœnia*

" Yes, but the fame of One is truly great,
 " Train'd by her father at his country seat."
 Well; let her live but pure in country towns;
 I'll grant, she liv'd so 'midst her father's clowns.
 Yet who can say that lonesome hills and grots
 Are pure and virgin scenes without their spots?
 Are Jove and Mars so old? can they no more
 Play the same roguish pranks they play'd before?
 View the piazzas: walks there any fair,
 Who can deserve a lover's serious care?
 The croud'd play-house mark, from side to side:
 See you one there, you'd choose to make your bride?
 Choose at your risk: some harper or some play'r,
 To you prefer'd, shall raise you up an heir.
 Go, then, and wed; and let some festive play
 And laurel wreaths proclaim your bridal day;
 That, while, O Lentulus, your baby lies,
 Cradled in tortoise of the richest dyes,
 He may in the just features of his face
 Proclaim, from a myrmillo comes my race!

Hippias, who to a senator was wed,
 Forsook her husband, and to Egypt fled,
 A play'r her mate; e'en lewd Canopus staring
 At this lewd prank, as past her utmost daring.
 Her home, her husband, sister she resign'd;
 No tender ties of country mov'd her mind:
 From weeping children, and (O strange event!)
 From the dear plays, and Paris too, she went!

Brought

65. *Mænia Lagi.*] Alexandria, the royal seat of the Lagidæ or Ptolemeys, Alexander's successors in Egypt.

66. *Canopus.*] A city of Egypt; the lewdest city of a very lewd country. Sat. I. 26.

Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumâq; paternâ, 70
 Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
 Contempsit pelagus: (famam contempserat olim,
 Cujus apud molles minima est jactura cathedras.)
 Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus, latèque sonantem
 Pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis 75
 Mutandum toties esset mare. Iusta pericli
 Si ratio est, & honesta, timent, pavidoque; gelantur
 Pectore, nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis.
 Fortem animum præstant rebus, quas turpiter audent.
 Si jubeat conjux, durum est conscendere navim. 80
 Tunc sentina gravis, tunc summus vertitur aer.
 Quæ mœchum sequitur, stomacho valet. Illa maritum
 Convomit: hæc inter nautas & prandet, & errat
 Per puppim, & duros gaudet tractare rudentes.

Quâ tamen exarsit formâ? Quâ capta juventâ est 8;
 Hippiâ? Quid vidit propter quod ludia dici
 Sustinuit? Nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur
 Cœperat, & secto requiem sperare lacerto.
 Prætereâ multa in facie deformia, sicut
 Attritus galeâ, mediisque in naribus ingens 90
 Gibbus, & acre malum semper-stillantis ocelli.
 Sed gladiator erat. Facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:
 Hoc pueris, patriæq; hoc prætulit illa forori,
 Atq; viro: Ferrum est, quod amant: Hic Sergius idem
 Acceptâ rude cœpisset Veiento videri. 95

Quid

87. *Radere barbam.*] In opposition to the *lanugo* of youth. *Sergiolus* is a diminutive word for *Sergius* the lover's name, by way of ridicule. *Veiento* mentioned afterwards was her husband.

94. *Ferrum est quod amant.*] This hypallage is very common in our author. Thus, *Votaque deponunt, quanquam longissima cænæ spes* homini. I. 125. *Accusat Manilia, si rea non est; componunt ipsæ per se.* VI. 209.

95. *Rudis.*] A wooden foil, a gladiator's badge of discharge. Kennet, V. 3.

Brought up in wealthy tendernefs at firft,
 In downy and embroider'd cradle nurft,
 She dar'd the feas ; (long fince to honour dead :—
 But lofs of fame's what ladies feldom dread.)
 So many an ocean paft, ſhe ſtoutly bore
 The Tyrrhene and th' Ionian's louder roar.
 Women, at honeſt Duty's juſt demand,
 Are chill'd with fear ; they quake, they ſcarce can ſtand :
 But they, in lewd attempts, are always brave :
 When huſbands aſk, they dare not face the wave ;
 The hold is noiſome, and the ſkies turn round :
 But when a lover's near, the ſtomach's ſound.
 The wife grows ſick, and pukes her huſband o'er :
 But ſhe, that fails, embark'd in an amour,
 Dines with the tars, and on the main deck ſtands,
 And tugs the cables with delighted hands.

Yet aſk, what was the youth and grace of frame,
 That rais'd in Hippia's boſom all this flame ?
 What ſaw ſhe in him, that ſhe tamely bore
 The ſorry title of a fencer's whore ?
 Her lovely *Sergy* now had paſt his prime ;
 His very throat was briftled o'er with time :
 By a hurt arm unfitted to engage,
 He juſtly hop'd to be diſcharg'd the ſtage :
 His viſage too had faults, to raiſe her ſcorn :
 His brow was furrow'd, by the helmet worn :
 A wen frown'd on his noſe of monſtrous ſize ;
 And a hot rheum ſtill trickled from his eyes :—
 But pray, obſerve ! his *dear ſweet* trade was arms ;
 For this gives man all Hyacinthus' charms !—
 By this it was, the *dear ſweet* man became
 Lovelier than each domeſtic tender name !
 'Tis ſteel they love : let *Sergius* lay this by ;
 And he'll grow a *Veiento* in her eye.

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia, curas?
 Respice rivales Divorum; Claudius audi
 Quæ tulerit: Dormire virum cùm senserat uxor,
 Ausa Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,
 Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos, 100
 Linquebat comite ancillâ non ampliùs unâ:
 Et nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,
 Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar:
 Mox lenone suas jam dimittente puellas,
 Tristis abit; sed quod potuit, tamen ultima mansit. 105
 Fœda lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.

Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, coctumq; venenum
 Privignoque datum? Faciunt graviora coactæ
 Imperio sexûs, minimùmque libidine peccant.

Optima sed quare Cesennia, teste marito? 110
 Bis quingenta dedit; tanti vocat ille pudicam:
 Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade fervet:
 Inde faces ardent; veniunt à dote sagittæ.
 Libertas emitur: coràm licet innuat, atque
 Rescribat: vidua est locuples, quæ nupsit avaro. 115

Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?
 Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.
 Tres rugæ subeant, & se cutis arida laxet,
 Fiant obscuri dentes, oculique minores;

Collige

102. *Nigrum flavo crinem.*] The yellow head dress was the badge of bad women.

107. *Hippomanes carmenque loquar.*] The poet proposes here a new topic, which he immediately deserts. If transpositions were allowable (as they are not but for the most cogent reasons) these three lines would come in more properly before the 515th line.

Hic magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit.

110. *Optima sed quare.*] The following charges are introduced with three objections, which are proposed and answered with the true artful address of an orator.

III. *Bis*

But why a private woman's pranks deplore?
See heav'n's great rivals! hear what Claudius bore!
When his wife found her stupid mate repose,
With daring lust th' imperial harlot rose;
With meretricious locks she hid her hair,
Put on the hood, the fence of nightly air,
The palace left, one servant at her side,
And in a stew Lycisca's place supply'd;
And when the pimp (the hour of business past)
Dismiss'd his girls, she linger'd to the last:
Then tir'd, not fated, sought the heav'nly bed,
With all the brothel's stench upon her head.

Well: shall I next their other crimes reveal,
The spells, love-potions, and the drugs they deal
E'en to their step-sons? 'Twill be seen from hence,
That lust's excesses are their least offence.
For when they rush, as the fierce sex directs,
Worse are the deeds, more tragical th' effects:

II. "Cesennia's good, her spouse himself will swear:"
Yes, yes: she brought him sweet eight thousand clear:
This gives her charms; love kindled not his flame:
'Tis from her dow'r his wounds and passion came.
A swingeing dow'r full liberty can buy
For love-intrigues, before the husband's eye:
The wife, that weds an avaricious man,
May sin as freely, as the widow can.

"Fair Bibula with love Sertorius warms:"
But, mark! 'tis not the wife, but face that charms.
Let but three wrinkles that fair face invade,
Her eyes lose lustre, or her teeth but fade,
Then, "off! begone! pack hence" the freed-man cries,
"You drivel, and are odious in our eyes:

"A dryer

111. *Bis quingenta.*] This was a stated portion. LIPSIVS. But put here indefinitely. TURNER. See Sat. X. 309.

116. *Desiderium.*] Is the regret we feel for a beloved person when removed from us. The full meaning then is: "Why dotes he so much upon her, that he cannot even bear her absence?"

Collige farcinulas, dicet libertus, & exi; 120
 Jam gravis es nobis, & sæpè emungeris; exi
 Ocyùs, & propera; sicco venit altera naso.
 Interea calet, & regnat, poscitque maritum
 Pastores, & ovem Canusinam; ulmosque Falernas.
 Quantulum in hoc? Pueros omnes, ergastula tota, 125
 Quodque domi non est, & habet vicinus, ematur.
 Mense quidem brumæ, cum jam mercator Iason
 Clausus, & armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
 Grandia tolluntur crySTALLINA, maxima rursùs
 Myrrhina, deinde adamas notissimus & Berenices 130
 In digito factus pretiosior: Hunc dedit olim
 Barbarus incestæ, dedit hunc Agrippa forori,
 Observant ubi festa mero pede fabbata reges,
 Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.

Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur? 135
 Sit formosa, decens, dives, fœcunda, vetustos
 Porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni
 Crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabinâ; [no:
 RARA AVIS IN TERRIS, nigroque simillima cyg-
 Quis feret uxorem, cui constant omnia? Malo, 140
 Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, mater
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
 Grande supercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.
 Tolle tuum precor Annibalem, victumq; Syphacem
 In castris; & cum totâ Carthagine migra. 145
 Paree,

123. *Interea calet.*] The contrary to *friget*. *Hic frigent homines.* Ter.

125. *Ergastula.*] See Note Sat. XIV. 24.

127. *Iason.*] See Note Sat. IV. 132.

130. *Adamas Berenices.*] The Romans had a particular taste for antiques of this sort. See another example Sat. XII. 47.

135. *Nullane de tantis.*] The third objection; designed to introduce a charge, that the pride of women renders even their virtues intolerable.

“ A dryer nose the vacancy must fill : ”
 Meantime she's all in all, and rules at will :
 Then no possession can the husband keep :
 Falernian vineyards and Canusian sheep ;
 The slaves in town and country are her claim :
 Neighbours have nothing, but she'll have the same.
 In winter's depth, when snow-clad roofs restrain
 The most advent'rous merchants from the main,
 And angry tempests make the markets high ;
 There are no precious goods she dares not buy.
 Vases of myrrh and chrystal home are born,
 And the rich gem by Berenice worn ;
 Dearer, because on her lewd hand it glow'd,
 By an incestuous brother once bestow'd,
 Where kings walk barefoot on the sabbath day,
 And hogs are kindly left for time to slay.

“ Well : (but you say) can then no wife go down,
 “ Of all the beauteous females in the town.”

No : be she rich and deck'd with every grace ;
 The fruitful parent of a lovely race ;
 Be all her porches deckt with busts around ;
 Be she more chaste than all those dames renown'd,
 Who nobly rush'd, with tresses torn, to quell
 The rage, by which their fires and husbands fell ;
 In her be all accomplishments combin'd,
 Like a black swan, the wonder of mankind ;
 Then she's a plague indeed : — who can abide
 A wife of such endowments with their pride ?
 Some humble maid, e'en at Venusia bred,
 Would I much rather than Cornelia wed ;
 If, supercilious, haughty, proud and vain,
 She brings her fathers' triumphs in her train.
 Off with your conquer'd Annibal, away
 With captiv'd Syphax, and the doughty day,
 That made all Carthage subject to our sway !

“ Spare,

Parce, precor, Pæan, & tu depone sagittas :
 Nil pueri faciunt ; ipsam configite matrem :
 Amphion clamat. Sed Pæan contrahit arcum.
 Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumq; parentem ;
 Dum sibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur 150
 Atque eadem scrofâ Niobe fœcundior albâ.

Quæ tanti gravitas, quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
 Imputet ? hujus enim rari, summique voluptas
 Nulla boni, quoties, animo corrupta superbo,
 Plus aloës quàm mellis habet ? Quis deditus autem 155
 Usq; adeò est, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
 Horreat, inque diem septenis oderit horis ?

Quædam parva quidem, sed non toleranda maritis.
 Nam quid rancidius, quàm quòd se non putat ulla
 Formosam, nisi quæ de Tuscâ Græcula facta est, 160
 De Sulmonensi mera Cecropis ? Omnia Græcè ;
 Cùm sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latinè.
 Hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
 Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra ?
 Concumbunt græcè : Dones tamen ista puellis. — 165

Si tibi legitimis pactam junctamque tabellis
 Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
 Causa ; nec est quare cœnam, & mustacea perdas,
 Labente officio, crudis donanda ; nec illud

Quod

151. *Scrofa.*] Juvenal often diverts himself with this idle tale, and, as it should seem, in detestation of Domitian, who was fond of Alba.

162. *Cum sit turpe magis.*] This is worth the attention of those ladies among ourselves ; who, though neither designed for travellers nor courtiers, yet study French more accurately than their mother tongue.

166. *Si tibi legitimis.*] This is that species of reasoning, which Logicians call a dilemma.

169. *Labente officio.*] Pro, iis, qui officii causâ, conveniunt, GRANG.

“ Spare, Phœbus, spare: the boys have done no ill:
“ Lay by your arrows; or the mother kill.”

Amphion cry'd: but angry Phœbus drew
The deadly string, and sons and mother slew:
Fruits of her folly! for she dar'd presume
To vie with fair Latona's fruitful womb,
Nay, that prolific sow, by Virgil sung,
Which, spite of nature, had full thirty young.

What worth, what charms have merit in the scale,
If they must tease us as a daily tale;
Teaze us as obligations, o'er and o'er?
Grant, that the honey's much, the gall is more.
The fondest husband must both dread and hate,
Sev'n hours in twelve, a high accomplish'd mate.

Some faults (tho' seeming trifles to be sure)
Are what no husband's patience can endure.
What nauseous, what ridiculous caprice,
That their last polish must be fetch'd from Greece?
Greek's all the mode; when, in a Latin dame,
Not to know Latin, is the greater shame:
But that's the fav'rite tongue: 'tis that, declares
Their passions, fear and anger, joys and cares;
Reveals the very secrets of their hearts;
Nay, to the act of love the zest imparts:
And (strange!) 'tis not confin'd to silly maids;
Th'infatuation old and young pervades.

If you don't mean to love the wife you choose,
Marriage is folly: 'tis absurd to lose
The supper and the cakes you must bestow
On guests already fated, when they go;

Or

Quod primâ pro nocte datur, cum lance beatâ 170
 Dacicus, & scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
 Si tibi simplicitas uxorâ, deditus uni
 Est animus: submitte caput cervice paratâ
 Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.
 Ardeat ipsa licet; tormentis gaudet amantis, 175
 Et spoliis. Igitur longè minùs utilis illi
 Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.
 Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge: vendes
 Hâc obstante nihil: nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.
 Hæc dabit affectus: ille excludetur amicus 180
 Jam senior, cûjus barbam tua janua vidit.
 Testandi cûm sit lenonibus, atque lanistis
 Libertas, & juris idem contingat arenæ,
 Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.

Pone crucem servo: meruit quo crimine servus 185
 Supplicium? Quis testis adest? Quis detulit? Audi,
 Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.
 O demens, ita servus homo est? Nil fecerit, esto:
 Hoc volo, sic jubeo; sit pro ratione voluntas.

Imperat ergo viro: sed mox hæc regna relinquit, 190
 Permutatque domos, & flammea conterit: inde
 Avolat, & spreti repetit vestigia lecti.
 Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit
 Vela domûs, & adhuc virides in limine ramos.

Sic

183. *Arenæ.*] For the Amphitheatre, as Sat. I. 149; and that, for the gladiators.

191. *Flammea conterit.*] *Exerit sæpe nubendo.* SCHOL.

Or the gold-pieces, which the bride requite
 On the good morrow of the nuptial night.
 But if you really purpose, fondly blind,
 To yield entire submission to her mind,
 Then for a-galling yoke your neck prepare :
 Such cullies are what women never spare.
 Let her e'en love you ; yet to fleece and tease
 Gives her a joy, that checks each wish to please.
 A wife, then, will be but the greater smart,
 Where husbands really mean to act their part.
 Nothing is thine to give, or buy, or sell ;
 Unless it suits her Ladyship as well.
 She deals about thy hatred and regard :
 Thou must, if bid, thy oldest friends discard.
 When pimps, and public play'rs of all degrees,
 Can leave their wealth at choice to whom they please,
 Thou want'st this pow'r : thy will's, what she declares ;
 And they, who gave thee horns, must be thy heirs.
 " Go, crucify that slave, the lady storms : [forms ?
 " Pray, what's his crime ? who proves it ? who in-
 " We must take care, my dear, for mercy's sake,"
 (The husband whines) " when a man's life's at stake."
 " A slave, a man," she cries :—" what silly stuff !—
 " But grant, he's faultless : here is cause enough ;
 " His death's decreed : I will it, I command :
 " It is my sovereign will : who dares withstand ?"
 Thus brings she her tame husband to her cue :
 Then quits these kingdoms in pursuit of new ;
 And match on match contracts, and wears and batters
 Her very bridal veil to rags and tatters :
 Then whirls about ; with her old passion burns,
 And to her former husband she returns :
 The house she quits just deck'd with leaves before,
 While garlands hang yet green upon the door.

Thus

Sic crescit numerus; sic fiunt octo mariti,
 Quinque per autumnos: titulo res digna sepulchri! 195

Desperanda tibi salvâ concordia focru:

Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti:

Illa docet, missis à corruptore tabellis,

Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere: decipit illa 200

Custodes, aut ære domat: tunc corpore sano

Advocat Archigenen, onerosaque pallia jactat.

Abditus interea latet, arcessitus adulter.

Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos,

Aut alios mores, quam quos habet? Utile porro 205

Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere turpem.

Nulla ferè causa est, in quâ non fœmina litem

Moverit. Accusat Manilia, si rea non est.

Componunt ipsæ per se, formantque libellos,

Principium atque locos Celso dictare paratæ. 210

Endromidas Tyrias, & fœmineum ceroma

Quis nescit? Vel quis non vidit vulnera pali?

Quem cavat assiduis sudibus, scutoque laceffit,

Atque omnes implet numeros; dignissima prorsus

Florali matrona tubâ: nisi si quid in illo 215

Pectore plus agitât, veræque paratur arenæ.

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,

Quæ fugit à sexu, vires amat? Aspice et illud:

Quale

215. *Florali matrona tuba.*] The Floralia were celebrated by lewd women in April.

Thus swells her number : thus, in her fifth year,
She gets that grand amount, eight husbands clear :
A feat ! which on her tombstone should appear !

The mother living, you must hope no peace ;
This wicked tut'refs teaches her to fleece
Her wedded afs ; and prompts her to indite
To a gallant an answer that's polite :
No spies can stop the project, she pursues :
These she out wits, or with a bribe subdues :
Then calls the doctor, feigns her daughter ill,
And smothers her with clothes to cheat his skill :
Meantime the lover, hid from prying eyes,
Waits the glad moment, when the doctor hies.—
For hope your virtuous manners should be shown
By a vile mother, vitious all her own ?
No, no : old mothers, when their trade decays,
Turn bawds, and train their daughters in their ways.

III. Woman's concern'd in every cause that stirs :
Manilia, if not sued, some suit prefers.
Without a lawyer's aid, the briefs they write,
Th'exordium furnish, and the pleas indite :
Nay, they superior methods can impart
To Celsus the best master in the art.

Who knows not, how they court the wrestler's toil,
Sweat in their purple clokes and use their oil ?
Who has not seen a matron, at the stake,
With daily foils and shield her pushes make ?
And with audacious impudence fulfill
The whole manœuvres of the fencer's skill ?
Oh ! nobly train'd and tutor'd by this art
To take at Flora's shows the harlot's part,
Unless it be her purpose to engage
As real gladiatrefs on the stage !
Can helmed dames have any sense of shame,
Who ape the man and their own sex disclaim ?

What

Quale decus rerum, si conjugis auctio fiat,
 Balteus, & manicæ, & cristæ, crurisque; sinistri 220
 Dimidium tegmen: vel si diversa movebit
 Prælia, tu felix ocreas vendente puellâ!
 Hæ sunt, quæ tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
 Delicias & panniculus bombycinus urit!
 Aspice quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus; 225
 Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere; quanta
 Poplitibus sedeat; quam denso fascia libro;
 Et ride, scaphium positis cum sumitur armis!
 Dicite vos, neptes Lepidi, cœcive Metelli,
 Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia sumpserit unquam 230
 Hos habitus? Quando ad palum gemat uxor Asylli?
 Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
 In quo nupta jacet: minimum dormitur in illo.
 Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride peior,
 Cùm simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti: 235
 Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat,
 Uberibus semper lacrymis, semperque paratis
 In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,
 Quo jubeat manare modo: tu credis amorem;
 Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque; labelli 240
 Exsorbes; quæ scripta, & quas lecture tabellas,
 Si tibi zelotypæ retegantur scrinia mœchæ?
 Sed jacet in servi complexibus, aut Equitis: dic,
 Dic aliquem, iodes, dic, Quintiliane, colorem.
 Hæremus: dic, ipsa. Olim convenerat, inquit, 245
 Ut faceres tu quod velles; necnon ego possem

Indulgere

221. *Dimidium tegmen.*] The myrmillo's dress; *Si diversa movebit*, the retiarian's.

238. *Expectantibus illam, quo jubeat.*] A very common Græcism; for *expectantibus*, *quo illa jubeat manare modo*. Πυδοιμεθ' αν τον χρησμον ημων, ο, τι νοει. "We should know, what our oracle meant." Aristoph. Plut. I. 1. Adopted hence by the Latin comic poets: *Verum meam uxorem, Libane, nescis, qualis fiet*. Plaut. Asin. I. 1.

What a rare prospect were it to behold
 This wardrobe of thy wife by auction sold ;
 Her belt,—gloves,—helm,—and halfboot, meant to
 The left leg of the fighting heroine ; [skreen
 Or, where the Retiarian prowess suits
 Her humour more, that nobler lot—two boots !
 Yet these are they, who, in their stately airs,
 Melt in the lightest silks, which art prepares !
 See ! how she aims the scientific thrust !
 Her helm, how vast ! her attitude, how just !
 How firm !—her clothes how tightly truss'd !—
 Then laugh to see (her armour laid aside)
 The Jordan grasp'd to catch the rushing tide !—
 What fencers wives, ye high-born ladies, say,
 E'er dress'd or practis'd in this mannish way ?

Next, see, what endless brawls that bed infest,
 Where lies a wife : she banishes all rest.
 No furious tygress, plunder'd of her young,
 So fell as she—when, by her conscience stung,
 She falls to sob, to whimper and complain ;
 That you requite her love with cold disdain :
 She hates your slaves ; and, with inventive head,
 Pretends you keep some mistress in her stead :
 Tears back the fiction ; tears, which always stand,
 Ready to fall in torrents at command.
 And you, poor cuckold, think the farce sincere,
 And, with kind lips, suck off the trick'ling tear ;
 Yet search this fond, this jealous wife's scrutore :
 Heav'ns ! what love-cards are there, how vast their

But let us here suppose an arduous case : [store !
 She's caught in some vile slave's or knight's embrace :
 What can be said ? O ! come, Quintilian, free
 The pretty culprit by some specious plea.

“ Impossible,” he cries : “ then, madam, try,
 “ What your own better genius can supply.

“ The

Indulgere mihi : clames licèt, & mare cœlo
 Confundas, homo sum. Nihil est audacius illis
 Deprênsis. Iram, atque animos a crimine sumunt. [250

Undè hæc monstra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris?
 Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas

Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebat
 Tecta labor, somnique breves, & vellere Thusco

Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
 Annibal, & stantes Collinâ in turre mariti. 256

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala : sævior armis
 Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo
 Paupertas Romana perit. Hinc fluxit ad istos

Et Sybaris colles ; hinc & Rhodos, & Miletos, 260
 Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumq; Tarentum.

Prima peregrinos obscœna pecunia mores

Intulit, & turpi fregerunt sæcula luxu

Divitiæ molles. Quid enim Venus ebria curat?

Inguinis, & capitis quæ sint discrimina, nescit. 265

Audio quid veteres olim moneatis amici.

Pone seram ; cohibe. Sed quis custodiet ipsos

Custodes ? Cauta est, & ab illis incipit uxor.

Jamque eadem summis paritèr, minimisq; libido.

Nec

247. *Mare cœlo confundas.*] Like the phrase, II. 13. *Quis cœlum,*
 &c. The usual comic exclamation, *O cœlum, O terra, O maria !*

250. *Unde hæc monstra.*] This reflection upon the cause of the
 public corruption is not only just and animated, but forms a
 beautiful contrast with the subject of the satire.

264. *Quid enim Venus ebria curat.*] This, though coarsely expres-
 sed, contains an excellent moral. "Intemperance throws off the
 restraints of virtue."

266. *Veteres amici.*] There is an emphasis here. "Friends,
 who wish to keep up the virtuous discipline of the ancients." They
 even sealed the doors of their children's bed-chambers. Horace
 beautifully alludes to this custom: *Odissi clavēs & grata Sigilla*
pudico. Ep. I. 20.

“ The marriage-vow” (she glibly then descants)
 “ Tho’ clogg’d with its restrictions, has its grants ;
 “ That parties should be pleas’d on either side,
 “ And for their private calls at choice provide :
 “ You men, indeed, may swear and curse and rail ;
 “ But we, like you, are flesh and blood and frail.”

Woman, detected, knows no sense of shame :

She storms the more, the more she is to blame !

Whence flow these crimes enormous ? what their
 Our ancient matrons held a virtuous course [source ?
 Thro’ poverty : their low-built roofs were pure,
 By honest labour and short sleep secure.

With callous hands the Tuscan fleece they spun ;
 They rose to work before the early sun :
 Fierce Hannibal hung hov’ring at the gate,
 Their husbands watch’d, to ward off threat’ning fate.

But now we feel all ills (since dangers cease)
 That spring from the rank soil of lazy peace :
 Lux’ry, than arms more fell, the state o’erwhelms,
 The world avenging and its conquer’d realms.

No crime, no lustful outrage is unknown,
 Since honest Roman poverty is flown.

Hence are these hills o’erspread with all the crimes
 Which stain’d the lewdest towns of ancient times.

And what but gold, obscene debasing gold,
 Is the polluted source, from whence have roll’d
 Our foreign manners ? what but this, expell’d
 The good old ways, which once the state upheld ?
 For what minds passion, when by plenty fed ?
 No diff’ence knows it, between tail and head !

“ Let cautious bolts” (methinks I hear you say)

“ Secure your wife in virtue’s rigid way.”

But who shall keep her very keepers just ?

Sly jade, she bribes them first, who are in trust.

One common lust through the whole sex prevails ;
 Both those who trudge the street with draggled tails,

Nec melior, pedibus filicem quæ conterit atrum; 270
Quàm quæ longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum.

Ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia vestem,
Conducit comites, fellam, cervical, amicas,
Nutricem, & flavam, cui det mandata, puellam.
Hæc tamen argenti superest quodcumque paterni, 275
Lævibus athletis, ac vasa novissima donat.
Multis res angusta domi est: sed nulla pudorem
Paupertatis habet; nec se metitur ad illum,
Quem dedit hæc posuitque, modam. Tamen utile
quid sit,

Prospiciunt aliquando viri; frigasque, famemque, 280
Formicâ tandem quidam expavere magistrâ.

Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœminâ censum:
At velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, & è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia consent. 285

Sunt quas eunuchi imbelles, ac mollia semper
Oscula delectent, & desperatio barbæ.

Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
Vocem vendentis Prætoribus; organa semper
In manibus; densi radiant testudine totâ 290
Sardonyches: crispo numerantur pectine chordæ, [se
Quo tener Hedymeles operam dedit: hunc tenet, hoc
Solatur,

283. *Exhaustâ redivivus pullulat.*] The word *exhaustus* is a metaphor from liquids; *pullulat* from the shooting of plants or suckers. The mixture of metaphors is an error in good writing. But sometimes (and this is the case with *exhaustus*) the metaphorical idea is so far lost, that the word becomes by degrees equivalent to the direct notion. This must be the defence of that line of Horace,

Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus,

against Bentley's most ingenious emendation *Et male ter natos*, &c. The admirable Cicero has many instances of this kind.

291. *Numerantur*

And those, whom Syrian chairmen, tall and strong,
Bear in high splendour thro' the yielding throng.

Ogulnia, that she may attend the shows,
Hires her attendants, nay, her very clothes;
Yet gives sleek wrestlers her few cups of plate,
Last relicks of a father's spent estate.

Many are poor, yet none herself confines
To the just bounds, which poverty assigns.
Men, sometimes tutor'd by the lab'ring ant,
Provide against th' extremities of want:
But woman, thoughtless, prodigal, profuse,
Sees not her fortune lessening by abuse;
As if th' exhausted gold would sprout anew,
And a full chest e'er open on her view.
She lives at random, nor one thought employs
At what dear rate she purchases her joys.

Someweak-nerv'd dames, by child-bed's terrors led,
Admit of none but eunuchs to their bed,
Their only joy the soft and beardless kifs:
Next mark a class, which courts a higher bliss!

If love of music be the lady's taste;
No public songster can continue chaste:
The lovely lyre she handles all the day,
Gems glitter o'er its frame in rich display:
With self-same quill she runs the gamut o'er,
Which grac'd her Hedymel's sweet hands before:

She

291. *Numerantur pectine chordæ.] Pulsantur in numerum, vel numerosè, As, obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum. Virg. Æn. VI.*

Solatur, gratoque indulget basia plectro.

Quædam de numero Lamiarum, ac nominis alti,
Cum farre & vino Janum, Vestamque rogabat, 295
An Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
Sperare, & fidibus promittere. Quid faceret plus,
Ægrotante viro? Medicis quid tristibus erga
Filiolum? Stetit ante aram, nec turpe putavit
Pro citharâ velare caput; dictataqua verba 300
Protulit, ut mos est, & apertâ palluit agnâ.
Dic mihi nunc, quæso, dic, antiquissime Divûm;
Respondes his, Jane pater? Magna otia cœli:
Non est (ut video) non est, quid agatur apud vos.
Hæc de Comædis te consulit: illa Tragædum 305
Commendare volet; varicosus fiet haruspex.

Sed cantet potius, quàm totam pervolet urbem
Audax, & cœtus possit quàm ferre virorum,
Cumque paludatis ducibus, præsentem marito,
Ipsa loqui, rectâ facie, strictisque mamillis. 310
Hæc eadem novit, quid toto fiat in orbe:
Quid Seres, quid Thraces agant: secreta novercæ,
Et pueri: quis amet; quis decipiatur adulter.
Instantem regi Armenio, Parthoque cometen
Prima videt: famam, rumoresque illa recentes 315
Excipit

300. *Dictaque verba Protulit.*] The suppliant repeated the prayer after the priest; which was as necessary a circumstance, as the sacrifice itself. *Vitimas cædi sine precatione non videtur referre, neque deos rite coli.* Plin. XXVIII. 2.

She hugs it, kisses it, her only joy,
To soothe her sorrows for the lost dear boy.

A noble dame, sprung from the Lamian line,
Enquir'd at Vesta's and old Janus' shrine,
If Pollio might expect to deck his brow
With music's meed, the Capitolian bough!
Could she do more, a tender husband ill?
Or, a lov'd infant, past the doctor's skill?
Near to the altar plac'd, she veil'd her head,
And the due forms with due devotion said,
A harp her subject;—nay the blood forsook
Her cheeks, as the lamb open'd to her look.
O Janus! ancientest of Gods, declare,
Couldst thou regard so frivolous a pray'r?
You've wondrous leisure, sure, in realms of joy!
It seems, ye gods, ye have but small employ!
One to thy godship comes, to recommend
Her comic fav'rite, that her tragic friend:
Th' aruspex, while he waits on each that begs
His counsel, gets the dropsy in his legs.

IV. But let her rather spend her time in song,
Than bear around a loud loquacious tongue
From crowd to crowd; and, thro' the city, stalk,
And with great generals hold familiar talk;
Her front all brazen, and her breast all bare:
While her poor spouse stands nigh, yet dares but stare.
Not one event occurs from pole to pole,
But straight a female gossip knows the whole;
She knows the things in Thrace and India done,
Th' intrigues between the stepdame and the son;
She knows what man succeeds in his amour,
And what adult'rer, bilk'd, was shown the door.
She first observes the ills a comet brings
On the Armenian and the Parthian kings;
She catches news fresh ent'ring at the gates,
Some she invents, and all alike relates;

Excipit ad portas : quosdam facit : ipse Niphatem
 In populos, magnoque illic cuncta arva teneri
 Diluvio : nutare urbes, subsidere terras,
 Quocumque in trivio, cuicumque est obvia, narrat.

Nec tamen id vitium magis intolerabile, quam quod
 Vicinos humiles rapere, & concidere loris [320]

Exorata solet : nam, si latratibus alti
 Rumpuntur somni ; Fustes huc ocyus, inquit,
 Afferte, atque illis dominum jubet ante feriri,
 Deinde canem. Gravis occurso, & teterrima vultu,
 Balnea nocte subit : conchas, & castra moveri [325]

Nocte jubet ; magno gaudet sudare tumultu,
 Cum lassata gravi ceciderunt brachia massa.
 Convivæ miseri interea somnoque, fameque
 Urgentur. Tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum 330
 Oenophorum sitiens, plenâ quod tenditur urnâ
 Admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter
 Ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim,
 Dum redit, & terram loto ferit intestino.

Marmoribus rivi properant : aurata Falernum 335
 Pelvis olet. Nam sic tanquam alta in dolia longus
 Deciderit serpens, bibit, & vomit. Ergo maritus
 Nauseat, atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.

Illa tamen gravior, quæ, cum discumbere cœpit,
 Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ : 340
 Committit vates, & comparat inde Maronem,

Atque

318. *Nutare urbes.*] This earthquake happened in the reign of Trajan (as mentioned in the Chronological table) and enables us to determine the date of this satire.

331. *Oenophorum—urna.*] The first, a wine vessel of any size ; *urna* here means a determinate liquid measure, viz. twenty-four *Sextarii* or English pints, as the *amphora* contained double that quantity, i. e. forty-eight *Sextarii* or pints.

333. *Facturus orexim.*] This draught was taken off at a breath, and called *amyxis*. Probably Horace, Od. I. 26. is thus to be understood. GRANG.

That the Niphates, bursting every bound,
Delug'd the people and the country round;
That a dire earthquake, with tremendous shock,
Made countries sink, and mighty cities rock
From their foundations: This in all the streets
She spreads, and pours in every ear she meets.

As hard the following evil to be born;
She joys to see her poorer neighbours torn
With tort'ring scourges, deaf to all their pleas:
For, should their barking dogs disturb her ease,
She cries, "haste, slaves, bring sticks, your mistress
"Beat the vile master first, and then his whelp." [help;
But she's most fell and dreadful to be met,
When to the bath at night she goes, beset
With all her shells and equipage of toys:
For, when she is prepar'd to sweat, she joys
To sweat in full parade of fufs and noise.
Meanwhile, amidst her rude delay, each guest
Is either famish'd or with sleep oppress'd.
At length she comes, all flush'd, prepar'd with thirst
To swig, from some large cask, two bumpers first,
As an emetic, ere she sits to eat;—
Her view, a rav'nous stomach to her meat:
The rank Falernian foams: the vase runs o'er:
Meandring currents stain the marble floor.
By turns she drinks and vomits like a snake
In casks of wine: her mate, for comfort's sake,
Altho' his stomach sickens at the scene,
Closes his eyes, and checks his struggling spleen.

The letter'd wife is still a greater pest,
Whose larum tongue at table knows no rest.
She praises Virgil, and, with critic air,
Forgives poor Dido's fall and wild despair;
Compares great bards, and, in nice balance, weighs
The worth of Virgil's and of Homer's lays.

Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.
 Cedunt Grammatici, vincuntur Rhetores, omnis
 Turba tacet, nec caufidicus, nec præco loquatur,
 Altera nec mulier: verborum tanta cadit vis. 345
 Tot pariter pelves, & tintinnabula dicas
 Pulsari. Jam nemo tubas atque æra fatiget:
 Una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunæ.

Imponit finem sapiens & rebus honestis.
 Nam quæ docta nimis cupit & facunda videri, 350
 Crure tenus medio tunicas fuccingere debet,
 Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.
 Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
 Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato
 Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes: 355
 Sed quædam ex libris & non intelligat. Odi
 Hanc ego, quæ repetit volvitq; Palæmonis artem,
 Servatâ semper lege, & ratione loquendi,
 Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
 Nec curanda viris Opicæ castigat amicæ 360
 Verba. Solæcismum liceat fecisse marito.
 Nil non permittit mulier sibi: turpe putat nil,
 Cùm virides gemmas collo circumdedit, & cùm
 Auribus extensis magnos commisit elenchos.
 Intolerabilius nihil est quàm fœmina dives. 365

Intereâ fœda aspectu ridendaque multo

Pane

349. *Imponit finem rebus honestis*] Generally understood to signify that she treats of the *Summum bonum* or chief good, one branch of morality. The translation adopts a new idea; which, according to Aristotle's theory, takes in the whole extent of morality. Horace, though he generally follows the Stoics, yet can tell us,

Virtus est medium vitiorum et utrimque reductum.

352. *Sylvanus.*] None but males properly sacrificed to him.
 SCHOL.

Quadrante lavari.] Philosophers, either for modesty or poverty, used to go to the commonest bath.

Hush'd are grammarians, rhetoricians yield,
The guests in wond'ring silence quit the field :
No cry'r can bawl, no lawyer here dispute ;
E'en every other female tongue is mute.
So loud the wordy torrent rolls, you'd swear,
A thousand bells and dishes rattled there.
Timbrels and trumpets, cease! for, what, so soon,
As female tongues can aid the lab'ring moon?

She too can treat of philosophic themes :
How virtue nicely shuns the two extremes.
Indeed these females such high skill profess,
That they should take the sages bobtail dress,
And all their off'rings to Sylvanus pay,
And to the farthing bath repair as they.
Have thou no wife to vex thy midnight hours,
Whodecks her speech with rhet'rick's nauseous flow'rs ;
Nor one, who can, in logic deeply read,
Bolt Enthymems in thunder round thy head ;
Let her not know all histories, but own,
With honest pride, some books as things unknown.
Oh! what a plague is she, who has by heart
Palæmon's rules, and speaks by grammar art ;
Who scraps of phrase antique delights to quote
(To me a jargon) drawn from days remote ;
Who rudely blames some female friend who makes
(What men ne'er mind) some syntax slight mistakes :
'Tis hard, men cannot sometimes in their life,
Use a wrong phrase untutor'd by a wife.
But what's the freedom, women can't affect,
Who have their ears and necks with jewels deckt?
Of all the ills, to human life ally'd,
The greatest is a wealthy woman's pride.

Meantime, (a hideous sight!) her face is cas'd
With loads of poultice and Poppæan paste ;

Pane tumet facies, aut pingua Poppæana
 Spirat, & hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti.
 Ad mœchum veniet lotâ cute: quando videri
 Vult formosa domi? mœchis foliata parantur. 370
 His emitur quicquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.
 Tandem aperit vultum, & tectoria prima reponit;
 Incipit agnosci, atque illo lacte fovetur,
 Propter quod secum comites educit asellas,
 Exul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem. 375
 Sed quæ mutatis inducitur, atque fovetur
 Tot medicaminibus, coctæque filiginis offas
 Accipit & madidæ; facies dicetur, an ulcus?
 Est operæ pretium penitus cognoscere toto
 Quid faciant agentque die. Si nocte maritus 380
 Aversus jacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
 Cosmetæ tunicas, tardè venisse Liburnus
 Dicitur, & pœnas alieni pendere somni
 Cogitur: hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagellis,
 Hic scuticâ; sunt quæ tortoribus annua præstent: 385
 Verberat, atque obitèr faciem linit; audit amicas,
 Aut latum pictæ vestis considerat aurum;
 Et cædens longi relegit transacta diurni.
 Et cædit, donec, lassis cædentibus, exi,
 Intonet horrendum, jam cognitione peractâ. 390
 Præfectura domûs Siculâ non mitior aulâ.
 Nam si constituit, solitoque decentiùs optat
 Ornari; & properat, jamque expectatur in hortis,
 Aut apud Isiacæ potiùs sacraria lenæ;
 Componit crinem laceratis ipsa capillis, 395
 Nuda

367. *Poppæana.*] An unguent or paste, invented by Poppæa, wife of Nero.

375. *Axis.*] Put, by a common figure, for the climate.

388. *Relegit.*] This word is expressive of the coolest and most deliberate cruelty. *Diurna* is the account of the house expences.

394. *Isiacæ lenæ.*] Her temple was the place of criminal assignations. Sat. IX. 19.

Thus smear'd, she dawbs her husband's lips with glue:
 But for th' adult'rer, baths her charms renew:
 At home mere common cleanliness she wants;
 But her perfumes are all for her gallants,
 The richest, that the Indies can provide:
 Behold the change! the casing's laid aside,
 And her face opens fair and soft as silk;
 And then receives a wash of asses' milk!
 And should she, exil'd, seek the northern main,
 These dear sweet creatures must attend her train.
 But what's so pasted, filleted and bound,
 Shall we pronounce it visage or a wound?

How curious, see, th' employment of their day!
 If spouse, last night, an idle lubbard lay;
 Woe to the house-keeper: each waiting maid
 Must feel on her bare buff the reck'ning paid;
 The guiltless footman loiter'd, and must weep
 The misdemeanor of a husband's sleep.
 The ferule, whip, and scourge, with whizzing sound,
 Deals vengeance, as she dictates, all around:
 (Some female tyrants have a wretch to slay
 Their helpless slaves, kept at an annual pay:)
 She beats, and all at leisure paints her face,
 Or hears her gossips, or surveys some lace;
 Or reads some tedious journal o'er and o'er;
 'Till the tir'd torturer can beat no more.
 Compar'd with such a fierce and savage dame,
 Sicilian tyrants might renounce their name!

For if some assignation prompts her haste
 And asks a dress in high peculiar taste;
 If, now, the hour elaps'd, she is in pain
 Lest she should miss the gardens, or the fane
 Of Isis, patroness of lewd intrigue;
 Heavens! what's the servants' bustle and fatigue!

Nuda humeros Psecas infelix, nudisq; mamillis.
 Altior hic quare cincinnus? Taurea punit
 Continuo flexi crimen facinusque capilli.
 (Quid Psecas admisit? Quænam est hic culpa puellæ,
 Si tibi displicuit nasus tuus?) Altera lævum 400
 Extendit, pectitq; comas, & volvit in orbem.
 Est in consilio matrona, admotaque lanis
 Emeritâ quæ cessat acu: sententia prima
 Hujus erit; post hanc ætate, atque arte minores
 Censebunt: tanquam famæ discrimen agatur, 405
 Aut animæ: tanta est quærendi cura decoris.
 Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus, altum
 Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis,
 Pòst minor est: aliam credas. Cedò, si breve parvi
 Sortita est lateris spatium, breviorque videtur 410
 Virgine Pygmæâ, nullis adjuta cothurnis;
 Et levis erectâ confurgit ad oscula plantâ.
 Nulla viri cura intereâ, nec mentio fiet
 Damnorum: vivit tanquam vicina mariti;
 Hoc solo propior, quòd amicos conjugis odit, 315
 Et fervos. Gravis est rationibus. V. Ecce furentis

Et

398. *Flexi crimen facinusque capilli.*] A pleasant exaggeration. *Flagitium* (for which *crimen* is put here) and *facinus*, taken together, signify the highest kind of guilt. *Flagitium* is any act against modesty or self-command; and *facinus* an outrage against justice. As *flagitiis facinoribusque coopertus*. SALL.

409. *Cedo, si breve parvi.*] All the account, hitherto given of this passage, is this; which still leaves it an unintelligible or trivial conceit. *Cedo* must mean either *da mihi*, or *dic mihi*. Therefore the construction is either *cedo* (quid foret) *si breve parvi*, &c. "what a figure would she make, were she really dwarfish." Or, "Grant her this artificial stature, if she be really dwarfish; but "what business has the sex in general with such whims?" LUBIN.

The reader may either take *this clear solution of the whole matter*, as the author of the tale of a tub says, or find out a better himself.

Poor Psecas decks her head, herself in tears,
And her own locks all dangling round her ears,
Her shoulders naked and her bosom bare;
Not sav'd from vengeance by her utmost care.
“Why is this lock,” the mistress storms, “too high?”
Poor girl, she rues the crime; one hair's awry!
(What's Psecas' fault? is she to feel your blows,
If 'tis your will to quarrel with your nose?)
Another's, on the left, employ'd to twirl
Her long extended ringlets into curl.
First the old matron (now condemn'd to fit
Lab'ring in wool, for needle-work unfit)
Is ask'd advice: next, others all around,
As they in age or judgment most abound.
To deck her person such the pains they take;
As if her life and honour were at stake!
With curls on curls, like diff'rent stories, rise
Her towering locks, a structure to the skies,
A true Andromache before; behind
A low-built Pigmy, of a diff'rent kind!
Oh! what a sight, then, is a dwarfish miss,
Who can't on tiptoe reach a lover's kiss
Without high shoes; O! what a sight is she,
When her front tow'rs in this absurd degree!
Meantime no husband's ruin moves her mind;
As a mere neighbour, to his int'rests blind;
A wife in this alone, that she extends
Her hate to all her husband's slaves and friends,
But all his wealth with wild profusion spends.

V. See

Bellonæ, matrisq; Deûm chorus intrat: & ingens
Semivir obscæno facies reverenda minori,
Jam pridem cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt
Plebeia, & Phrygiâ vestitur bucca tiarâ. 320

Grande sonat, metuiq; jubet Septembris, & Austri
Adventum, nisi se centum lustraverit ovis,
Et xerampelinas veteres donaverit ipsi;
Ut quicquid subiti & magni discriminis instat,
In tunicas eat, & totum semel expiet annum. 425

Hybernum fractâ glacie descendet in amnem,
Ter matutino Tiberi mergetur, & ipsis
Vorticibus timidum caput abluet. Inde Superbi
Totum regis agrum, nuda, ac tremebunda cruentis
Erepet genibus. Si candida jusserit Io, 430
Ibit ad Ægypti finem, calidâque petitas
A Meroë portabit aquas, ut spargat in æde
Isidis, antiquo quæ proxima surgit ovili.
Credit enim ipsius dominæ se voce moneri. [435
En animam, & mentem, cum quâ Dii nocte loquantur!

Ergo

416. *Ecce furentis Bellonæ.*] Here begins another capital charge against the sex; superstition in its various branches: but it is exceedingly dull and tedious to us, for a good reason, because the superstitions, here mentioned, have no longer any existence.

The religious principle (which from its universality must be considered as an *INSTINCT* in spite of all the philosophers) operates more strongly upon the female, it must be owned, than the other sex; and this too, from their peculiar timidity. But this is no proof that religion has its sole origin, as Epicurus and his followers say, in *FEAR*. Pray, let it be remembered upon this occasion, that every universal tendency must be natural; that every natural tendency must have its *CORRESPONDENT OBJECT*; and, therefore, though the abuses of the religious principle may prove man not to be in his right state, yet, that its existence and universal prevalence is a demonstration that it has its proper object, i. e.

V. See Cybele's and mad Bellona's choirs
 Enter the house, to pay her their devoirs !
 An eunuch enters, cap'ring at the head
 Of the loud rout, their master and their dread :
 A turban'd chief, for rougher tone preferr'd
 By the hoarse-croaking, timbrel-beating herd !
 He bids her, with tremendous throat, beware
 Of dire September's pestilential air ; —
 Unless of holy eggs — a hundred even,
 And of her cast-off clothes — the best be given,
 To scape the ill ; — that the impending pest
 And the year's plague may go into the vest !

In winter's frost, at morn, she breaks the ice,
 And bathes in Tiber's deepest whirlpools thrice :
 Then naked, shiv'ring, crawls o'er Mars's plain.
 On her bare knees, and bleeds and crawls in pain.
 Should Isis bid, obsequious would she run
 To Meroe, parch'd by the meridian sun ;
 To fetch some holy water for the dome,
 That's Isis fav'rite temple here at home.
 For she believes each silly whim she feels
 A heav'n-sent dream, which Isis 'self reveals ;
 A likely foul and spirit, to be blest
 With heavenly converse in the hours of rest !

Hence

that there is a MORAL GOVERNOR above us, who claims our
 homage and obedience.

433. *Proxima surgit ovili.*] The *ovile*, or, as it is more commonly
 used in the plural, the *ovilia* or *septa*, was in the *Campus Martius*,
 where elections were held.

Ergo hic præcipuum summumq; meretur honorem,
Qui, grege linigero circumdatus & grege calvo
Plangentis populi, currit derisor Anubis.

Ille petit veniam, quoties non abstinet uxor
Concubitu sacris observandisque diebus : 440

Magnaue debetur violato pœna cadurco :

Et movisse caput visa est argentea serpens.

Illius lacrymæ meditataque murmura præstant,

Ut veniam culpæ non abnuat, ansere magno

Scilicet & tenui popano corruptus Osiris ! 445

Cum dedit ille locum, cophino fœnoque relicto,

Arcanam Judæa tremens mendicat in aurem,

Interpres legum Solymarum, & magna Sacerdos

Arboris, ac summi fida internuncia cœli.

Implet & illa manum, sed parciùs, ære minuto. 450

Qualiacumque voles Judæi somnia vendunt.

Spondet

437. *Qui grege linigero.*] This place is difficult ; but will be tolerably cleared by the following account. Isis, the Ino of the Greeks, married Osiris in Egypt. Osiris was killed by his brother Typhon, and his body thrown into a well, where it was afterwards found by Isis and her son Anubis, by the assistance of dogs. Osiris was hereupon deified and worshipped under the form of an ox called Apis ; and Anubis under the form of a dog.

A living ox, with certain particular marks, (mentioned by Strabo, B. XVII.) was kept in great state as his representative ; and, when he grew old, was drowned in a well ; and the priests and people went wailing about the country until they found another ox who happened to bear the genuine marks of divinity. When they found him, they returned home with joy, crying *εὕρηκαμεν, εὕρηκαμεν*. Of this grand ceremony, there was also an annual representation. Upon these occasions, the priest carried the image of Anubis in procession ; and is therefore himself called Anubis in this place.

Anubis, then, we see, is the chief priest, *liniger* and *calvus grex* the other priests ; *populus plangens* their attendants : *Derisor* denotes the folly of the procedure, and has two senses given it, either that he made a fool of the people, or secretly laughed himself at their folly.

441. *Cadurcum.*

Hence he, who walks encompass'd with a flock
Mark'd by the bald-pate and the linen frock;
Who leads the foolish wailing crowd around
To seek an Apis for the Apis drown'd,
Has the most honour;—laughing in his sleeve,
At the wild tales the silly croud believe.
If wives admit a husband's chaste embrace
On sacred days, he cries, "it calls for grace;
" 'Tis profanation of the sacred bed;
" The silver snake was seen to move his head."—
Yet will his tears and mumbled pray'rs regain
The goddess' favour and wash off the stain;
Gracious Osiris will the crime acquit—
Brib'd with fat goose and cake, his perquisite!

This rabble gone, a Jewess next, with fear,
Whispers her story in the lady's ear,
Leaving her basket and her hay behind:
She too can tell heav'ns high and awful mind;
A mighty priestess from the beggars' trees,
Skill'd in the Jewish laws and heav'ns decrees;
And she gets store of farthings for her skill:
The Jews for gain vend any dreams you will.

Th'

441. *Cadurcum.*] Another difficulty. The female devotees of Isis kept nine days sacred in honour of the goddess. *Cadurca* were the beds, on which they lay within the temple every night during the festival, to avoid all commerce with their husbands;—a heinous sin, it seems, which nothing but a good bribe to Osiris—that is, to his priests—could expiate. SALM.

447. *Magna sacerdos arboris.*] Explained Sat. III. 15.

Spondet amatorem tenerum, vel divitis orbi
 Testamentum ingens, calidæ pulmone columbæ
 Tractato, Armenius, vel Comagenus aruspex.
 Pectora pullorum rimatur, & exta catelli,
 Interdum & pueri. Faciet quod deferat ipse.

Chaldæis fed major erit fiducia : quicquid
 Dixerit Astrologus, credent à fonte relatum
 Ammonis : quoniam Delphis oracula cessant,
 Et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.
 Præcipuus tamen est horum qui sæpius exul,
 Cujus amicitia, conducendâque tabellâ
 Magnus civis obit, & formidatus Othoni.

Inde fides arti, sonuit si dextera ferro,
 Lævaq; si longo castrorum in carcere mansit.
 Nemo Mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit:
 Sed qui penè perit, cui vix in Cyclada mitti
 Contigit, & parvâ tandem caruisse Seripho.

Consultit iſtericæ lento de funere matris,
 Antè tamen de te, Tanaquil tua; quando sororem
 Efferat, & patruos : an sit victurus adulter
 Post ipsam : quid enim majus dare Numina possunt?

Hæc tamen ignorat quid fidus triste minetur
 Saturni ; quo læta Venus se proferat astro ;
 Qui mensis damno, quæ dentur tempora lucro.
 Illius occurſus etiam vitare memento,

In cujus manibus ceu pingua succina tritas
 Cernis ephemeridas, quæ nullum consulit, & jam
 Consulitur : quæ, castra viro patriamque petente,
 Non ibit pariter, numeris revocata Thraſilli.
 Ad primum lapidem vectari cum placet, hora
 Sumitur ex libro : si prurit frictus ocelli

Angulus,

Th' Armenian and the Syrian sage discover
Some swingeing legacy or blooming lover :
Doves, pullets, puppies are the victims slain,
These secrets by their entrails to explain ;
Sometimes, a child : this too the knaves can do ;
And of the deed be first informers too.

Yet the Chaldæans are the first in fame ;
Their tales, as if from Hammon's fount they came,
Seem heav'n's high voice, since Delphos, grown unkind,
Left us in darkness, to the future blind.
But the oft-banish'd are the best of all,
Like him whose skill foretold old Galba's fall.
Handcuffs and camp-confinements too impart
The force of truth to the prophetic art.
'The fortune-teller, ne'er condemn'd to chains,
Is thought a dolt : 'tis banishment gives brains.
How shines he forth, in credit's full eclat,
Who just escapes the vengeance of the law !

From these, thy wife is curious to enquire
When her old jaundic'd mother shall expire ;
But first when thou shalt die : she asks the day,
Sisters and uncles shall return to clay ;
If she (what more can heaven's indulgence grant ?)
Shall 'scape the curse of burying her gallant.

Yet the effects of Saturn's baleful sign,
Or in what house bright Venus is benign,
Which is the month of mischief, which of gain ;
These points some women wish not to attain :
But dread that woman's very sight, if wife,
Who's vers'd herself in knowledge of the skies,
Who thumbs o'er her Ephemeris so oft,
That handled amber's not so smooth or soft,
The oracle of all her neighbours round :
Whether for camp or home her spouse be bound,
She'll not attend him, deaf to every pray'r,
If great Thrasyllus' tables say, "beware"
She travels not a mile, unless she looks
To fix her hour exactly by her books ;

And

Angulus, inspectâ genesi collyria poscit.
 Ægra licet jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur
 Aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Petosiris. 485

Si mediocris erit, spatium lustrabit utrumque
 Metarum, & sortes ducet; frontemq; manumque
 Præbebit vati crebrum poppysma roganti.
 Divitibus responsa dabit Phryx augur, & Indus
 Conductus dabit astrorum mundi; peritus: 490
 Atque aliquis senior, qui publica fulgura condit.
 Plebeium in circo positum est, & in aggere fatum.
 Quæ nudis longum ostendit cervicibus aurum
 Consulit ante Phalas, Delphinorumq; columnas;
 An saga vendenti nubat, caupone relicto. 495

Hæ tamen & partus subeunt discrimen, & omnes
 Nutricis tolerant, fortunâ urgente, labores.
 Sed jacet aurato vix ulla puerpura lecto.
 Tantum artes hujus, tantum medicamina possunt,
 Quæ steriles facit, atq; homines in ventre necandos 500
 Conducit. Gaude, infelix, atq; ipse bibendum
 Porrige quidquid erit: nam si distendere vellet,
 Et vexare uterum pueris salientibus, esses
 Æthiopis fortasse pater: mox decolor hæres
 Impleret tabulas, nunquam tibi manè videndus. 505
 Transeo suppositos, & gaudia, votaue sæpe
 Ad spurcos decepta lacus, atque inde petitos
 Pontifices Salios, Scaurorum nomina falso

Corpore

486. *Si mediocris.*] To explain this, it must be observed, that the poet distributes his poor female culprits into two classes. 'The poor enquire their fortunes in the Circus from vulgar cheats; the rich from Phrygian Augurs, &c. *Utrumque spatium metarum, in aggere, ante Phalas, Delphinorum columnas* relate all to the same place, the Circus. *Phalæ* (sometimes called *ova* from their oval shape) were the turrets, *delphini* certain images there, *agger* part of the *Euripus*, *metæ* the goals at both ends of the course; for the horses went generally often round. The *carceres* (not mentioned here)

And if her eye but itches, she must have
Her stars consulted ere she calls for salve ;
Nor eats when ill, in nature's last decay,
Till Petosiris clearly says, she may.

Women, both poor and wealthy, young and old,
Curious in fate, must have their fortunes told ;
The poor by Circus-knaves, who stroke the lines
Of palm and forehead, which they call their signs.
But richer ladies, who can pay the price,
From Phrygian augurs purchase sage advice,
Or Brachmans from the Indies brought, who know
All things in heaven above, and earth below ;
Or from the graver augurs of the state :
But 'tis the Circus vends plebeian fate.
Here the wise asks, if she can safely take
A tailor, and her vintner mate forsake.

VI. Yet childbed's perils and a nurse's care
These women, urg'd by poverty, can bear.
But seldom we the childbed-wife behold
On the embroider'd couch bedeckt with gold :
Such are their powerful drugs and baleful skill,
Who stop conception or the infant kill.
Rejoice, poor man, yourself the dose procure :
For should the womb its guilty load mature,
You'd see perhaps an arrant Æthiop born,
Heir of your wealth, your horror every morn.

What foundlings often wicked mothers take,
To cheat fond fathers, from Velabrum's lake ;
What Salian priests, with false pretence, proceed
From that foul fount to mend the Scaurian breed,

I now

here) were a distinct thing, the starting place. See Ruæus Virg.
Æn. V. 288. Kennet is exceedingly defective.

493. *Quæ nudis longum.*] It is impossible to make sense of this
passage I think, without Salmasius's conjectural emendation :
Quæ nullis longum, &c. i. e. *Quæ non gestat*, &c. or Holiday's farther
improvement ; *Quæ nullum ostendit longis*, &c.

Corpore laturos. Stat fortuna improba, noctu,
 Arridens nudis infantibus. Hos foveat omnes, 510
 Involvitque sinu: domibus tunc porrigit altis,
 Secretumque sibi mimum parat: hos amat, his se
 Ingerit, atque suos ridens producit alumnos.

Hic magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit
 Philtra, quibus valeant mentem vexare mariti, 515
 Et soleâ pulsare nates. Quoddam desipis, inde est,
 Inde animi caligo, & magna oblivio rerum,
 Quas modò gessisti. Tamen hoc tolerabile, si non
 Et furere incipias, ut avunculus ille Neronis,
 Cui totam tremuli frontem Cæsonia pulli 520
 Infudit. (Quæ non faciet, quod Principis uxor?)
 Ardebant cuncta, & fractâ compage ræbant,
 Non aliter, quam si fecisset Juno maritum
 Insanum. Minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinæ
 Boletus: si quidem unius præcordia preffit 525
 Ille senis, tremulumque caput descendere jussit
 In cælum, & longâ manantia labra salivâ.
 Hæc poscit ferrum atque ignes, hæc potio torquet:
 Hæc lacerat mistos equitum cum sanguine Patres.
 Tanti partus equæ, tanti una venefica constat! 530
 Oderunt natos de pellice: nemo repugnet;
 Nemo vetet: jamjam privignum occidere fas est.
 Vos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior est res,
 Custodite animas, & nulli credite mensæ.

Livida

526. *Descendere jussit In cælum.*] *Apoteosim* deridet; he ridicules
 the deification of those monsters in human shape, the Roman
 emperors. SCHOL.

I now omit: arch fortune, all the night,
Smiles o'er such naked brats with fond delight;
She clasps, she hugs them in her bosom warm,
And with a mother's care defends from harm,
And sends them in the morn, as a support
To mighty houses, to herself a sport:
She loves them; unsolicited she sheds
Her choicest gifts and graces on their heads;
Outstrips their hopes; and holds them to the view
Of gazing mortals as her fav'rite few.

See a new scene! this brings them magic spells;
That, for their use, Thessalian philtres sells.
With these they turn their husbands' brains, to tease
And bang them with a slipper when they please.
Hence comes your dotage and oblivious head;
That you forget what late you did or said.
'Twas well, she stopp'd, nor fir'd your hapless pate,
As once Cæsonia acted by her mate,
Who, plucking the huge forehead of a sole,
Infus'd it in his cup, and gave the whole;
(What woman would not imitate a queen?)
The wretch grew mad, and, dreadful to be seen,
The world, as fir'd with him, in ruins sunk,
As if heaven's queen had made her husband drunk!

Sure Agrippina's mushroom wrought an act
By far more harmless; for it only packt
A palsy'd driv'ling dotard hence, to breathe
The Cæsars' balmy skies—in realms beneath.
But worse, far worse was mad Cæsonia's draught:
Firebrands, and swords, with frantic grasp, it caught;
And knights and senators promiscuous flew:
Such mischiefs could one dose and forc'refs do!

VII. Wives hate of course a husband's spurious breed;
And that 'tis right, seems now a point agreed:
Nay to kill step-sons is a venial deed.
I warn you, therefore, orphans, born to heir
A large estate; do you yourselves beware;

Guard

Livida materno fervent adipata veneno. 535
 Mordeat antè aliquis quicquid porrexerit illa
 Quæ peperit : timidus prægustet pocula pappas.
 Fingimus hæc, altum Satirâ fumente cothurnum
 Scilicet ? Et finem egressi legemque priorum,
 Grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu, 540
 Montibus ignotum Rutulis, cœloque Latino ?
 Nos utinam vani : sed clamat Pontia, feci,
 Confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paravi ;
 Quæ deprensa patent : facinus tamen ipsa peregi.
 Tune duos unâ sævissima vipera cœnâ, 545
 Tune duos ? Septem, si septem forte fuissent.
 Credamus tragicis quicquid de Colchide torvâ
 Dicitur, & Progne. Nil contra conor : & illæ
 Grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus ; sed
 Non propter nummos. Minor admiratio summis 550
 Debetur monstris, quoties facit ira nocentem
 Hunc sexum : rabie jecur incendente feruntur
 Præcipites, ut faxa jugis abrupta, quibus mons
 Subtrahitur, clivoque latus pendente recedit. [555
 Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat, & scelus ingens
 Sana facit. Spectant subeuntem fata mariti
 Alcestim : at similis si permutatio detur,
 Morte viri cupiant animam servare catellæ.
 Occurrunt multæ tibi Belides, atque Eriphylæ.
 Mane Clytemnestram nullus non vicus habebit. 560
 Hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem
 Insulsam & fatuam dextrâ lævâque tenebat.
 At nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetæ :
 Sed tamen & ferro, si prægustaret Atrides
 Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina Regis. 565

553. *Ut faxa jugis.*] He had plainly Homer's and Virgil's Simile in his eye II. XIII. 137. *Æn.* XII. 684. which the young reader is requested to consult.

As an allusion to this most beautiful simile, it has a strong effect; otherwise it is too concisely expressed.

565. *Ter victi.*] Mithridates, the inventor of an antidote against poison, was conquered by Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey.

Guard you your lives, and trust not any meal :
The richest cates a mother's bane conceal.

What, woman hands the very child she bore,
Let him not touch, or some one taste before :
And let his tutor taste, with cautious lips,
The proffer'd bowl, and tremble while he sips.

But feign we this ? does satire burst her bounds
And take the tragic buskin's loftier sounds ?
Deal we in high exaggerated lies,

And mouthe out crimes unknown to Latian skies ?
Would it were all a fiction, that you read !

But Pontia cries, " 'tis true, I did the deed,

" I poison'd my own children, I agree :

" The deed's detected, and was done by me."

What, two ? two sons, thou viper, in one day ?

" Yes, sev'n," she cries, " had sev'n been in my way."

What's of Medea and of Procne told

Are facts, we see, not idle tales of old.

Monstrous the deeds they dar'd, I must allow ;

But ours exceed ; for gain's the motive, now.

That crimes of tragic horror should arise

From female wrath, can't move our just surprize :

In reason weak, when passion fires their soul,

Like rocks, torn from a mountain-brow, they roll,

Impetuous, furious, with resistless force ;

No checks of conscience can restrain their course.

They see upon the stage a pious wife

Redeeming with her own her husband's life ;

Yet they could wish a husband in his grave,

If, by that wish, they could a lap-dog save.

The Belides in shoals arrest our eyes :

A Clytemnestra every street supplies :

But here's the diff'rence : awkward, clumsy, slow,

With dull and haggling ax she gave the blow :

But now a little bane, with quick device

And gentle force, dispatches in a trice :

Yet should some dose guard husbands from attacks,

Wives still, in such a case, can wield an ax.

S A T I R A VII.

ET spes, & ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantùm:
 Solus enim tristes hâc tempestate Camœnas
 Respexit, cum jam celebres notique Poëtæ
 Balneolum Gabiis, Romæ conducere furnos
 Tentarent; nec fœdum alii nec turpe putarent
 Præcones fieri; cum, desertis Aganippes
 Vallibus, esuriens migraret in atria Clio.
 Nam, si Pieriâ quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ
 Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machæræ;
 Et vendas potius, commissâ quod auctio vendit
 Stantibus, cenophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas,
 Alcithoen Pacci, Thebas & Terea Fausti.
 Hoc satius, quam si dicas, sub iudice, vidi,

Quod

This satire describes the hardships and discouragements, under which learning laboured in the poet's days. Exact in its method; it pursues the subject regularly through the several classes of poets, historians, lawyers, rhetoricians, and grammarians; and, lively in its expression, it indulges strokes of humour, as objects of ridicule occasionally arise under each head.

It is immaterial to enquire, who the emperor was, whom he mentions in the introduction; as it seems to be but an ironical compliment, merely to save appearances. But the most probable conjecture is, that Domitian was the emperor meant, for these two reasons among others. There is both a vigour and incorrectness in it, which seem to bespeak a juvenile hand; and, of course, to prove that it is one of his first essays now extant. Q. Matho is mentioned here, as a poor lawyer. In the first satire (written afterwards as an introduction to his whole pieces) we find him mounted in his new chair, grown great and opulent by his infamous traffic in informations during the latter part of that tyrant's reign.

2. *Respexit.*

S A T I R E VII.

LEARNING's sole hopes and prospects now depend
 On Cæsar; now the muses' only friend.
 Poets, before, of great and just renown,
 Wish'd some poor bath in some neglected town,
 Or here at Rome, some baker's paltry shed,
 Or e'en a cryer's meaner trade for bread;
 While half-starv'd Clio purpos'd, in disgust,
 To quit her vales and take a porter's trust.
 'Twas right: for, if from verse no profits flow,
 And bays be All, Pierian shades bestow;
 Better to vend, in a poor salesman's post,
 'Midst squabbling crowds, to him who bids the most,
 Old casks, shelves, chests, crackt stools, and rusty pots,
 With rhyming lumber *eking out* the lots:
 Paccius and Faustus! thus, your plays became
 A bidding rabble's laughing-stock and game!

Better

3. *Respexit.*] "To view with pity, as a deity:" as *Libertas*,
quæ sera tamen respexit inertem. VIRG.

7. *In atria Clio.*] The most probable account of this strong
 hyperbole is the Scholiast's; that some man of genius and learning
 was obliged to take the office of a porter for bread. The other
 sense of a "beggar or dependent," adopted by others, is contrary
 to the general spirit of the satire; for this supposes that the great
 would do nothing for poets by way of reward.

10. *Commisſa auſtio.*] A military term, very happily expressive
 of the noise and squabbles usual at auctions.

Quod non vidisti: Faciant Equites Asiani
 Quamquam, & Cappadoces faciant, Equitesq; Bithy-
 Altera quos nudo traducit Gallia talo. [ni, 15]

Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
 Cogetur posthac, nescit quicumque canoris
 Eloquentium vocale modis, laurumque momordit.
 Hoc agite, o juvenes: circumspicit, & stimulat vos,
 Materiamque sibi Ducis indulgentia quaerit. [20]

Si qua aliunde putas rerum expectanda tuarum
 Praesidia, atque ideò croceae membrana tabellae
 Impletur; lignorum aliquid posce ocyus, & quae
 Componis, dona Veneris, Telesine, marito: 25
 Aut claude, & positos tineae pertunde libellos.
 Frange miser calamos, vigilataque praelia dele,
 Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
 Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrae.
 Spes nulla ulterior: didicit jam dives avarus 30
 Tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,
 Ut pueri Junonis avem. Sed defluit aetas,
 Et pelagi patiens, & cassidis, atque ligonis.
 Tædia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque, suamque
 Terpsichoren odit facunda & nuda senectus. 35

Accipe nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iste,
 Quem colis; & Musarum & Apollinis aede relictâ,
 Ipse facit versus, atque uni cedit Homero,
 Propter mille annos. At si dulcedine famae
 Succensus recites, Maculonus commodat aedes; 40
 Ac

16. *Altera Gallia.*] Galatia in Asia Minor, called so from a colony of Gauls who settled there.

Nudo talo.] See Note, Sat. I. 103.

18. *Nescit quicumque canoris.*] This contains the three qualifications of a good poet; imagination, *laurum momordit*; sentiment, *eloquentium*; diction and harmony of numbers, *modi canori*. Poets of fire and imagination were called *δαφνιφαγοί*. *Tertia conditio poetae est, ut divinitus inspiretur; quod fieri morsu lauri credidit antiquitas.*
 GRANG.

Better do thus ; than, in the courts of law,
To swear to things you never heard or saw ;
Tho' Asian knights can swear, from eastern climes
Imported here as slaves, to thrive by crimes.

But no one needs, in these blest days, complain
His studious labours are employ'd in vain ;
Who links bright thought in sweet harmonious lay,
And feels the heav'n-born rapture of the bay.
Arouse, young men, and think no labours hard :
Cæsar but pants for subjects of reward.

But if, poor fools, from other men you think
To get the price of parchment or of ink :
Call, call for faggots, light a blazing fire ;
And let your works in hopeless flames expire ;
Shut up your labours ; cast your pen away ;
Your study'd battles be to moths a prey !
What ? write sublime exalted verses, pent
In a small cell—that nobles may present
The half-starv'd wretched bard with barren praise,
With a lean bust bedeckt with hungry bays !
Hope nothing more : for, with tenacious hold,
The wealthy gripe their purses, keep their gold,
And praise, and only praise, the tuneful strain,
As children do the peacock's gaudy train.
Meantime, your stronger age and vigour fade,
That fit you for the sea, the camp, or spade :
And then, you'll curse too late, when want ensues,
Your tatter'd learning and your helpless muse.

Now mark your patron's arts to save his purse :
He too, in spite of nature, deals in verse ;
And yields to Homer—on no other score,
But that he liv'd a thousand years before.
But if they write not, then they kindly lend
A roomy house—if glory be your end :
Doors shall be shut, like towns in close blockade ;
Freedmen and clients, plac'd, with kind parade,

Ac longè ferrata domus servire jubetur,
 In quâ sollicitas imitatur janua portas.
 Scit dare libertos extremâ in parte sedentes
 Ordinis, & magnas comitum disponere voces.
 Nemo dabit regum, quanti subsellia consent, 45
 Et quæ conducto pendent anabathra tigillo,
 Quæque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.
 Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuiq; in pulvere sulcos
 Ducimus, & littus sterili versamus aratro.
 Nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi 50
 Consuetudo mali; tenet insanabile multos
 Scribendi cacoëthes, & ægro in corde fenescit.
 Sed Vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
 Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
 Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ; 55
 Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum,
 Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
 Impatiens, cupidus silvarum, aptusque bibendis
 Fontibus Aonidum. Neque enim cantare sub antro
 Pierio, thyrsūve potest contingere sana 60
 Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo, nocte dieque,
 Corpus eget. Satur est, cū dicit Horatius, Euhœ.
 Quis locus ingenio; nisi cū se carmine solo
 Vexant, & dominis Cirrhæ Nisæque feruntur
 Pectora nostra duas non admittentia curas? 65
 Magnæ

50. *Ambitiosi Consuetudo mali.*] See Note, Sat. III. 139.

53. *Sed vatem egregium.*] The qualifications of a good poet are expressed here again figuratively under the classical metaphor of coin. The metal is the thought; the current stamp, the language; the mould is the poet's glowing fancy. *Vena, moneta, feriat.* In this place, and the passage before, our author means the same as Horace,

*Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque es
 Magna Sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.*

Juvenal has improved his account by the subsequent line, *hunc qualem nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*: for here is the feeling of true

And at due distance seated near the door,
 Shall, with vast raptures, bellow out, *encore* !
 This patrons do : but none the cash produce,
 To hire a temporary stage for use.
 Yet we, weak fools, persist : with idle toil,
 We plow the sand, and till a hungry soil.
 For, ah ! poor poets can't renounce the quill :
 The foolish love of praise, a settled ill,
 Leads them, as by a halter dragg'd, in spite
 Of all their better purposes, to write :
 Scribbling's vile itch, of many the disease,
 Admits no cure ; for remedies displease.

The genuine bard, in whose immortal lines,
 The sterling thought in purest language shines,
 Pour'd warm from fancy's mint in nature's dress ;
 He, whom I scarce conceive and can't express :
 This man is fashion'd by a soul at ease,
 Whom neither cares perplex, nor troubles tease :
 Fond of the woods, sweet solitude his joy,
 To quaff th' Aonian streams his lov'd employ.
 Cold want damps fancy, quenches all its rays :
 Bacchus fir'd Horace, when he wrote his praise.
 No bosom can two struggling cares admit :
 What room, what chance for sportive flights of wit,
 Unless the Poet's only care be song,
 And naught obstruct him, as he rolls along ;
 Unless he all his raptur'd powers resign
 To the two gods of poesy and wine ?

No

true taste (to which Longinus generally refers us) which is above all rule and all description. *Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere*, yet remains to be explained. *Deducere* is properly an image taken from spinning, and thus makes a disagreeable confusion of metaphors. But we must suppose, that *deducere versus* was a phrase grown now quite familiar by common use, and therefore equivalent to the plain direct phrase, as Sat. VI. 284. It is meant, then, to soften the metaphor in the circumstance that follows (which would otherwise be harsh) and thus render it both intelligible and pleasing.

Magnæ mentis opus, nec de Iodice parandâ
 Attonitæ, currus & equos, faciesque Deorum
 Aspicere & qualis Rutulum confundat Erinnyes.
 Nam si Virgilio puer & tolerabile deesset
 Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri : 70
 Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina. Poscimus ut sit
 Non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa cothurno ;
 Cujus & alveolos & lænam pignerat Atreus ?

Non habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico ;
 Quintillæ quod donet habet : nec defuit illi 75
 Undè emeret multâ pascendum carne leonem
 Jam domitum. Constat leviori bellua sumptu
 Nimirum ; & capiunt plus intestina Poëtæ !
 Contentus famâ jaceat Lucanus in hortis
 Marmoreis : at Sarrano, tenuique Saleio 80
 Gloria quantalibet, quid erit, si gloria tantum est ?
 Curritur ad vocem jucundam, & carmen amicæ
 Thebaïdos, lætam fecit cum Statius urbem,
 Promisitque diem : tantâ dulcedine captos
 Afficit ille animos, tantâque libidine vulgi 85
 Auditur : sed cùm fregit subsellia versu,
 Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.

Ille & militiæ multis largitur honorem.
 Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro.

Quod

68. *Aspicere.*] In the language of poetry, persons are said to do, what they feel or describe well ; as

----- et quisquis amores

Aut metuet dulces, aut experietur amores. VIRG.

73. *Pignerat Atreus.*] Some give this a different sense. But the translation follows the most generally received meaning of the word. *Qui, dum componit tragædiam de Atreo, ut vitam sustentare possit, pignori opponit alveolos. GRANG.*

87. *Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.*] This line occasioned his banishment into Egypt, according to the Scholiast: a story, which, though false in part, (as mentioned in the Chronology) yet confirms the opinion advanced in the first note on this satire.

89. *Semestri.*

No household cares that poet's mind control'd
Who could, with fervid energy, unfold
The deeds of gods; and paint the fury's look,
When Turnus with convulsive horrors shook!
Virgil's warm mansion was with plenty stor'd,
And well-drest slaves attended at his board;
Else had no snakes hiss'd round Alecto's head;
Her trump had fill'd no reader's soul with dread.
Can Lappa give his Atreus the sublime—
At pawn his cloak and dishes all the time?

When a friend asks him, Numitor is poor;
But gives with lib'ral spirit to his whore.
To feed his lion, carcases are bought;
But on a wit he can't expend a thought;
Or thinks, perhaps, and frugally computes,
A poet's paunch is costlier than—his brute's.
Well may applauses noble Lucan please,
Writing in marble gardens at his ease:
But say, can acclamation's loudest peal
Supply the poor Sarranus with a meal?
When Statius, fav'rite bard of Rome, prepares,
With a rehearsal, to regale our ears;
See, with what joy transported numbers throng;
Charm'd with the music of his voice and song!
Yet, tho' admirers, as the bard repeats,
With joy outrageous, break the very seats;
He must, alas! to Paris sell at last
A virgin play, before he breaks his fast.

Paris too deals forth military rights:
Some by his bounty strut about as knights.
What nobles give not, lo! an actor gives!
Who would hereafter hang on great men's sleeves?

Who,

89. *Semestri.*] There was, in this age, an honorary military commission, called *semestris tribunatus militum*, which was sometimes conferred on favourites, though they belonged not to the army. The commission was but for the term of six months, but entitled persons

Quod non dant procures, dabit histrio. Tu Camerinos,
Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas? [90
Præfectos Pelopea facit, Philomela Tribunos.

Haud tamen inideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.
Quis tibi Mecænas? Quis nunc erit aut Proculeius,
Aut Fabius? Quis Cotta iterum? Quis Lentulus alter?
Tunc par ingenio pretium: Tunc utile multis [95
Pallere, & vinum toto nescire Decembri.

Vester porrò labor fœcundior, historiarum
Scriptores: petit hic plus temporis, atque olei plus.
Namque oblita modi millesima pagina surgit 100
Omnibus, & crescit multâ damnosa papyro.
Sic ingens rerum numerus jubet, atq; operum lex.
Quæ tamen inde seges? Terræ quis fructus aperta?
Quis dabit historico quantum daret acta legenti?

Sed genus ignavum, quod lecto gaudet & umbra: 105
Dic igitur quid causidicis civilia præsent
Officia, & magno comites in fasce libelli?
Ipsi magna sonant; sed tunc cum creditor audit
Præcipuè, vel si tetigit latus acrior illo,
Qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen. 110
Tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia folles,
Conspuiturque sinus. Veram deprendere messem
Si libet: hinc centum patrimonia causidicorum,
Parte aliâ solum Ruffati pone Lacertæ.

Confedere

to the Equestrian ring, and probably to some other privileges. Pliny, Ep. IV. 4. means this in his request to Sossius the consul for a particular friend there named. *Hunc ergo rogo semestri tribunatu splendidiorem facias*; and this is what Juvenal means here. Turnebus, who explains it of the winter and summer rings, worn by the luxurious (mentioned Sat. I. 28.) is mistaken. SALM. *Plin. Exer.* p. 320.

97. *Vinum toto nescire Decembri.*] He seems to allude to Horace: *Ab ipsis Saturnalibus huc fugisti Sobrius.*

105. *Lecto.*] The common reading is *lecto*. The bed was used for study.

114. *Ruffati pone Lacertæ.*] Amongst the various senses given this difficult line, the translation takes the following. *Lacerta* is the

Who, but an idiot, useleſs homage pay?
Want you preferment? You muſt write a play.

And yet you need not envy or repine
At the poor gains of the theatric line:
Where's the Mecænas and the reſt that grac'd
The golden age of poetry and taſte?
'Twas then worth while, indeed, to ply the muſe,
And all December's jollities reſuſe!

II. Well, then: hiſtorians, let us now review,
Whether a grateful world beſtows your due.
Much time you ſpend, and waſte whole caſks of oil;
Whole reams of paper ſink beneath your toil:
The cauſes, modes, effects of each event
Muſt be ſketch'd out in full and juſt extent;
Theſe muſt be colour'd; or your labours fail:
The thouſandth page ſcarce bounds the long detail.
But what's the fruit? Ah! what hiſtorian fees
Th' amount of ev'n a common ſcriv'ner's fees?

III. But ſay, hiſtorians are an idle clan:
Unfit for buſineſs; ſhade and eaſe their plan.
Try, then, the lawyers: they for uſe are made;
Hörſe-loads their briefs; and active ſtrife their trade.
The client by, loud pours the wordy tide,
And ſtill more loud, whene'er *he* jogs their ſide,
Who comes to claim ſome old and deſp'rate debt:
Then, gods! what gabble! how they're bath'd in ſweat!
Their lungs, like lab'ring bellows, ceafeleſs blow:
Lies from their mouths immeaſurably flow:
And all their boſom foams with froth below—
Yet weigh a hundred lawyers' fortunes;—ſee,
They're nothing to a red-coat jockey's fee!

H 6

The

the name of a charioteer; *ruffati* ſignifies one of the red faction, which ſeems to have been the favourite party at the time when this ſatire was written, as the green was when the eleventh was written. XI. 195. There is an accurate account of theſe factions, Kenner, V. 2.

Confedere Duces : furgis tu pallidus Ajax, 115
 Dicturus dubiâ pro libertate, Bubulco
 Judice. Rumpe miser tensum jecur, ut tibi lasso
 Figantur virides scalarum gloria palmæ.

Quod vocis pretium ? Siccus petasunculus, & vas
 Pelamidum, aut veteres, Afrorum epimenia, bulbi;
 Aut vinum Tiberi devectum, quinque lagenæ, [120
 Si quater egisti ; si contigit aureus unus,
 Inde cadunt partes, ex fœdere, pragmaticorum.

Æmilio dabitur quantum petet : & meliùs nos
 Egimus. Hujus enim stat currus aheneus, alti 125
 Quadrijuges in vestibulis, atque ipse feroci
 Bellatore sedens curvatum hastile minatur
 Eminùs, & statuâ meditatur prælia luscâ.
 Sic Pedito conturbat, Matho deficit ; exitus hic est
 Tongilli, magno cum rhinocerote lavari 130
 Qui solet, & vexat lutulentâ balnea turbâ,
 Perque forum juvenes longo premit affere Medos,
 Empturus pueros, argentum, myrrhina, villas.
 Spondet enim Tyrio stalaria purpura filo.
 Et tamen hoc ipsis est utile : purpura vendit 135
 Caufidicum, vendunt amethystina : convenit illis
 Et strepitu, & facie majoris vivere censûs.
 Sed finem impensæ non servat prodiga Roma.
 Ut redeant veteres, Ciceroni nemo ducentos

Nunc

131. *Vexat lutulenta.*] Both the number and shabbiness of his retinue are here intended. The Romans, it seems, were more attentive to the number of their attendants than the finery of their dress. Sat. I. 85.

134. *Stalaria.*] *Stalota* is an Illyric piratical ship : hence *stalaria* signifies "deceitful."

The court is fat: Lord Calf the bench ascends:
 You rise, and speak: the client's All depends.
 Burst, burst your lungs, and sweat at ev'ry pore;
 That, when your hard and anxious task is o'er,
 Some dangling branches may the garret tell,
 Where you, the great, victorious pleader, dwell!
 What else your wages? can as such be taken
 Shads, rotten Afric onions, rusty bacon,
 Your usual pay? or Tuscan wine—five flasks—
 If four long briefs have been your hardy tasks?
 Or if, at best, a piece of gold's your fare;
 Solicitors go snacks, and have their share.

“Happy Æmilius gets what he demands.”
 Yes, in his court a car triumphal stands:
 Himself, in state equestrian, aims afar
 His threat'ning lance, and meditates a war:
 Pedo and Matho, thus, poor bankrupts are;
 And thus must end Tongillus' transient glare;
 Though now the pageant to the bath be born
 With oil in vast rhinoceros's horn,
 Follow'd by tag-rag slaves, who crowd the street,
 Spatt'ring with dirt themselves and all they meet;
 Or, thro' the forum by stout chairmen brought,
 In show to purchase (tho' without a groat)
 Slaves, or fine vessels, or some country feat:
 His specious purple helping on the cheat.
 Oft the trick answers: purple, sprucely nice,
 Helps to improve the well-drest pleader's price.
 It helps the trade to live in high pretence:
 Rome sets no rate or measure to expence.
 Should Tully come again, e'en he would stand
 Unnotic'd, if no brilliant grac'd his hand.
 The plaintiffs ask—“What figure does he make?”
 Eight slaves, ten followers, are the least they take!

“Attends

Nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit annulus ingens. 140
 Respicit hoc primum qui litigat, an tibi servi
 Octo, decem comites, post te an sit sella, togati
 Ante pedes. Ideò conductâ Paulus agebat
 Sardonyche, atq; ideò pluris, quàm Cossus agebat,
 Quàm Basilus. Rara in tenui facundia panno. 145
 Quando licet flentem Basilo producere matrem?
 Quis benè dicentem Basilum ferat? Accipiat te
 Gallia, vel potius nutricula caufidicorum
 Africa, si placuit mercedem imponere linguæ!
 Declamare doces, ô ferrea pectora Vestî, 150
 Cum perimit sævos classis numerosa Tyrannos?
 Nam quæcunq; sedens modò legerat, hæc eadem stans
 Perferet, atque eadem cantabit versibus iisdem.
 Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros. [155
 Quis color, & quod sit causæ genus, atque ubi summa
 Quæstio, quæ veniant diversâ parte sagittæ,
 Scire volunt omnes; mercedem solvere nemo.
 Mercedem appellas? quid enim scio? culpa docentis
 Scilicet arguitur, quod lævâ in parte mamillæ
 Nil salit Arcadico juveni, cujus mihi sextâ 160
 Quâque die miserum dirus caput Annibal implet.
 Quicquid id est, de quo deliberat; an petat urbem
 A Cannis; an post nimbos & fulmina cautus
 Circumagat madidas à tempestate cohortes.

Quantumvis

146. *Flentem producere matrem.*] The relations all clad in mourning, usually attended the accused person, in order to move compassion. There are frequent examples in Cicero's orations.

152. *Nam quæcunque.*] The translation understands this of the master, not the scholar (as some do;) taking *lego* for the compound *prælego*, and reading *perferet* for *proferet*; for which there is MS. authority.

153. *Eadem.*] A master's drudgery is well expressed in this Greek saying: Οἱ αὐτοὶ περὶ τῶν αὐτῶν τοῖς αὐτοῖς τὰ αὐτὰ.
 GRANG.

155. *Quis*

“ Attends a chair? dependents walk before?”
 “ If not, the man’s a dunce (they cry) and poor.”
 Hence Paulus seeks in borrow’d rings relief:
 While Basilus, poor fellow, wants a brief;
 Deem’d but a dolt, how well so e’er he spoke:
 Worth’s not acknowledg’d in a tatter’d cloke.—
 To Gaul, or wrangling Africa withdraw,
 Thou fool, if thou’lt have value for thy law!

IV. Hard is this case; but harder still the next:
 With what worse ills are rhetoricians vex’d!
 O Vectius, made of iron, not of clay!
 Bear’st thou declaiming boys from day to day?
 Hear’st thou large classes in succession bawl
 O’er some fell tyrant’s deeds and tragic fall!
 Dire revolution! round and round it brings,
 Still in the self-same words the self-same things!
 Hash’d and rehash’d, the repetition cloy;
 And, a slow rack, with ling’ring death destroys.
 The kind and state of cases all would know;
 And how the proofs from diff’rent topics flow;
 Each shrewd objection how to do away—
 This all would know, but all dislike the pay.
 “ The pay indeed! what learnt he since he came?”
 The boy’s an ass, the master bears the blame!
 The hapless master has not done his part;
 Because the blockhead wants a pulse at heart!
 And yet his Hannibal, each sixth day read,
 Has stunn’d the master’s ears and aching head;
 His theme, that chief; the *when* and *where* he ought,
 To have besieg’d, retir’d, and bravely fought.

Stake

155. *Quis color.*] The several parts of rhetoric are here intended. The nature of the case *genus*; the state of the case, *summa quaestio*; the topics and arguments, *color*; the objections, *sagittæ*.

164. *Circumagat madidas*] Hannibal was repulsed by a tempest, when he came to attack Rome.

Quantumvis stipulare, & protinus accipe quod do, 165
 Ut toties illum pater audiat. Ast alii sex
 Et plures uno conclamant ore sophistæ,
 Et veras agitant lites, raptore relicto :
 Fusa venena silent, malus ingratusque maritus,
 Et quæ jam veteres sanant mortaria cæcos. 170
 Ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra movebunt
 Consilia, & vitæ diversum iter ingreditur,
 Ad pugnam qui rhetoricâ descendit ab umbra,
 Summula ne pereat, quâ vilis tessera vænit
 Frumenti: quippe hæc merces lautissima. Tenta 176
 Chrysogonus quanti doceat, vel Pollio quanti
 Latorum pueros, artem scindens Theodori.

Balnea sexcentis, & pluris porticus, in quâ
 Gestetur dominus quoties pluit; anne serenum
 Exspectet, spargatque luto jumenta recenti? 180
 Hic potius: namq; hic mundæ nitet ungula mulæ.
 Parte aliâ longis Numidarum fulta columnis
 Surgat, & algentem rapiat cœnatio solem.
 Quanticumque domus, veniet qui fercula doctè
 Componit, veniet qui pulmentaria condit. 185

Hos

171. *Ergo Sibi dabit ipse rudem.*] The common construction is;
 "Therefore the rhetorician who turns real pleader, if he is wise
 "and takes my advice, will quit that business too, *sibi dabit rudem.*"
 But this wants connection: it is a conclusion without any pre-
 mises: the hardships of lawyers had been explained before, and
 concluded with great spirit in these words, *Accipiat te Gallia,*
 &c. 147.

The translation understands it of Vectius and his fellow labourers
 in teaching rhetoric. "Therefore Vectius himself, if he is wise,
 "will make out his own discharge and follow the example of the
 "rhetoricians, just mentioned before, who were obliged out of
 "necessity to take to the bar."

This sense, however, requires *quæ* instead of *qui*, agreeing with
vitæ, or the antecedent *eius* to be understood, like *accusator erit*, &c.
 Sat. I. 153.

175. *Summula*

Stake what you will, I'll bet you, that no gold
 Makes fathers bear this tale so often told !
 Hence some of these neglected men are seen
 To take up real suits, in meer chagrin ;
 They quit fictitious causes for the true :
 No more invectives Helen's rape pursue ;
 Medea's poison, Jason's perjur'd truth,
 Pelias' false hopes, and Æson's second youth.
 And Vectius too, (unless the man's a fool)
 Will take a diff'rent line, and shut up school ;
 And, with the wiser brethren of the trade,
 Plead real causes too and quit the shade.
 This, as times go, is, sure, the better cast ;
 Lest a corn ticket be his want at last.
 For, heav'ns ! what get the noblest in the art,
 Chrysogonus and Pollio, though by heart
 They know the rules which Theodore laid down,
 And teach the best-born children of the town ?

No, no : the man of taste his money spends
 To other purposes, for nobler ends !
 His bath requires at least five thousand pounds :
 His portico exceeds these modest bounds !
 A portico's a thing, he must provide !
 He must in rain beneath its shelter ride !
 For 'tis not right his mule should soil her feet,
 Like common horses ; in the dirty street !
 Elsewhere a sumptuous dining room must rise,
 To catch the coolest aspect of the skies,
 On marble pillars built, all richly wrought ;
 All from Numidia's distant quarries brought !
 And tho' the charges of the house be such,
 The cook and butler next must cost as much !

Amidst

175. *Summula ne pereat*] The poorer Romans were fed monthly with corn out of the public granaries, and had tickets (which were transferrable) which entitled the bearer to a certain quantity.

Hos inter sumptus festeria Quintiliano,
 Ut multum, duo sufficient: res nulla minoris
 Constabit patri, quam filius. Unde igitur tot
 Quintilianus habet saltus? Exempla novorum
 Fatorum transi: felix & pulcher & acer, 190
 Felix & sapiens & nobilis & generosus
 Appositam nigræ lunam subtextit alutæ:
 Felix, orator quoque maximus, & jaculator,
 Et, si perfrixit, cantat bene. Distat enim, quæ
 Sidera te excipiant, modò primos incipientem 195
 Edere vagitus, & adhuc a matre rubentem.
 Si FORTUNA volet, fies de Rhetore Consul:
 Si volet hæc eadem, fies de Consule Rhetor.
 Ventidius quid enim? Quid Tullius? Anne aliud quam
 Sidus, & occulti miranda potentia fati? 200
 Servis regna dabunt, captivis fata triumphos.
 Felix ille tamen, corvo quoque rarior albo.
 Pœnituit multos vanæ sterilisque cathedræ,
 Sicut Thrasy Machi probat exitus, atque Secundi
 Carrinatis: & hunc inopem vidistis, Athenæ, 205
 Nil præter gelidas ausæ conferre cicutas.
 Dii majorum umbris tenuem & sine pondere terram,
 Spirantesque crocos, & in urnâ perpetuum ver,
 Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis
 Esse loco. Metuens virgæ jam grandis Achilles 210
 Cantabat

192. *Lunam subtextit alutæ.*] For the *calcei lunati* see Kennet, V. 8. Domitian advanced Quintilian to senatorial rank, but not to the consulate (as some say;) for his name does not appear in the *Fasti Consulares*.

206. *Nil præter gelidas.*] This is no superfluous circumstance: it heightens the distress. The poor rhetorician had but little to expect in a city, where the wisest of men, Socrates himself, was treated only with a dose of hemlock.

Amidst this wild profusion of expence,
 Quintilian gets—and this is thought immense—
 Just pounds sixteen per ann:—behold! 'tis plain,
 Fathers pay least to stock their sons with brain!
 “Whence has Quintilian, then, his large estate?”
 Quote not an instance of peculiar fate:
 He rose, I know not how, by lucky hit:
 The lucky man has all things—beauty, wit,
 Sapience, high blood, the senatorial shoe,
 Is a great speaker, a fine reas'ner too;
 And, ev'n when hoarse, sings heav'nly—such the pow'r
 Of stars presiding o'er the natal hour!
 'Tis strange, how vary'd are our states and ranks,
 As fortune's pleas'd to play her wayward pranks!
 A sophist here, as consul, see, ascends!
 And there a consul in a sophist ends!
 What made Ventidius? what made Tullus rise?
 The wond'rous pow'r of fate and friendly skies!
 Thus, in wild whirl, as fortune smiles and frowns,
 Captives get triumphs, slaves ascend to crowns.
 But then, observe, these lucky fav'rites are,
 Like the white crow, but sights extremely rare.
 Hence oft have masters from the chair retir'd,
 Disgusted: one by his own hands expir'd:
 Another begg'd, O Athens, in thy streets,
 Where hemlock's all the fare, the wisest meets.
 May gentlest earth our fathers' shades inclose;
 Light be their turf, and peaceful their repose!
 Forth from their urns the breathing crocus fling
 The balmy sweets of an eternal spring!
 Who will'd, that to the tutor should be show'd
 The filial rev'rence, to a parent ow'd!
 His father's hills the great Achilles trod
 Full grown; yet sung, obedient to the rod;

And

Cantabat patriis in montibus : & cui non tunc
Eliceret risum citharædi cauda magistri ?

Sed Ruffum atque alios cædit sua quæque juvenus :
Ruffum, qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.

Quis gremio Enceladi, doctique Palæmonis affert 215
Quantum Grammaticus meruit labor ? Et tamen ex hoc,
Quodcumque est (minus est autem, quam rhetoris æra)
Discipuli custos præmordet Accenitus ipse,
Et qui dispensat frangit sibi. Cede, Palæmon,
Et patere inde aliquid decrescere ; non alitèr, quàm
Institor hybernæ tegetis, niveique cadurci : [220
Dummodò non pereat, mediæ quòd noctis ab horâ
Sedisti, quâ nemo faber, quâ nemo federet,
Qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro :
Dummodò non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas, 225
Quot stabant pueri, cùm totus decolor esset
Flaccus, & hæreret nigro fuligo Maroni.

Rara tamen merces, quæ cognitione Tribuni
Non egeat. Sed vos sævas imponite leges,
Ut præceptorum verborum regula constet ; 230
Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes,
Tanquam unguis digitosq; suos, ut forte rogatus
Dum petit aut Thermas aut Phœbi balnea, dicat
Nutricem Anchisæ, nomen patriamque novercæ
Anchemoli ; dicat quot Acestes vixerit annos, 235
Quot

219. *Cede, Palæmon.*] The poet honours some excellent grammarian of his own time with this name; for Palæmon lived in Tiberius's reign. We have his life in Suetonius.

228 *Cognitione tribuni.*] Not a tribune of the people; but one of the *tribuni æarii*, to whom the cognizance of these smaller complaints belonged.

And, tho' grotesque the master's make and tail ;
 Yet rev'rence o'er the blemish spread a veil.
 But now our youths invert the good old rule ;
 Ev'n Ruffus' boys dare call their master fool ;
 Ruffus the great ! dread critic of our age,
 Who finds the Gallic phrase in Tully's page !

V. Let poor grammarians close this dire survey :
 Now mark their labours and their scanty pay !
 Palæmon teaches well, the town agrees :
 And yet who gives him his proportion'd fees ?
 Small as they are (short of the sophist's share)
 The slave, who of *young master* takes the care,
 Dribs some, the steward some — alas ! how small
 The poor remains, which to the teacher fall !
 Yield, yield, Palæmon, like the huckster, bate ;
 Bate something of your just and honest rate ;
 Content, that some small pittance yet remains,
 To pay your midnight studies, constant pains ;
 That not in vain you rose by break of day,
 (While all at ease ev'n poor mechanics lay)
 Nor bore in vain with patient lungs the stench
 Of lamps in each boy's hands on ev'ry bench :
 Around the vapours rise all foul and dank ;
 Virgil, all sooty ; Horace all a blank.

Nay more : their pay (to aggravate their lot)
 Without a lawsuit's rarely to be got.
 Go on, ye parents, cruel laws enact ;
 Claim from a master knowledge most exact ;
 Require his having at his fingers' end
 Whate'er the poets and historians penn'd ;
 Require his telling at a moment's warning
 (What lies beyond the reach of human learning)
 Anchises' nurse, Anchemolus' stepdame,
 What her unmention'd country ; what her name ?
 Acestes' age ; how many casks, demand ;
 That prince at parting gave the Trojan band ?

Bid

Quot Sículus Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas.
 Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
 Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit : exigite ut sit
 Et pater ipsius cœtûs, ne turpia ludant.
 Hæc, inquit, cures ; &, cùm se verterit annus, 240
 Accipe, victori populus quod postulat, aurum.

241. *Quod postulat aurum.*] The stated reward allotted to a successful charioteer were five *aurei*; *nec licebat amplius dare*. This, if we value the *aureus* at sixteen shillings and a penny three farthings made about four pounds. The poet's complaint, therefore, is, that the charioteer got in an hour, as much as the poor grammarian did by a whole year's toil and vexation. SCHOL. HOL.

S A T I R A VIII.

STEMMATA quid faciunt? Quid prodest, Pontice,
 longo
 Sanguine cenferi, pictosque ostendere vultus
 Majorum, & stantes in curribus Æmilianos,
 Et Curios jam dimidios, humeroque minorem
 Corvinum, & Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem? ;
 Quis

This satire consists of three parts. The first supports a very serious and important truth, that the nobility, which is acquired by virtue, is lost by vice. The second part laments the grievous oppression under which the provinces groaned, and gives the rules of a good administration; and the connection is tolerably easy, as the office generally fell upon persons of rank. The third part adduces particular examples both of good and bad characters, illustrative of the general subject.

The first and second are drawn up with Juvenal's usual carelessness of genius, both in sentiment and versification. The third is, for the most part, a collection of historical examples, which, though pertinent, yet are but trite; and not enlivened (as old topics ought to be) with novelty and curious felicity of expression.

1. *Stemma.*

Bid him, besides, his hourly pains employ
To form the tender manners of the boy,
To mold, like ductile wax, with curious art,
The struggling tempers of the motley heart;
His whole School's parent! and, with watchful care,
Ward off the dangers, which frail youth ensnare.
Require all this — then generously say
At the year's end, "here, take your fee" — the pay
Which victor charioteers obtain a day!

S A T I R E VIII.

I. **W**HAT profits lineage? what avails the pride
Of blood that rolls a long-descended tide?
Or what avails, in featur'd wax, to show
Those men, from whom high blood and lineage flow,
Rang'd round a hall with ostentatious taste?
Tho' some are chiefs with cars triumphal grac'd?
Nay some so old, that, faithless to their trust,
Their frail memorials moulder into dust;

That

1. *Stemma.*] Properly the original root of a pedigree, called so from the Greek *στέμμα* "a crown;" because it was enclosed in a circle of that form; afterwards it signified the lines, which connect the descents. GRANG.

2. *Pictosque ostendere vultus.*] The poet very properly uses *vultus*; for the Roman images were but busts. As these were made of wax, *fictus* was the proper word: but the correct Horace has in many MSS. *pictus* too in this sense,

ac neque picto

In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam. Ep. II. 1.

3. *Æmilianos.*] This is an adoptive name. It means not, then, P. Æmilius; but his son adopted into the Scipio family. GRANG.

To

Quis fructus generis tabulâ jactare capaci
 Corvinum, posthac multâ deducere virgâ
 Fumosos Equitum cum Dictatore Magistros,
 Si coram Lepidis malè vivitur? Effigies quò
 Tot bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
 Ante Numantinos? Si dormire incipis ortu
 Luciferi, quò signa duces & castra movebant?
 [Quò mihi te, solitum falsas signare tabellas
 In templis, quæ fecit avus; statuamque parentis
 Ante triumphalem? Quò, si nocturnus adulter
 Tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo?
 Cur Allobrogicis & magnâ gaudeat arâ
 Natus in Herculeo Fabius Lare? Si cupidus, si
 Vanus, & Euganeâ quamtumvis mollior agnâ:
 Si tenerum attritus Catinenfi pumice lumbum
 Squallentes traducit avos: emptorque veneni
 Frangendâ miseram funestat imagine gentem?

Tota

To understand this exordium, we must consider that the proper names are used for common in this place; and that those particular families are mentioned, which were peculiarly distinguished by the qualities which the argument required. Thus, for instance, the Scipio's excelled most in triumphal honours; the Curii, Corvini, and Galba were the oldest, busts then extant. This being considered, the poet will be found to rise in a beautiful and natural climax, as pointed out in the translation. "What is the use of "busts—nay, triumphal busts—nay, those of the most venerable "antiquity—nay, the busts of men, who possessed the most exalted "honours of state, masterships of horse, and dictatorships?"

9. *Si coram Lepidis.*] Particular persons of that family were, we may suppose, eminently wicked at that time.

11 *Numantines.*] The younger Scipio Africanus got the surname of Numantinus from Numantia which he destroyed as well as Carthage. Some of the Scipio family were distinguished, we may suppose, in Juvenal's time, by the vice of gaming.

13. *Cur Allobrogibus*] Before this line, four lines are inserted from the middle of the satire. They destroy the connection where they

That without shoulders one poor form appears,
 And there another without nose or ears ?
 Nay, what avails the amplest Roll, where shoot
 Collateral branches from the parent root ;
 Tho', with the smoke of age distinguish'd, here
 Stand masters of the horse, dictators there ?
 How vain these honours, if the sons pursue
 A life, that's lewd, in their forefathers' view !
 If, in the view of chiefs renown'd in fight,
 Dice be the loose employment of your night !
 If you roll drunk to bed, at break of day,
 When they, decamp'd, had legions in array !
 Can'st thou attest forg'd wills, a wretch suborn'd,
 In temples by a father's bust adorn'd,
 Built by a grandfire ? Or by lust be led,
 Muffled by night, to some adult'rous bed ?
 Is Fabius by descending names avail'd,
 And by the altar, on his house entail'd,
 (Call'd the great altar to Alcides vow'd)
 When he is lewd effeminate and proud ?
 Does not his filthy bust the dead profane,
 Who smooths the skin of hair and trades in bane ?
 Tho'

they usually stand, but serve in this place to carry on the Climax of vices with very good effect ; gaming, *alea pernox* ; perjury, *falsas signare tabellas* ; adulterous intrigues, *nocturnus adulter* ; murder, *emptorque veneni*.

Allobrogibus.] The Fabian family had this title, because the Allobroges were conquered by one of that family. They had the right of perpetual priesthood at the altar of Hercules, called properly *Maxima*, though Juvenal here calls it *magna* only :

*Hanc aram luco statuit, quæ maxima Semper
 Dicetur nobis. Virg. Æn. VIII.*

Tota licet veteres exornent undique ceræ
Atria, NOBILITAS sola est atque unica virtus. 20

Paulus, vel Cossus, vel Drusus moribus esto:
Hos ante effigies majorum pone tuorum:
Præcedant ipsas illi, te consule, virgas.
Prima mihi debes animi bona. Sanctus haberi,
Justitiæque tenax factis dictisque mereris? 25
Agnosco procerem. Salve, Getulice, seu tu
Silanus, quocumque alio de sanguine rarus
Civis, & egregius patriæ contingis ovanti. X
Exclamare libet, populus quod clamat, Ofiri
Invento. Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui 30
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis? Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus:
Æthiopem cygnum: parvam extortamque puellam,
Europen: canibus pigris scabieque vetustâ
Lævibus, & siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ, 35
Nomen erit pardus, tigris, leo; si quid adhuc est,
Quod fremat in terris violentius. Ergo cavebis,
Et metues, ne tu sic Creticus, aut Camerinus.

His ego quem monui? Tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
Plaute. Tumes alto Drusorum sanguine, tanquam 40
Feceris ipse aliquid, propter quod nobilis esses;
Ut te conciperet, quæ sanguine fulget Iuli,
Non quæ ventoso conductâ sub aggere textit.

Vos

29. *Ofiri invento.*] See Note, Sat. VI. 438.

40. *Rubelli Plaute.*] The common reading is *Planæ*. But the poet most probably means Rubellius Plautus, mentioned by Tacitus, Ann. XIV. 22.

43. *Aggere.*] The *agger Tarquinii*, a rampart on the east side of the city, thrown up by Tarquin the Proud; a stupendous work of great use, as that part of the city lay upon a level with the country. It was a place, much frequented by the common rabble. Sat. V. 153.

Tho' waxen images adorn the hall,
 Arrang'd in pageant pomp o'er every wall,
 Vain all this show : in reason's sober eyes,
 Nobility in virtue only lies.

In morals be, what were the good of old,
 Dearer than statues their great virtues hold :
 Hold them, as consul, at a higher rate,
 Than all the splendid trappings of your state.
 'Th' endowments of the mind are what I claim :
 Is sanctity of life your generous aim ?
 Is justice in each word and action shown ?
 Why, then ; the real nobleman I own ;
 I own your right to the great name you bear,
 (Be it as sounding as e'er sooth'd the ear)
 Since you, with virtues equal to your blood,
 Have come, heav'n's blessing, for the public good :
 The state with such glad Pæans shall resound,
 As Egypt pours, her new Osiris found.
 For who can call him great, who, vile and base,
 Has nothing but the titles of his race ?
 A dwarf is call'd a giant oft ; a black
 A snowy swan ; a girl with crooked back
 A fair Europa ; or a cur bemang'd
 The fellest beast that e'er a desert rang'd :
 Ah ! tremble, lest, in mimickry the same,
 RIGHT HONOURABLE be your brand of shame.

To whom is this sage application made ?
 To you, Rubellius Plautus, who parade,
 Proud of the Drusian blood thro' your rich veins convey'd :
 As if, vain fool, some action of your own
 Made *her* the author of your birth, who shone
 Splendid in Julian blood ; not one, who sits
 By the town-wall and for her living knits.

Vos humiles, inquit, vulgi pars ultima nostri,
 Quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis. 45
 Ast ego Cecropides. Vivas, & originis hujus
 Gaudia longa feras : tamen imâ plebe Quiritem
 Facundum invenies. Solet hic defendere causas
 Nobilis indocti. Veniet de plebe togatâ
 Qui Juris nodos, & legum ænigmata solvat. 50
 Hic petit Euphraten juvenis, domitique Batavi
 Custodes aquilas, armis industrius : at tu
 Nil nisi Cecropides, truncoque simillimus Hermæ.
 Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine, quàm quòd
 Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago. 55

Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
 Quis generosa putet, nisi fortia ? Nempe volucrem
 Sic laudamus equum, facilis cui plurima palma
 Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo.
 Nobilis hic, quocumque venit de gramine, cujus 60
 Clara fuga ante alios, & primus in æquore pulvis.
 Sed venale pecus Corithæ, posteritas &
 Hirpini, si rara jugo victoria sedit.
 Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
 Umbrarum : dominos pretiis mutare jubentur 65
 Exiguis, tritòque trahunt epirhedia collo
 Segnipedes, dignique molam versare Nepotis.

Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
 Quod possim titulis incidere præter honores, [70
 Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

Hæc

58. *Cui plurima palma fervet.*] There is a personification and spirit of poetry here, which no translation can reach without running into a blameable diffusion. But the beautiful image of victory, seated upon the yoke, is not to be lost. It has something of Milton's sublime conception,

----- at his right hand, victory
 Sat eagled-wing'd. Par. Lost. VI.

“ You are, he cries, Rome’s meanest, vilest scum :
 “ None of you know from whence your fathers come :
 “ I’m born of Cecrops !” Mighty Cecrops, hail !
 Much joy attend your royalty en taille !
 Yet mark me : from the scum, which you despise,
 Some one, enrich’d with eloquence, shall rise,
 And save th’ illiterate noble in distress,—
 While the mute booby gapes at his success :
 Another shall the quibbles, which involve
 The law’s ambiguous sense, with wisdom solve :
 This to the confines of the empire go,
 And, great in arms, repel its fiercest foe ;
 While you, like Hermes’ busts, in vices sunk,
 Are nothing but a head, and shapeless trunk :
 This only diff’rence your poor pride secures :
 Their skull’s dead marble, living marble yours.

Tell me, great son of Troy, who minds the birth
 Of the brute animal that’s void of worth ?
 ’Tis thus we think the horse a generous steed,
 Wherever bred ; who, with the lightning’s speed,
 Sweeps off the palm, and makes hoarse shouts arise
 From pealing crowds in raptures of surprize.
 But foals of finest blood, whose ling’ring pace
 Indignant victory disdains to grace,
 Perch’d on their yoke ; these jades, which rarely win,
 Are sold away, spite of their mighty kin :
 Unnotic’d All, their glorious fathers did,
 Away they’re pack’d for any price that’s bid,
 And, with gall’d necks and lab’ring feet, in pain,
 They drag some baker’s mill or cumbrous wain.

That we may therefore honour you, not yours ;
 Add something to the fame your birth procures.
 We gratefully allow your fathers’ rank :
 Have you no more ? you’re but an arrant blank.

Hæc fatis ad juvenem, quem nobis fama superbam
 Tradit, & inflatum, plenúmque Nerone propinquo.
 Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
 Fortunâ. Sed te cenferi laude tuorum,
 Pontice, noluerim, sic ut nihil ipse futuræ 75
 Laudi agas. Miserum est aliorum incumbere famæ,
 Ne collapsa ruant subductis testa columnis.
 Stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos.
 Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
 Integer: ambiguæ si quando citabere testis 80
 Incertæque rei, Phalaris licèt imperet ut sis
 Falsus, & admoto dictet perjuriam tauro,
 Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
 Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.
 Dignus morte perit, cœnet licèt ostrea centum 85
 Gaurana, & Cosmi toto mergatur ahenò.
 Expectata diu tandem provincia cùm te
 Rectorem accipiet, pone iræ fræna modumque,
 Pone & avaritiæ; miserere inopum sociorum.
 Offa vides regum vacuis exhausta medullis. 90
 Respice

73. *Sensus communis.*] It is a wonder, the Delphin editor should mistake this phrase, when it had been so clearly ascertained by Casaubon before. It does not mean common understanding, but courtesy, civility, or, as a christian would speak, humility.

83. *Summum crede nefas.*] This sublime moral is indisputably taken from the gospel, however this heathen author came by it. "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." St. Luke. There is no such thing to be found in the rants of Stoicism. Do we doubt still? Read a little farther. *Dignus morte perit*; "the man is dead already, who deserves to die." The very words of St. Paul, 1 Tim. v. 6. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead already, while she liveth." For *cœnet licèt ostrea centum*, &c. is but a poetical paraphrase for what prose must express, but generally, in such terms as these; "She that liveth in pleasure."

It is not, indeed, contended, that this author knew any thing directly of christian truths: but it is indisputable from hence, that morality

Enough of this : this may or should restrain
The youth's swoln pride, with Nero's kindred vain.
Nor strange his pride ! 'tis an uncommon sight,
Where blood and true civility unite.

But you, my friend, I would not have you raise
Your fame upon hereditary praise.

Act you with virtue, to deserve a name :

'Tis poor relying on another's fame.

The column's fall the dome in ruin whelms :

And vines creep helpless, widow'd of their elms.

Be, as a soldier, brave ; a guardian, just ;

An umpire, be impartial in your trust :

A witness call'd, be strictly true and full ;

Tho' Phalaris were present with his bull,

And, threat'ning vengeance with tremendous eye,

Should dictate to your lips the perjur'd lie ;

Yet think it a flagitious deed, to choose,

For life's poor sake, your innocence to lose ;

To lose the ends, for which to life you came,

Merely to save a perishable frame.

The wretch, who lives in sin and merits death,

Is dead already, tho' possess'd of breath ;

Tho' he, with truest gust, rich feasts consumes,

And bathes him in an ocean of perfumes.

II. When you th' expected province have obtain'd,

Let headlong wrath and av'rice be restrain'd :

Pity our poor allies : see, kings bemoan,

They're drain'd e'en to the marrow in the bone.

Mark

morality was greatly improved at this time, at least by a REFLECTED LIGHT (as mentioned Sat. II. 19.) from the lives and conversations of christians. How else, it may be farther asked, came Seneca, Epictetus, and Antoninus to be so much superior to all their great predecessors of the Stoic school?

Respice quid moneant leges, quid Curia mandet;
Præmia quanta bonos maneant, quam fulmine iusto
Et Capito & Numitor ruerint, damnante senatu,
Piratæ Cilicum. Sed quid damnatio confert,
Cum Panfa eripiat quicquid tibi Natta reliquit? 95
Præconem; Chærippe, tuis circumspice pannis,
Jamque tace. Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.

Non idem gemitus olim, nec vulnus erat par
Damnorum, fociis florentibus, & modò victis.
Plena domus tunc omnis, & ingens stabat acervus 100
Nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchyliæ Coa,
Et cum Parrhasii tabulis signisque Myronis,
Phidiacum vivebat ebur, necnon Polycleti
Multus ubique labor; raræ sine Mentore mensæ.
Inde Dolabella est, atque hinc Antonius, inde 105
Sacrilegus Verres: referebant navibus altis
Occulta spolia, & plures de pace triumphos.

Nunc fociis juga pauca boum & grex parvus equarum,
Et pater armenti capto eripietur agello:
Ipsi deinde Lares; si quod spectabile signum, 110
Si quis in ædiculâ Deus unicus. Hæc etenim sunt
Pro summis: nam sunt hæc maxima. Despicias tu
Forfitan imbelles Rhodios, unctamque Corinthum;
Despicias meritò. Quid resinata juvenus,
Cruraque totius facient tibi lævia gentis? 115

Horrida

97. *Perdere naulum.*] *Naulum* is the fare paid for passage in a ship. The meaning is not (as some make it) "lose not the expence of sailing to Rome to solicit redress; for it will be in vain." But, "secure the little that remains, and be contented; throw not the helve after the hatchet," as the English proverb runs.

99. *Modo victis.*] Not *jam victis* or *nuper victis* (as commonly understood) but *tantummodo victis*; in the sense of Sallust. *Neque victis quidquam, præter injuriæ licentiam, eripiebant majores.* Bell. Cat.

106. *Referabant.*] Every word is emphatical. The spoils were wicked,

Mark, what the senate, what the laws direct ;
And what rewards the virtuous may expect ;
What a fierce bolt the senate's vengeance roll'd
On the two pirates of Cilician gold—

(But poor's the joy, a province hence receives,
When Panfa rends, what fleecing Natta leaves !
Cilician ! sell thy rags, thy murmurs spare :
The proverb says, in shipwrecks save the fare.)

How diff'rent was the case, in days of yore !
There were no wrongs or hardships to deplore :
Th' allies then flourish'd, all their treasures left,
Of nothing, but of hostile pow'r, bereft :
In ev'ry house stood treasures pil'd on high ;
And purple glitter'd of the richest dye :
Statues and pictures, by great masters wrought,
Seem'd there to breathe, unenvy'd and unfought,
And, in gay plenty, all their houses stor'd :
Without a Mentor, scarce a single board.
Hence Antony and Dolabella's crimes,
And Verres' sacrilege, in baser times ;
Who, oft in peace, in loaded ships convey'd
More plunder home than triumphs e'er display'd.

Now, their few lab'ring steers, their scanty stock
Of brood-mares, nay the husband of the flock,
Are swept away from their invaded lands :
On household gods next seize the ruffian hands,
Or any god, the private shrine contains :
These are thought great ; for nothing else remains.
You may perhaps, base robber, if you please,
Despise weak Rhodes or Corinth sunk in ease :
(What can they do, who make it all their care
To clear the skin, with rosin'd paste, of hair ?)

But

wicked, *occulta* ; they exceeded the ravages of necessary wars,
plures triumphos ; they were conveyed in large ships, *navibus* ; and
these were deeply-laden *altis*.

Horrida vitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis,
 Illyricumque latus. Parce & messoribus illis,
 Qui saturant urbem, circo, scenæque vacantem.
 Quanta autem inde feres tam diræ præmia culpæ,
 Cum tenues nuper Marius discinxerit Afros? 120
 Curandum in primis, ne magna injuria fiat
 Fortibus & miseris: tollas licet omne quod usquam est
 Auri atque argenti; scutum gladiumque relinques,
 Et jacula, & galeam. Spoliatis arma supersunt.

Quod modò proposui non est sententia: verùm 125
 Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ.

Si tibi sancta cohors comitum; si nemo tribunal
 Vendit acerssecomes; si nullum in conjuge crimen;
 Nec per conventus, nec cuncta per oppida curvis
 Unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celæno: 130
 Tunc licet à Pico numeres genus; altaque si te
 Nomina delectant, omnem Titanida pugnam
 Inter majores, ipsumque Promethea ponas:
 De quocunque voles proavum tibi sumito libro.

Quod si præcipitem rapit ambitus atque libido, 135
 Si frangis virgas fociorum in sanguine, si te
 Delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures:

Incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
 Nobilitas, claramque facem præferre pudendis.
 OMNE animi vitium tanto conspectius in se 140
 Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.

[Quo mihi te solitum falsas signare tabellas
 In templis, quæ fecit avus; statuamque parentis
 Ante triumphalem? Quo, si nocturnus adulter
 Tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo?] 145

Præter

116. *Gallicus axis.*] It means here the chariot of war.

142. *Quò mibi te solitum.*] These four lines visibly interrupt the sense, and should be transposed, as mentioned in the beginning of the satire. But they are left however to stand in their proper place, for the use of those persons who think the translator mistaken.

But dread fierce Spain and hardy Gaul, and, most,
The savage native of th' Illyrian coast.
Spare Lybian hinds, whose labours raise us bread,
While plays and shows take up our time and head—
(And yet those hinds will not repay thy sin,
Since plund'ring Marius fleec'd them to the skin—)
But great must be your caution, not to wrong,
With brutal rage, the wretched and the strong:
Their swords, shields, jav'lins, helms they must retain,
Tho' your keen thirst their gold and silver drain;
When all is gone, vindictive arms remain.

This is no whim, by filly fancy nurs'd,
Believe, you hear the Sybil's leaf rehears'd.

Be your retinue from all vices free:
No fav'rite minion barter your decree:
Pure be your wife, not ranging up and down,
Fierce thro' each court, thro' each provincial town,
A hungry harpy, spurning all the laws,
And plund'ring subjects, with rapacious claws;
Then trace from Picus, if you please, your line,
Or, if you wish in higher rank to shine,
Up to the giants, who defy'd the skies,
Or e'en Prometheus let your lineage rise:
Choose any fire, which any fab'lous page supplies.

But if, with blind fierce impulse, lust and pride
From faith and justice draw your steps aside,
And, if you break the rods on subjects' backs,
And, coolly fell, with carnage blunt your ax;
Then your forefathers' worth, in dire array,
Will rise to damn your baseness, and display
Your vices in a clearer blaze of day.
It is an awful truth; offences bear
A guilt proportion'd to th' offender's sphere:
The great man's errors gazing numbers know:
The glitt'ring meteor injures all below.

Præter majorum cineres, atque ossa volucris
 Carpento rapitur pinguis Damafippus; & ipse,
 Ipse rotam stringit multo sufflamine Consul:
 Nocte quidem; sed luna videt; sed sidera testes
 Intendunt oculos. Finitum tempus honoris 150
 Cùm fuerit, clarâ Damafippus luce flagellum
 Sumet, & occursum nusquam trepidabit amici
 Jam senis, ac virgâ prior innuet, atque manîplos
 Solvet, & infundet jumentis hordea lassis.
 Interea dum lanatas, torvumque juyencum, 155
 More Numæ, cædit Jovis ante altaria, jurat
 Hipponam, & facies olida ad præsepia pictas.
 Sed cùm pervigiles placet instaurare popinas,
 Obvius assiduo Syrophœnix udus amomo
 Currit, Idumææ Syrophœnix incola portæ; 160
 Hospitis affectu, Dominum regemque salutat,
 Et cum vœnali Cyane succincta lagenâ.

Defensor culpæ dicet mihi: Fecimus & nos
 Hæc juvenes. Esto; desisti nempe, nec ultra
 Fovisti errorem. Breve sit quod turpiter audes. 165
 Quædam cum primâ refecentur crimina barbâ.
 Indulge veniam pueris. Damafippus ad illos
 Thermarum calices, inscriptaque linthea vadit,
 Maturus bello Armeniæ, Syriæque tuendis
 Amnibus, & Rheno, atq; Istro. Præstare Neronem 170
 Securum valet hæc ætas. Mitte Ostia Cæsar,
 Mitte; sed in magnâ legatum quære popinâ.
 Invenies aliquo cum percussore jacentem,

Permissum

Damafippus.] A fictitious name for some nobleman then well known. The passion for horses was carried to the same ridiculous height among the Romans, at that time, as among ourselves. Probably this taste has its uses in improving the breed of that generous and useful animal. But no one needs take offence at the satirist. What he blames, is excess.

III. See brawny Damasippus' chariot flies
Close where the dust of his forefathers lies ;
And, tho' a consul, with a carter's air,
He locks his wheel, where steeps require this care.
'Tis true, at present he but drives by night :
Yet the moon sees, and stars behold the sight.
Anon, his office o'er, his whip he'll ply,
In open day-light, and the sun defy :
He'll dread no friend, no aged friend alive,
Nay crack his whip, to show how he can drive :
With his own hand his poneys will he feed,
(No servant trusted) to reward their speed.
Meantime, while in the consul's robe he stands,
And victims slays, as Numa's law commands,
He swears, not by that Jove, whose altar smokes ;
The stable-gods are those whom he invokes.
Nor is this all : when the lewd wretch renews
His drunken vigils at the stinking stews,
The effenc'd Syrian is his fav'rite host :
His foreign complaisance delights him most :
To cry, MY LORD, at every word's his task ;
His wife as brisk and civil brings the flask.

But here some patron of the young will say :
" Had we not too our frolics in our day ?"
Yes, but you stopp'd : all frolic soon should die :
Lay e'en with your first beard some follies by.
Boys may be pardon'd : Damasippus goes
To stews and bagnios, when the public foes
Call forth his courage ; when, to manhood grown,
He might support his monarch's tott'ring throne.
Dispatch him, Cæsar, to some stat's relief—
But in some tavern will you find your chief.
You'll find, he there, as boon companion, lives
With cut-throats, sailors, robbers, fugitives,
Hangsmen, and coffin-makers for the rabble,
And Cybele's priests asnore amidst the squabble :

And

Permissum nautis, aut furibus, aut fugitivis;
 Inter carnifices & fabros sandapilarum, 175
 Et resupinati cessantia tympana Galli.
 Æqua ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
 Non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
 Quid facias, talem sortitus, Pontice, servum?
 Nempe in Lucanos, aut Tusca ergastula mittas. 180
 At vos, Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, & quæ
 Turpia cerdoni, Volesos Brutosque decebunt.
 Quid, si nunquam adeò fœdis adeoque pudendis
 Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora supersint?
 Consumptis opibus vocem, Damasippe, locasti 185
 Sipario, clamorū ageres ut Phasma Catulli.
 Laureolum Velox etiam benè Lentulus egit,
 Judice me, dignus verâ cruce. Nec tamen ipsi
 Ignoscas populo: populi frons durior hujus,
 Qui sedet, & spectat triscurria Patriciorum, 190
 Planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui
 Mamercorum alapas. Quanti sua funera vendant,
 Quid refert? Vendunt nullo cogente Nerone,
 Nec dubitant celsi Prætoris vendere ludis.
 Finge tamen gladios inde, atq; hinc pulpita pone. 195
 Quid satius? Mortem sic quisquam exhorruit, ut sit
 Zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi?
 Res haud mira tamen, citharædo principe, mimus
 Nobilis: hæc ultra, quid erit nisi ludus? Et illic
 Dedecus urbis habes; Nec mirmillonis in armis 200
 Nec clypeo Gracchum pignantem, aut falce supinâ
 (Damnat enim tales habitus, & damnat & odit,)
 Nec galeâ frontem abscondit: movet ecce tridentem;
 Postquam vibratâ pendentia retia dextrâ
 Nequicquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula vultum 205
 Erigit,

180. *Ergastula.*] See Sat. XIV. 24.

186. *Siparium.*] Is the curtain; put here for the theatre.

And here they jabber, sit, and drink, like brothers;
And nothing marks the consul from the others.
—You'd send, my friend, a slave, that was so vile,
To dig your fields, or in a workhouse toil!
But ye, great sons of Troy, are proof to blame:
Things grace some nobles, which poor Coblers shame.

Foul are these deeds; but fouler are unsaid:
This Damasippus trod the stage for bread;
And took a squalling apparition's part:
Another play'd a pilf'ring slave with art,
On mimic crosses suspended—fit, I'll swear,
For the base deed, to die in earnest there!
The people's impudent is too to blame,
Who see with joy this high Patrician shame;
Hear Fabii act in sorry farce as slaves,
And see Mamerci cuff'd about as knaves:
What boots it, at what rate they sell their lives?
None of them now this sorry bargain drives
At Nero's fierce command: they now expose
Their hireling selves to grace the prætor's shows.
Place here the stage, a thousand ponyards there:
Who would not rather die, than meanly bear
To act the spouse in Thymeles's intrigue,
And be the dull Corinthus' dull colleague?
—But 'twas not strange that nobles, sometime since,
Turn'd actors, when a harper was their prince.

Beyond these pranks, what can our nobles do,
Unless—they act, as gladiators too?
And this you see too in a recent case:
Lo! Gracchus, a degenerate town's disgrace,
Assumes, not the myrmillo's manlier arms,
(To him the sword and buckler had no charms)
He, in a retiary's ignobler plight,
With net and trident tempts the distant fight:
Missing his aim, he flies, and shows a face
Distinctly plain to all the crowded place.

Believe

Erigit, & totâ fugit agnoscendus arenâ. X
 Credamus tunicæ, de faucibus aurea cum se
 Porrigat, & longo jactetur spira galero.
 Ergo ignominiam graviolem pertulit omni
 Vulnere, cum Graccho jussus pugnare secutor. 210
 Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
 Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni;
 Cujus supplicio non debuit una parari
 Simia, nec serpens unus, nec culeus unus?
 Par Agamemnonidæ crimen; sed causa facit rem 215
 Dissimilem: quippe ille Diis auctoribus ultor
 Patris erat cæsi media inter pocula: sed nec
 Electræ jugulo se polluit, aut Spartani
 Sanguine conjugii: nullis aconita propinquis
 Miscuit: in scenâ nunquam cantavit Orestes: 220
 Troïca non scripsit. Quid enim Virginus armis
 Debuit ulcisci magis, aut cum Vindice Galba?
 Quid Nero tam sævâ, crudâque tyrannide fecit?
 Hæc opera, atq; hæ sunt generosi principis artes,
 Gaudentis fœdo peregrina ad pulpita saltu 225
 Profitui,

207. *Credamus tunicæ.*] This anecdote is alluded to, in the second satire. We are indebted to Ferrarius for the explication of it.

213. *Simia.*] The punishment of Parricides was to be thrown into the sea in a sack with the animals here mentioned.

223. *Quid Nero tam sævâ.*] The construction has hitherto continued unexplained. Most of the commentators say, that this is a question, to which the next line is an answer. But it is strange, the poet should here ask, what Nero had done in his reign; when the four lines before had given an exact detail of the outrages of his reign. One goes a shorter way to work, and wishes to expunge the line. But the misfortune is, it has the authority of MSS.

The change of one single letter removes the whole embarrassment.

quod (not quid) enim Virginus armis

Debuit ulcisci magis, aut cum Vindice Galba,

Quid Nero tam sævâ crudâque tyrannide fecit?

i. e. *Quid enim Nero fecit in sævâ suâ tyrannide, quod Virginus magis debuit ulcisci, &c.*

Here

Believe his tunic : there the tale is told :
 'Tis Salian ; for the neck is edg'd with gold :
 Salian his cap, whose bandage floats unroll'd.
 How glow'd the brave myrmillo with disdain
 At such a fight ! no wound could give such pain !
 If Seneca and Nero were compar'd,
 Who would not spurn the latter, if he dar'd ?
 A parricide ! of monstrous guilt, too black,
 To be aton'd by one ape, snake, and sack !
 Such was Orestes, too ; not such his guilt :
 His mother's blood by heav'n's command he spilt,
 To lay at rest a father's troubled soul,
 Butcher'd profanely o'er the friendly bowl :
 But he ne'er hurt his sister or his wife,
 Ne'er mingled poison for a kinsman's life ;
 Ne'er play'd on stages, nor, with savage joy,
 His country burning, sung the flames of Troy.
 (O ! with what outrage did that tyrant stain
 The annals of his sanguinary reign,
 Which justify'd so well th' avenging stroke,
 Aim'd by his chiefs ? who'd bear a harper's yoke ?)
 These were the talents of our gen'rous head !
 Pleas'd on a foreign stage with shame to tread,
 To vie with songsters thro' each Grecian town,
 And bring in triumph home a parsley-crown !
 Go, wretch, thy vocal meed before the face
 Of thy forefathers' statues proudly place !

Go,

Here it becomes an incidental reflection upon the detail just given before, exactly in the spirit of this careless writer ; of which we have two or three instances in this very satire, 98, 123. As for the construction ; nothing is more common, than the relative clause before the antecedent.

Prostitui, Graiæque apium meruisse coronæ !
 Majorum effigies habeant insignia vocis,
 Ante pedes Domitî longum tu pone Thyestæ
 Syrma; vel Antigones seu personam Menalippes;
 Et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso ! 230

Quis, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
 Inveniet quicquam sublimius ? Arma tamen vos
 Nocturna, & flammæ domibus templisq; parâstis,
 Ut Braccatorum pueri, Senonumque minores,
 Ausi quod liceat tunicâ punire molestâ. 235

Sed vigilat Consul, vexillaque vestra coërcet.
 Hic novus Arpinas ignobilis, & modò Romæ
 Municipalis Eques galeatum ponit ubique
 Præsidium attonitis, & in omni gente laborat.
 Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi 240
 Nominis & tituli, quantum non Leucade, quantum
 Thessaliæ campis Octavius abstulit udo
 Cædibus assiduis gladio. Sed Roma parentem,
 Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.

Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat 245
 Poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro;
 Nodosam post hæc frangebatur vertice vitem,
 Si lentus pigrâ muniret castra dolabrâ.
 Hic tamen & Cimbros, & summa pericula rerum
 Excipit; & solus trepidantem protegit urbem. 250
 Atq; idè postquam ad Cimbros, stragemq; volabant
 Qui

235. *Tunica molesta.*] See the Chronology, A. D. 65.

242. *Udo Cædibus assiduis.*] It seems but worthy of the spirit of freedom, which Juvenal generally breathes, to suppose that he means a reflection upon the cool cruelty of Octavius after the battle of Philippi. *Surge tandem, carnifex ?* said the humane Mecænas to him upon one of those occasions.

247. *Vertice vitem.*] The *vitis* was the centurion's instrument of punishment; put Sat. XIV. 193. for the office itself. See Kennet. IV. 7.

Go, nobly lay, with exultation meet,
Thy mask and pall at great Domitius' feet ;
And let some marble-wrought colussus show
Thy lyre hung up to wond'ring crowds below !

Who boasts a nobler birth, vile Catiline,
Than thy base friend Cethegus's, and thine ?
Yet, you contriv'd, with Gaul's invet'rate hate,
To take up arms against your parent state ;
And sink, 'midst night's unguarded helpless hours,
Her houses and the fanes of heav'nly pow'rs,
In one destructive blaze : a deed, for which
Too mild had been the penal shirt of pitch !

A consul, whom the poor Arpinum bore,
A borough-knight but a few years before,
Watches, with prudent and with patriot cares,
Restrains your open force and secret snares ;
The trembling town with guardian arms protects,
Explores each mischief, and no post neglects.
He therefore got, unchang'd his peaceful gown,
A name above Octavius' false renown,
At Aetium's shore or on Philippi's plain,
Tho' drench'd with blood of thousands basely slain ;
And Rome's free voice, ere slav'ry yet prevail'd,
Tully, the father of his country hail'd.

In the same town great Marius had his birth ;
And as a hireling, plow'd his native earth ;
Then, as a soldier, brook'd the servile blow,
When his centurion thought his labour flow ;
Yet he the Cimbric deluge, big with fate,
Repell'd alone, and sav'd the trembling state.
And, therefore, when the birds of carnage flew
To larger carcases than yet they knew,
His noble colleague, tho' he shar'd the bay,
Had but the second honours of the day.

From

Qui nunquam attigerant majora cadavera corvi,
Nobilis ornatur lauro collega secundâ.

Plebeia Deciorum animæ, plebeia fuerunt
Nomina. Pro totis legionibus hi tamen, & pro 255
Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni plebe Latinâ
Sufficiunt Diis infernis, Terræque parenti:
Pluris enim Decii, quam qui servantur ab illis.

Ancillâ natus trabeam & diadema Quirini
Et fasces meruit, regum ultimus ille bonorum. 260

Proditâ laxabant portarum claustra Tyrannis
Exulibus juvenes ipsius Consulis, & quos
Magnum aliquid dubiâ pro libertate deceret,
Quod miraretur cum Coclite Mutius, & quæ 265
Imperii fines Tiberinum virgo natavit.

Occulta ad patres produxit crimina servus
Matronis lugendus: at illos verbera justis
Afficiunt pœnis, & legum prima securis.

Malo pater tibi fit Therfites, dummodo tu sis
Æacidæ similis, Vulcaniaque arma capeffas, 270
Quam te Therfitæ similem producat Achilles.

Et tamen, ut longè repetas, longèque revolvās
Nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo.
Majorum primus quisquis fuit ille tuorum,
Aut pastor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo. 275

267. *Matronis lugendus.*] This slave was mourned publicly for twelve months by the Roman matrons; as Brutus and the other patrons of liberty had been. GRANG.

268. *Legum prima securis.*] The ax and fasces were used indeed under the kings, being introduced by Tarquinius Priscus; amongst the other Regalia; but the ax was now used for the first time in defence of a legal constitution.

275. *Illud quod dicere nolo.*] Our best genealogies, as one wittily observes, must end alike: "In some needy follower, or some son of William the Conqueror, who was—the son of a whore."

From a mean stock the pious Decii came :
 Plebeian were their souls ; and such their name.
 Yet they, for all our legions and allies
 And the whole people, could alone suffice
 To please th' infernal Gods and mother earth :
 To all the rest superior in their worth !

The last good king, born of a captive, shone,
 Rais'd by his worth, on Romulus's throne.

Old Brutus' sons, who ow'd some gen'rous deed
 To gasping freedom in her hour of need,
 Which with superior splendour might have hid
 What Mutius, Cocles, or e'en Clælia did ;
 Yet they contriv'd their country to betray
 To exil'd tyrants and their iron sway.
 And who suppress'd their dark designs ? a slave ;
 With soul superior to his lords, he gave
 The timely notice ; and, when dead, his tomb
 Had twelve months' honours from the dames of Rome.
 But the base culprits, who from honour swerv'd,
 Suffer'd the shameful death their crimes deserv'd :
 The rods and ax, with just terrific awe,
 Aveng'd the rights of liberty and law.

If you were like Achilles, and could wield
 Vulcanian arms with terror through the field,
 Tho' of Therfites born ; more bright you'd shine,
 Than a Therfites from Achilles' line.

And yet, methinks, when all is said and done ;
 Birth is the meanest pride beneath the sun.
 In race as high as e'er you please, ascend ;
 You'll find a lewd asylum at the end ;
 And he, from whom your blood and titles spring,
 Was but a shepherd, or—a meaner thing.

S A T I R A IX.

SCIRE velim, quare toties mihi, Nævole, tristis
 Occurras fronte obductâ, ceu Marſya victus.
 Non erat hâc facie miſerabilior Crepereius
 Pollio, qui triplicem uſuram præſtare paratûs
 Circuit, & fatuos non invenit. Unde repente 5
 Tot rugæ? Certè modico contentus agebas
 Vernam equitem, conviva joco mordente facetus,
 Et ſalibus vehemens intra pomœria natis.
 Omnia nunc contrâ: vultus gravis, horrida ficcæ

Silva

This ſatire would not have deſerved a place in a decent ſelection, had there not been two things to arreſt the hand of critical juſtice. There are ſome excellent moral obſervations in it, worthy of our ſpirited author, the loſs of which a reader of taſte would regret. But the principal plea of mercy is, that Juvenal appears here in a new character, that of a Raiſſeur, which he very well ſupports through the whole piece. It is indeed a juſt queſtion, whether the ſubject required not his uſual cauſtic vehemence and indignation: but the fine vein of irony and grave banter that runs through it, has much of the merit of Horace's Catius;—with this difference, that Horace certainly laughs upon a ſubject, that is merely ridiculous, and no more.

The poet propoſed to himſelf two views. The firſt is, to laſh ſome lewd rich man, under the fictitious name of Virro, but well known from circumſtances at the time. The other; to ridicule his poor deluded dependent, Nævulus; who ſeems to have been ſome luſty ruſtic, who came to Rome, to ſet up for a man of the *Ton* (as the modern phraſe is) i. e. to trade in the corruptions of the town.

What inclines one to this opinion, is the great number of rural phraſes, which occur here, *Horrida Siccæ Sylva comæ, tot milvos*
intra

S A T I R E IX.

A D I A L O G U E.

A U T H O R.

WHY, Nævolus, for this long season past,
 Why so disconsolate, with brow o'ercast,
 Like conquer'd Marfyas? — not a gloomier face
 Had Pollio, when he went from place to place,
 To borrow cash at treble use—to spend;
 And found no fool at Rome inclin'd to lend.
 From whence do all these sudden wrinkles spring? —
 An humble slave, but happy as a king,
 You lately liv'd a boon facetious guest,
 Smart at the pleasing tale and courtly jest.

All's

*intra tua pascua fessos, quid dicam Scapulis Servorum mense Decembri,
 Durate atque expectate cicadas, O Corydon, Corydon, &c.*

His affectation appears in his pretensions to polite literature. For, while he quotes Homer, he makes an improper use of the passages, and speaks nonsense. There is indeed one instance, which seems to contradict this hypothesis; but this shall be spoken to, in its proper place.

4. *Pollio.*] This ludicrous comparison prepares the reader for the banter which follows.

6. *Agebas vernam equitem.*] A proverbial phrase: literally; “to live, though a slave, as happy and gay as a knight.”

8. *Salibus intra pomæria natis.*] “Courtly wit” ironically. For *Pomærium* see Kennet, II. 1.

Silva comæ; nullus totâ nitor in cute; qualem 10
 Præstabat calidi circumlita fascia visci;
 Sed fruticante pilo neglecta, & squallida crura.
 Quid macies ægri veteris, quem tempore longo
 Torret quarta dies, olimque domestica febris?

Dependas animi tormenta latentis in ægro 15
 Corpore, dependas & gaudia: sumit utrumque
 Inde habitum facies: igitur flexisse videris
 Propositum, & vitæ contrarius ire priori.
 Nuper enim (ut repeto) fanum Ifidis & Ganymedem
 Pacis, & advectæ secreta palatia matris, 20
 Et Cererem (nam quo non prostat fœmina templo?)
 Notior Aufidio mœchus scelerare solebas.

Utile & hoc multis vitæ genus: at mihi nullum
 Inde operæ pretium. Pingues aliquando lacernas,
 Munimenta togæ, duri crassique coloris, 25
 Et malè percussas textoris pectine Galli
 Accipimus, tenue argentum venæque secundæ.
 Quod tamen ulterius monstrum, quam mollis avarus?
 Hæc tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti.
 Computat, atque cavet. Ponatur calculus, adfint 30
 Cum tabula pueri: numera sestertia quinque
 Omnibus in rebus; numerentur deinde labores.

Vos

19. *Ganymedem pacis.*] Ganymedes is put for the temple of peace; because there was a statue of him there. HOL.

27. *Tenue argentum.*] The silver pieces were small; *tenue*: base coin or short of weight, *venæ secundæ*. HOL.

The translation uses the old word "spill," which is still current in many parts of England for any small piece of money.

30. *Calculus, tabula.*] Holiday gives us an accurate print of this accounting table and counters.

All's now revers'd ! your brow's the brow of care :
A rough and shaggy copse your tangled hair :
Your skin no longer shines : the viscous paste
No longer smooths it : both your legs are cas'd
With bristling hairs ; all smartness now effac'd !
Heav'ns ! why so meagre ? like a man, that's grown,
With a long quartan's waste, mere skin and bone ? —

The wither'd body shows a mind in pain,
The mind at ease appears, without, as plain ;
From grief or joy the visage takes its hue :
Surely, you've form'd your plan of life anew !
A while ago, the stallion of the town,
Higher than e'en Ursidius in renown,
You us'd to visit and with lust to stain
Isis' and Cybele's, and Peace's fane,
Nay, Ceres' too : for where's the temple found,
Which does not with lewd prostitutes abound ?

N Æ V O L U S.

To scores, I own, this life has brought its gains :
But I, poor I, get nothing for my pains.
Some coarse brown cloak perhaps I chance to get ;
Of Gallic fabric, as a fence from wet ;
Or some few spills in silver, base in kind :
These, these alone, are all the gains I find.
What greater monster can the earth behold
Than a lewd Pathic wedded to his gold ?
“ I gave you such a sum, (he cries,) and such,
“ Another time ; soon after, twice as much.”
Thus counts the cautious wretch to spare his hoard :
“ Let's call (he adds) the counters and the board,
“ Put all the sums together ; they'll be found,
“ In their sum total, more than forty pound :
“ In the next place, your services compare ;
“ See, on just balance, see how small they are !” —

K

How

Vos humili affeclæ, vos indulgebitis unquam
Cultori, jam nec morbo donare parati?

Dic, passer, cui tot montes, tot prædia servas 35
Appula, tot milvos intra tua pascua lassos?
Te Trifolinus ager fœcundis vitibus implet,
Suspectumque jugum Cumis, & Gaurus inanis.
Nam quis plura linit victuro dolia musto?

Quantum erat exhausti lumbos donare clientis 40
Jugeribus paucis? Meliùsne hîc rusticus infans
Cum matre, & casulis, & cum lusore catello,
Cymbala pulsantis legatum fiet amici?
Improbis es, cùm poscis, ait; sed pensio clamat,
Posce: sed appellat puer unicus, ut Polyphemi 45
Lata acies, per quam solers evasit Ulysses:

Alter emendus erit; namq; hic non sufficit; ambo
Pascendi: quid agam, brumâ spirante? Quid, oro,
Quid dicam scapulis fervorum mense Decembri,
Et pedibus? Durate, atque expectate cicadas? 50

Verùm ut dissimules, ut mittas cætera, quanto
Metiris pretio, quòd, ni tibi deditus essem
Devotusque cliens, uxor tua virgo maneret?
Instabile, ac dirimi cœptum, & jam penè solutum
Conjugium in multis domibus servavit adulter. 55
Quòd te circumagas? Quæ prima, aut ultima ponas?
Nullum ergo meritum est, ingrate ac perfide, nullum,
Quòd

34. *Morbo donare parati.*] A happy expression for the man's vicious inclination. It is from Horace. *Ut, si qui ægrotes quo morbo Barrus.* Sat. I. 6.

45. *Polyphemi lata acies*] This comparison is trifling, hardly intelligible: but the poet puts this language designedly, into the mouth of Nævulus, by way of ridicule. LUBIN.

46. *Per quam.*] Grangæus reads *postquam*. This makes the nonsense a little more intelligible.

How should such wretches clients kindly use ;
Who rob their lulls' poor drudges of their dues ?

Say, sparrow, who's to heir thy vast domain,
Stretch'd, in Appulia, o'er so many a plain,
So many a hill ? and kites so many, spent
In traversing thy pastures' wide extent ?
Campania's fruitful soil thy cellar fills
With richest wines from its disburthen'd hills.

Should you a few of all these acres grant
Your jaded drudge ; would you e'er feel their want ?
Would one small farm, of all your mighty store,
Stock'd with the mother-slave, and boy she bore,
And the poor dog, his play-mate ; would they be
A prop'rer gift for sycophants or me ?
He cries : " no patience can this teasing bear :"
But rent day bids me ask ; it is so near.

My slave keeps urging with as loud a cry,
As Polyphemus, when he lost his eye ;
(That single eye, thro' which, as poets say,
Ulysses, with safe cunning, found his way :)
One slave is not enough : I want a pair :
Both must be fed ; they cannot live on air :
What shall I tell their shoulders and their feet,
When all around December's tempests beat ?
Can I say, wait, till grasshoppers shall bring
The zephyrs and the sunshine of the spring ?

But grant you pass my other merits by ;
What say you to a feat (you can't deny)
That, had not I your vassal lent my aid,
Your very wife this day had been a maid ?
Th' adult'rer often is a good resource,
To save a pair the plague of a divorce !
What can you urge ? what shuffling, false excuse ?
Was it, you base ingrate ! no deed of use,

Quòd tibi filiulus, vel filia nascitur ex me?
 Tollis enim, & libris actorum spargere gaudes
 Argumenta viri. Foribus suspende coronas: 60
 Jam Pater es: dedimus quod famæ opponere possis.
 Jura parentis habes; propter me scriberis hæres.
 Legatum omne capis, necnon & dulce caducum.
 Commoda prætereà junguntur multa caducis,
 Si numerum; si tres implevero. Iusta doloris, 65
 Nævole, causa tui: contrà tamen ille quid affert?

Negligit, atq; alium bipedem sibi quærit asellum.
 Hæc soli commissa tibi celare memento,
 Et tacitus nostras intra te fige querelas.
 Nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice lævis. 70
 Qui modò secretum commiserat, ardet, & odit;
 Tanquam prodiderim quicquid scio. Sumere ferrū,
 Fuste aperire caput, candelam apponere valvis
 Non dubitat. Nec contemnas, aut despicias, quòd
 His opibus nunquam cara est annona veneni. 75
 Ergò occulta teges; ut curia Martis Athenis.

O Corydon, Corydon, secretum divitis ullum
 Esse putas? Servi ut taceant, jumenta loquentur,
 Et canis, & postes, & marmora: claude fenestras,
 Vela tegant rimas, junge ostia, tollito lumen 80
 E medio,

63. *Legatum omne capis.*] The tenth part of a legacy went to the exchequer from the unmarried.

65. *Si tres implevero.*] Married persons, who had three children, had great privileges called the *jus trium liberorum*.

73. *Candelam apponere valvis.*] See Sat. XIII. 146.

76. *Curia Martis Athenis.*] The court of Areopagus, at Athens, remarkable for its secrecy and impartiality. Potter's Grecian Antiq. B. I. C. 19.

That I've begot a wench or sweeter boy;
 That in the public rolls you may, with joy,
 Behold your name like other husbands read?
 Go, o'er your doors triumphant garlands spread!
 You're now a father; by my help, you walk
 Proudly along, and fear no public talk:
 You now a father's privileges share;
 And may like other husbands be an heir.
 Thine is the legacy in full degree:
 Nay, the sweet windfall must descend to thee:
 And other blessings if I make the number, three!

AUTHOR.

Faith, Nævolus, your patron's in the wrong:
 What says he to complaints so just and strong?

NÆVOLUS.

Says? Why, he lets the whole unnotic'd pass,
 And gets himself some other two-legg'd ass.—
 But mark me! 'tis in honour I reveal
 These secrets: on your life my case conceal.
 A lustful pathic is the worst of foes:
 No bounds his anger or his hatred knows:
 He'll call it breach of faith, if aught transpire,
 He'll crack my skull, or set my house on fire;
 He will perhaps the murd'rous ponyard snatch,
 Or kill (what's worse!) with poison's dark dispatch.
 To buy a dose, no money will he grudge:
 Be, then, as mute as an Athenian judge.

AUTHOR.

Poor silly man! and do you really hold,
 That great men's secrets ever lie untold?
 No, no: should trembling slaves not dare to squeak;
 Beasts, dogs, and posts and marble walls will speak.
 The windows close, let bolts each door confine;
 Veil every crany, let no taper shine;

E medio, clament omnes, propè nemo recumbat;
 Quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi,
 Proximus ante diem caupo sciet, audiet & quæ
 Finxerunt pariter librarius, archimagiri, [85
 Carptores. Quod enim dubitant componere crimen
 In dominos, quoties rumoribus ulciscuntur
 Baltea? Nec deerit qui te per compita quærat
 Nolentem, & miseram vinosus inebriet aurem.
 Illos ergo roges quicquid paulò antè petebas
 A nobis: 'Taceant illi:—sed prodere malunt 90
 Arcanum, quam subrepti potare Falerni,
 Pro populo faciens quantum Laufella bibebat.

Vivendum rectè, cùm propter plurima, tùm his
 Præcipuè causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
 Contemnas: nam lingua mali pars pessima servi. 95
 Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit illis,
 Quorum animas & farre suo custodit, & ære.

Idcirco ut possim linguam contemnere servi,
 Utile consilium modò, sed commune dedisti: [100
 Nunc mihi quid suades post damnum temporis, & spes
 Deceptas? Festinat enim decurrere velox

Flosculus

82. *Ad galli cantum.*] *Gallicinium*, properly speaking, was one of the Roman divisions of night. But the poet uses not the language of art, but of nature; which tells us that cocks crow three times; at midnight, three in the morning, and an hour before day. The poet then means three o'clock. HOL.

This satire is principally translated, for the sake of the excellent observations contained in this part.

88. *Vinosus inebriet aurem.*] *Bibo* is a metaphor often applied to the ear: as *Ore meo lacrymas, auribus illa bibi*. Ov. *Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem*. Virg. *Inebriat*, therefore, is a strong exaggeration of this metaphor, admirably adapted to satire. *Vinosus* alludes to the common proverb. *In vino veritas*.

92. *Pro populo faciens.*] A sacrificial term: *Cum facies vitulâ pro frugibus*. Virg.

201. *Festinat*

Be universal hubbub all around ;
 Nor near one earthly creature, to be found ;—
 By day break, shall his neighbour-vintner know
 The crime he did at the cock's second crow ;
 Nay, what the steward, cooks and butlers spread,
 The mere malicious fictions of their head :
 For what vile scandals will not servants forge,
 'Gainst tyrant masters to avenge the scourge ?
 Brimful, and restless till a secret's out,
 Some stop and teaze you as you go about,
 And stun you with their news :—contrive to still
 These tongues, not mine ; but, faith, you never will :
 'To blab they think a pleasure more divine,
 Than swig as much of stol'n Falernian wine,
 As late Laufella at the public shrine.

Besides a thousand motives more ; 'tis wise
 To live with virtue, that we may despise
 The tongues of slaves, nor by their babbling smart :
 The tongue's a sorry servant's forriest part.
 Yet sorrier is the lord, who lives in dread
 Of those poor babbling rogues who eat his bread !

NÆVOLUS.

Your counsel's excellent, I must agree,
 To shun the tongues of slaves ; but suits not me.
 What's your advice, now so much time is lost,
 My hopes deluded, and my prospects crost ?
 " For youth's a short-liv'd flow'r, that fades apace,"
 " Of a short wretched life the shortest space :
 " While

101. *Festinat enim decurrere velox.*] This is the passage alluded to, in the first note, which has a strain of poetry far above Nævolus's character and capacity. But the answer is: it is put into his mouth as a sage quotation, either really taken out of some poet's writings, or made for him by Juvenal with mock-civility. It is one of the finest secrets of humour to put saws and wise sayings into the

Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio; dum bibimus, dum ferta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

Ne trepida: nunquam pathicus tibi deerit amicus, 104
Stantibus & salvis his collibus. Undique ad illos
Conveniunt & carpentis, & navibus omnes,
Qui digito scalpunt uno caput. Altera major
Spes superest: tu tantum erucis imprime dentem.

Hæc exempla para felicibus. At mea Clotho 110
Et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine venter.
O parvi, nostrique, Lares, quos thure minuto,
Aut farre, & tenui soleo exornare coronâ:
Quando ego figam aliquid, quo sit mihi tuta senectâ
A tegete & baculo? Viginti millia sænus, 115
Pignoribus positus? argenti vascula puri,
Sed quæ Fabricius Censor notet, & duo fortes
De grege Mæsoforum, qui me cervice locatâ
Securum jubeant clamoso insistere circo?

Sit

mouths of fools. Nothing, for instance, is more beautiful in Horace's *Impertinent* in the ninth satire, than his *Nil sine magno Vita labore dedit mortalibus!* This is one singular excellence in the admirable Cervantes.

109. *Erucis imprime dentem.*] This root was supposed to promote lust. It is a pity, the poet employs so grave a vein of raillery upon so vile a subject.

112. *O parvi nostrique lares.*] The poet makes Nævolus quit the stage, with a deal of absurd language in his mouth; which the translation has given minutely, according to Holiday's elaborate, very grave and serious explanation of it.

114. *Figam aliquid.*] A metaphor from hunting.

115. *Viginti millia sænus.*] The Romans paid (as Arbuthnot on Coins C. XXII. observes) a *Denarius* a month for one hundred *Denarii*: this was the highest legal interest, and was called *centesima usura*, being one per cent. and, as the interest was paid monthly, this made twelve per cent. a year.

Now

“ While wine, feasts, love take up our thoughtless day,
“ Old age creeps on unseen, and ends our play.”

A U T H O R.

Ne’er fear : while Rome’s sev’n wicked hills remain,
Thou’lt never seek lascivious friends in vain.
By land they coach it, and by sea they sail,
From every point : thy trade will never fail :
Hope better days : meantime thyself prepare,
And eat white rockets as thy daily fare.

N Æ V O L U S.

O ! tell not me of prospects so divine !
Tell those, on whom more gracious planets shine !
Enough for me, if my poor fates avail
But just to feed my belly by my tail !
O my poor household gods, whom I adore
With humble off’rings suited to my store !
When may I hope to ’scape the staff and rug,
With some provision comfortably snug ;
Some eight score pound a month from money laid
On good security, and duly paid ?
And some small cups of plain unfigur’d plate ;
Yet smart, beyond our fathers’ beggar rate ?
And two hir’d Mœsians to convey my chair
To the loud Circus and diversions there ?

K 5

And

Now the twenty larger sesterces, wished by Nævulus, make of our money £161:9:2; and if he meant to have so much, monthly, according to the usual mode of payment, he was rather extravagant in his wishes; for this multiplied by twelve months makes his annual income £1937:10:0.

It will, indeed, bear a dispute, (as mentioned before) whether the humour of this piece be not misemployed: but we may learn one serious conclusion; that the morals of Rome must have been deplorably corrupt, before any one could be introduced upon the public stage, speaking the language of this wretched Nævulus.

Sit mihi prætereà curvus cælator, & alter, 120
 Qui multas facies fingit citò : sufficient hæc,
 Quando ego pauper ero : votum miserabile, nec spes
 His saltem : nam cum pro me fortuna rogatur,
 Affigit ceras illâ de nave petitas,
 Quæ Siculos cantus effugit remige furdo. 125

S A T I R A X.

OMnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
 Auroram & Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
 Vera bona, atque illis multùm diversa, remotâ
 Erroris nebulâ : quid enim ratione timemus,

Aut

The poet in this satire opens one of the grandest scenes that ever entered into the conception of a moralist. The world is his theatre; and the greatest personages, that ever convulsed its frame, or drew its gaping wonderment (to use Spenser's strong phrase) pass here before him in lamentable review, to teach their humbled fellow-creatures the wisdom of moderation.

Horace, in his celebrated *Nil admirari*, Ep. I. 6. and in his prayer in the conclusion of his eighteenth, *quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari* had treated before of this subject. But his moral is but darkly intimated, and his prayer is spoiled by that impious Stoical boast *Æquum mihi animum ipse parabo*. Juvenal, on the contrary, exhibits the disastrous folly of human wishes with all the force and energy of tragical exhibition; and gives a form of prayer in the conclusion, that is truly noble, and with a few grains of allowance, truly christian.

At the same time, it is to be lamented, that while Horace's *curicus felicity* is always correct, Juvenal falls sometimes into flatnesses and impurities, that give us pain. Happy we, if we learn from hence to take our theory of morals from the Scriptures, "where
 we

And let me have, O gods, besides, one slave
Well skill'd to paint, another to engrave !
—But, ah ! I'm raving : I must pray no more :
Vain, this my wish : I must, I must be poor !
For, O ! no vows hard-hearted fortune hears,
Preferr'd by me : she stops her cruel ears ;
Stops with that wax, with which Ulysses barr'd
His sailors' ears, and Syrens past unheard !

S A T I R E X.

I. **O**F toiling millions, view'd from clime to clime,
From day's last close to morning's earliest prime,
How few, thro' this wide scene of erring care,
True blis distinguish from the flatt'ring snare,
And chase illusive passion's cloud away ;
Which blinds the mind and leads the feet astray !
For,

we have truth without error ;" as one asserts,* who advanced nothing without conviction, and believed nothing without investigation.

Its parts are eight. 1. The general proposition, that human wishes are vain. 2. This is exemplified, in riches, but briefly ; this head being treated of more fully in his fourteenth satire. 3. In honour. 4. Eloquence. 5. Military glory. 6. Length of life. 7. Personal accomplishments. 8. It concludes with the proper subjects of prayer.

1. *Gadibus.*] Gades, now called Cadiz in Spain, to the west ; and the river Ganges to the east, were the boundaries of the ancient known world.

4. *Erroris nebulâ*] The philosophy is equal to the poetry of this expression : for passion has all the delusive effects of a false medium.

* Mr. LOCKE.

Aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te 5
 Conatûs non pœniteat, votique peracti?
 Evertêre domos totas, optantibus ipsis,
 Dii faciles. Nocitura togâ, nocitura petuntur
 Militiâ. Torrens dicendi copia multis,
 Et sua mortifera est facundia. Viribus ille 10
 Confusus periit, admirandisque lacertis.
 Sed plures nimiâ congesta pecunia curâ
 Strangulat, & cuncta exuperans patrimonia census,
 Quanto delphinis balæna Britannica major.
 Temporibus diris igitur, jussuque Neronis 15
 Longinum & magnos Senecæ prædivitis hortos
 Claufit, & egregias Lateranorum obsidet ædes
 Tota cohors. Rarus venit in cœnacula miles.
 Pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri,
 Nocte iter ingressus, gladium, contumq; timebis; 20
 Et motæ ad Lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram.
 Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.
 Prima ferè vota, & cunctis notissima templis,
 Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes; ut maxima toto
 Nostra sit arca foro. Sed nulla aconita bibuntur 25
 Fictilibus.

8. *Toga militiæ.*] This takes in all the offices of civil life, according to the Roman idea of distribution.

14. *Balæna Britannica.*] This comparison has an humorous propriety. It reminds the reader of the great sums, which the men mentioned here, particularly Seneca, had at interest in Britain. Seneca is said to have had £300,000 so employed, and his rigour in exacting his demands was one great cause of a rebellion that soon followed. HOL.

19. *Argenti puri.*] *Minimè cœlati.* GRANG.

24. *Divitiæ—opes.*] Thus distinguished by Cicero. *Expetuntur divitiæ, ut utaris; opes, ut colaris.* De Sen. The first, wealth; the second, power.

For, mark ! what do we wish or fear aright,
By reason's temp'rate choice and faithful light ?
What dear, what favourite blessing do you get,
Which mocks not hope, and ends not in regret ?
Th' indulgent Gods whole houses have o'erthrown,
At their own pray'r ; — the fatal choice their own.
In war we ask but woes ; in peace but woes :
The thorn's e'en grasp'd, where most we hop'd the rose.

II. Many, a torrent flow of tongue their pride,
By their own matchless eloquence have died.
Milo, proud of his wond'rous nerve, at length
Presum'd too far, and perish'd in his strength.
But most are lost, by avarice beguil'd,
By glitt'ring heaps with ceaseless labours pil'd ;
Estates as much above the common scale,
As o'er the dolphin tow'rs the British whale.
For this it was, by Nero's fell commands,
The great were oft beset with ruffian bands ;
For this th' unfeeling tyrant shed the gore
Of the best men those days of outrage bore :
The cause, — their houses, gardens, countless sums —
The soldier seldom to a garret comes.

If, urg'd by business, you should travel late,
Charg'd with few vessels of unfigur'd plate,
You'd tremble and a sword or bludgeon dread,
If the moon show'd a reed that shook its head.
While the poor tramper, tho' the thief he sees,
Yet still can sing, and travel on at ease.

The first familiar prayer, at ev'ry shrine,
Is wealth and pow'r — “ the largest chest be mine
“ In all the forum : ” yet no poisonous drug
Was ever swallow'd from an earthen mug :

When

Fictilibus. Tunc illa time, cum pocula fumes
Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de Sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem : flebat contrarius alter ? 30
Sed facilis rigidi cuivis censura cachinni.

Mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit humor.
Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus, quanquam non essent urbibus illis
Prætexta, & trabeæ, fasces, lectica, tribunal. 35

Quid si vidisset Prætorem in curribus altis
Extantem, & medio sublimem in pulvere circi
In tunicâ Jovis, & pictæ Sarrana ferentem
Ex humeris aulæa togæ, magnæque coronæ
Tantum orbem quanto cervix non sufficit ulla ? 40

Quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus, & sibi Consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
Da nunc & volucrem, sceptro quæ surgit eburno ;
Illinc cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi
Agminis officia, & niveos ad fræna Quirites, 45
Defossa in oculis quos sportula fecit amicos.

Tunc quoque materiam risûs invenit ad omnes
Occursus hominum, cujus prudentia monstrat

Summos

28. *De Sapientibus*] He means the philosophers Heraclitus and Democritus.

38. *In tunica Jovis.*] The *tunica palmata* worn by generals in triumph, under the *toga picta* or *palmata*. Kennet, B. V. C. 8. It was called *tunica Jovis*, because kept in the Capitol.

39. *Aulæa togæ*] This expresses the extravagant size of the *toga palmata* ; like Cicero : *velis amictos, non togis*. Cat. II.

41. *Quippe tenet sudans.*] The poet blends the two exhibitions together, the Circensian games and a triumph in this account ; because the same robes of states were used upon both occasions. But the public slave, attendant clients, &c. belong to the triumphal procession. The slave used to cry, as the general went along, *Respice post te, hominem esse memento*. GRANG.

When rich wine sparkles in the bowl, superb
With gold and gems ; then fear the deadly herb.

Must you not now the sapient pair applaud ;
That, whensoever they set a foot abroad,
One ever laugh'd, and one, on graver plan,
Shed tears of pity at the cares of man.

Laughter is cheap : 'tis puzzling to divine,
From whence the weeper drew his stock of brine.

'Twas sage Democritus's usual way
To shake his lungs with laughter every day ;
Tho', in his town, no purple robes he saw,
No fasces, chair, or Prætor's bench of law.

How had he scoff'd that vainer pageant fight ;
Our Prætor perch'd in car of monstrous height ;
Ruling the Circus, in Jove's tunic drest,
And gown, a Tyrian dy'd embroider'd vest
So large and cumb'rous,—that the lab'ring fool
Would fit in loads of tapestry as cool :

Wearing a crown—which yet he cannot wear—
The pond'rous load a sweating slave must bear :
Most proudly lifted high above the throng,
Yet—humbly bearing a poor slave along.

Add now the silly pomp, superbly gay,
Which decks a chief on some triumphal day ;
Th' almighty Jove's imperial bird, which stands
Perch'd on the iv'ry sceptre in his hands ;
Here trumpeters, there white-drest client-trains
Marching before, and waiting at the reins
Of prancing steeds—kind friends in heart and soul,
Won by the pocket-rhet'ric of the dole !

E'en

Summos posse viros, & magna exempla daturos
Verveum in patriâ, crassoque sub aëre nasci. 50

Ridebat curas, necnon & gaudia vulgi;
Interdum & lacrymas, cum fortunæ ipse minaci
Mandaret laqueum, mediumq; ostenderet unguem.

Ergo supervacua hæc aut pernicioſa petuntur,
Propter quæ fas est genua incerare Deorum. 55

Quosdam præcipitat subjecta potentia magnæ
Invidiæ; mergit longâ, atque insignis honorum
Pagina: descendunt statuæ, restemque sequuntur:
Ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis
Cædit, & immeritis franguntur crura cæballis. 60

Jam stridunt ignes, jam follibus atque caminis
Ardet adoratum populo caput, & crepat ingens
Sejanus: deinde ex facie toto orbe secundâ
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellæ.

Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum 65
Cretatumque bovem; Sejanus ducitur unco

Spectandus

50. *Verveum in patriâ.*] Democritus was born at Abdera, a city of Thrace, an illiterate country.

53. *Mediumque ostenderet unguem.*] *Medium ostendere digitum* is a proverbial phrase for contempt. That finger was therefore called *infamis*.

56. *Subjecta potentia magnæ Invidiæ.*] A strong expression for exalted power. Thus, *Indies subjeſtor invidiæ*. HOR.

57. *Honorum pagina.*] A brazen tablet was annexed to statues containing an account of all the titles and honours of the represented person. SCHOL.

62. *Crepat ingens Sejanus.*] This relates to the destruction of his statues; as *ducitur unco* below relates to his own execution.

65. *Pone domi lauros.*] It was usual to adorn the houses with laurel upon festal occasions. White victims (*cretatus*) were supposed to be the most acceptable. The phrase is from Lucretius, *Cretatumque bovem duci ad Capitolia magna*.

This passage is differently understood; but the translation follows the Delphin Editor, who seems to be in the right. Juvenal is fond of this ironical concession, and uses it both in the sixth and ninth satires. Sat. VI. 42. IX. 60.

Ev'n then the sage (whose great example shows
That sense the produce of each country grows ;
That sometimes ev'n the highly good and wise
In folly's foggy atmosphere arise)
Ev'n then he found perpetual funds of mirth
In all the busy scenes he saw on earth :
He jeer'd the vulgar's silly joys and fears ;
Sometimes, with equal wisdom, e'en their tears.
Whilst he, of wisdom's nobler wealth possess'd,
Made fortune's angry frowns his standing jest.

The vows, which suppliant tables, then, contain,
Hung at the knees of Gods in every fanè,
Pray but for blessings pestilent or vain.

III. Some, by high pow'r, the envied dread of all,
Have been betray'd—their magnitude their fall.
Their long resplendent catalogue of place
Serv'd but to whelm them deeper in disgrace.
Down come the statues: cars triumphal feel
The batt'ring axes: broke is ev'ry wheel:
All piece-meal fly the legs of brazen steeds,
Poor harmless suff'rers for their master's deeds.
The rope disgraceful drags them all away:
The forges blaze; fires hiss; the bellows play
With lab'ring lungs; and, in the fiery bed,
See! melting lies the great Sejanus' head!
That idol head, lov'd by the world's great Lord!
By crouching crowds, with distant awe ador'd!
Of this are made (ah! see what pow'r produces!)
Pans, kettles, pots, and things for dirtier uses.

Go now, and court preferment's high renown,
Your happy doors with festive laurels crown;

Lead

Spectandus : gaudent omnes : Quæ labra ? Quis illi
 Vultus erat ? Nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
 Hunc hominem : sed quo cecidit sub crimine ? quisnā
 Delator ? Quibus indiciis ? Quo teste probavit ? 70
 Nil horum. Verbosa & grandis epistola venit
 A Capreis : Benè : habet : nil plus interrogo. Sed quid
 Turba Remi ? Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
 Damnatos : idem populus, si Nurscia Tusco
 Favisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus 75
 Principis ; hâc ipsâ Sejanum diceret horâ
 Augustum. Jampridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
 Vendimus, effudit curas. Nam qui dabat olim
 Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
 Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat, 80
 Panem, & Circenses. Perituros audio multos :
 Nil dubium : magna est fornacula : pallidulus mi
 Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obviarius am.

Quàm

71. *Verbosa & grandis epistola venit.*] A ridicule upon the length and obscurity of the letter written by the gloomy tyrant upon the occasion, as recorded by Dio.

72. *Bene : habet.*] This punctuation is of Henninius. "It is well: he has it, i. e. he suffers for it:" as, *certè captus est, habet*. Ter. The common reading, however, *benè habet*, though not so lively, yet is a just and common phrase; as *benè habet* ; *jecta sunt fundamenta defensionis*. Cic.

77. *Ex quo suffragia nulli vendimus.*] Arbuthnot gives us a curious anecdote relating to the venality, which prevailed in the latter times of the Roman republic, and which proved at last its ruin. "Bribery was come to the height of £80729 per tribe; at least the majority of them, such as had the casting votes. And there being no less than thirty-five tribes, it is easy to guess how expensive this corruption was grown, and every body knows where it ended at last." Coins, weights, &c. C. XXII.

77. *Augustus.*] The highest title, conferred upon the Roman emperor.

Lead to the Capitol a milk-white steer,
 To show the Gods we hold their blessings dear !
 Sejanus had these honours all ; yet look,
 He's dragg'd degraded by the penal hook !
 Mark, how the joyous rabble, as he goes,
 Load him with curses, and insult his woes.
 " What blubber lips (they cry) what hideous phys !
 " Believe me, I ne'er lik'd those looks of his !
 " But tell me, who's th' accuser ? what th' offence ?
 " What were the proofs ? and who, the evidence ?
 " Talk not of evidence : from Capreæ sent,
 " A bulky letter came — oh ! I'm content,
 " I want no more : the rascal has his due :
 " What Cæsar says, must certainly be true."
 Well, but the people : how do they decide ?
 The people swim, as usual, with the tide ;
 Watch fortune's looks, and still adopt her frown,
 Trampling the wretch, who happens to be down.
 Yet had his 'Tuscan Goddesses heard his pray'rs,
 And the old monarch perish'd by his snares,
 This self-same rabble, in that self-same hour,
 Had hail'd him sov'reign lord of Roman pow'r !
 Long since they shun all cares ; their business none,
 Since their great trade of selling votes is gone.
 For they, who formerly, with potent sway,
 Gave power, rank, armies—every thing away,
 Have now no earthly business in their head,
 But the Circensian pastimes, and their bread.
 " Many, I hear, must die (a cobbler cries)
 " No doubt : the furnace is of largest size :
 " Just now Brutidius met me pale with fear ;
 " My friend, I fancy, sees some danger near.
 " Heav'n send our Ajax may not flesh his steel
 " In all our veins, vext at our want of zeal !

" Let's

Quàm timeo, victus ne pœnas exigit Ajax,
 Ut malè defensus! Curramus præcipites, & 85
 Dum jacet in ripâ, calcemus Cæsaris hostem.
 Sed videant servi, ne quis neget, & pavidum in jus
 Cervice astrictâ dominum trahat. Hi sermones
 Tunc de Sejano: secreta hæc murmura vulgi.

Visne salutari sicut Sejanus? Habere 90
 Tantumdem? Atque illi fellas donare curoles?
 Illum exercitibus præponere? Tutor haberi
 Principis, Augustâ Caprearum in rupe sedentis
 Cum grege Chaldæo? Vis certè pila, cohortes,
 Egregios equites, & castra domestica. Quidni 95
 Hæc cupias? Et qui nolunt occidere quemquam,
 Posse volunt. Sed quæ præclara, & prospera tanti,
 Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum?
 Hujus qui trahitur prætextam sumere mavis;
 An Fidenarum, Gabiorumque esse potestas? 100
 Et de mensurâ jus dicere? Vasa minora
 Frangere pannosus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris?
 Ergo quid optandum foret, ignorâsse fateris
 Sejanum. Nam qui nimios optabat honores,
 Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat 105
 Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
 Casus, & impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.

Quid

84. *Victus ne pœnas exigit Ajax.*] Brutidius was an eminent rhetorician, who pleaded his own cause, and put an end to his own life, as Ajax did, and this passage belongs to him. GRANG.

But the translation follows the common gloss, which applies it to the emperor himself. This has more force and pleasantry, is more expressive of the execrable butchery that followed Sejanus's fall, and more agreeable to the phrase *exigere pœnas*, which means not to suffer, but inflict punishment.

93. *Augustâ.*] Many editions read *angusta*; but this loses all the beauty of the irony, manifestly intended here. *Grex* is a word of contempt, put in contrast; and *sedens* has a reference to the execra-
 ble

“ Let’s haste, and kick his foe, a trait’rous knave,

“ Ere Tiber gives his guilt its proper grave.

“ But hold ! our slaves must see it done ; if not,

“ They’ll seize on us as privy to the plot.”

Thus, when Sejanus fell with ruin down

From pow’r’s high zenith, buzz’d the babbling town.

Would you now wish to have the morning tide

Of visitants, that sooth’d Sejanus’ pride ;

To have his splendid heaps of wealth, and fill

All the high posts of peace and war at will ?

Be call’d the emp’ror’s guardian and support,

While he in Capreæ’s rocks kept awful court,

And with a vile Chaldean herd convers’d,

Lost to the world, in brutal lusts immers’d ?

“ You’d like, (you say) to glitter at the head

“ Of those Prætorian horse and foot he led !”

No doubt : ev’n he who would not have the will,

Yet likes the high prerogative to kill.

But who would posts on such hard terms obtain,

To have their pleasures balanc’d by their pain ?

See that degraded wretch now dragg’d along !

The hiss, the taunt, of each insulting tongue !

Which would you choose ? to wear his splendid gown,

Or be the Ædile, in some country town ;

And there, presiding in poor humble frize,

Break weights and measures that are short of size ?

Consult your feelings now, and fairly own,

Bliss to Sejanus was a thing unknown.

By adding wealth to wealth and pow’r to pow’r,

What did he do but raise an airy tow’r,

Which, story pil’d on story, only rose,

To make his fall more dreadful in the close ?

The

ble wretch’s *Sellaria*, as Grangæus with usual ingenuity supposes.
Suet. XLIII.

95. *Egregios equites*.] Sejanus was præfect of the Prætorian troops ; the flower of the Roman armies.

Quid Craffos, quid Pompeios evertit, & illum,
 Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
 Summus nempè locus nullâ non arte petitus, 110
 Magnâque numinibus vota exaudita malignis.
 Ad generum Cereris sine cæde & sanguine pauci
 Descendent reges, & siccâ morte Tyranni.

Eloquium ac famam Demosthenis, aut Ciceronis
 Incipit optare, & totis Quinquatribus optat, 115
 Quisquis adhuc uno partam colit asse Minervam,
 Quem sequitur custos angustæ vernula capsa.
 Eloquio sed uterque perit orator. Utrumque
 Largus & exundans lethô dedit ingenii fons.
 Ingenio manus est, & cervix cæsa; nec unquam 120
 Sanguine caufidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.

O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam!
 Antonî gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
 Omnia dixisset. Ridenda Poëmata malo,
 Quam te conspicuæ, divina Philippica, famæ, 125
 Volveris a primâ quæ proxima. Sævus & illum
 Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenæ
 Torrentem, & pleni moderantem fræna theatri.
 Diis ille adversis genitus, fatoque sinistro,
 Quem pater ardentis massæ fuligine lippus 130
 A carbone, & forcipibus, gladiosque parante
 Incude, ac luteo Vulcano ad Rhetora misit.

Beliorum

108. *Et illum.*] He means Julius Cæsar.

115. *Quinquatrus.*] Or *Quinquatria*, the festival of Minerva, the play-time of school boys.

122. *O fortunatam natam.*] Dryden makes the great Cicero speak arrant nonsense here;

Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome,
 'Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom.

It was the writer's vanity, that gave most offence at Rome. Similar sounds were tolerated, if not admired, in that age. The phrase itself is pure and elegant; and means *maximis periculis elapsam & in tuto collocatam*: for *cælo mitti, ab orco redire, nasci*, and the like, signify some important happy revolution. HENN.

The Craffi, Pompeys, and that mightier still,
Who lash'd the harafs'd Romans to his will,
What ruin'd them?—th' immoderate wish to rise,
Th' ambitious vow indulg'd by angry skies.
Most kings and tyrants of the earth have stood
In pow'r's meridian,—but to set in blood.

IV. Demosthenes' and Tully's splendid fame
Kindles the scholar's emulative flame.

The stripling, who yet needs a servant's care,
To guard his weakness, and his satchel bear,
Who just begins his rudiments to seek

From some poor teacher, at a groat a week,
For eloquence like theirs already prays,
Nor quits the pray'r, ev'n on vacation-days :
And yet at length these mighty speakers died,
By genius's o'erflowing whelming tide.

By genius lopp'd, poor Tully's hands and head
Stood on the bar, a spectacle of dread :—

Ne'er with a sorry babbler has the rostrum bled.

“ O ROME, WHOM DOOM hung o'er ; but by my care,

“ Thy watchful consul, rescu'd from despair ! ”

Oh ! had such writing fill'd his ev'ry page,

He might have scorn'd the fierce triumvir's rage :

Safe in his meanness, he had then defy'd

The butcher's swords : — rather than boast the pride

Of all the second bright Philippic's wit,

I'd father the worst doggrel ever writ.

He, too, by death as tragical expir'd,

Whom Athens' crowded theatres admir'd ;

While with his flow, as with a rein, he bent

Their ductile passions, and their pleas'd assent.

The Gods were adverse, and the fates unkind,

Who gave the smith, his fire, the luckless mind,

Fair rhet'ric ! to prefer thy thorny schools

To his own shop's ignobler, safer tools.

V. The

Bellorum exuviæ, truncis affixa trophæis
 Lorica, & fractâ de casside buccula pendens,
 Et curtum temone jugum, victæque triremis 135
 Aplustre, & summo tristis captivus in arcu,
 Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad hæc se
 Romanus, Graiusque ac Barbarus induperator
 Erexit: causas discriminis atque laboris
 Inde habuit. Tantò major famæ sitis est, quàm 140
 Virtutis. Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
 Præmia si tollas? Patriam tamen obruit olim
 Gloria paucorum, & laudis, titulique cupido
 Hæfuri saxis cinerum custodibus; ad quæ
 Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus: 145
 Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoq; fata sepulcris.
 Expende Annibalem: quot libras in duce summo
 Invenies? Hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro
 Perfusa Oceano, Niloque admota tepenti [150
 Rursus ad Æthiopum populos, aliosque Elephantos.
 Additur imperiis Hispania: Pyrenæum
 Transilit: Opposuit natura Alpemque, nivemque:
 Diducit scopulos, & montem rumpit aceto.
 Jam tenet Italiam: tamen ultrà pergere tendit,
 Actum,

133. *Trophæis.*] The adjective *truncus* explains the original simplicity of the trophy. It was a lopped tree, upon which the arms of the conquered were hung. Virg. *Æn.* XI. 5.

134. *Buccula.*] Commonly supposed to be the murrion or part of the helmet which defended the cheek, and its etymology from *bucca* favours this sense. But the obscure diligence of Bowyer in the last Delph. edit. makes it the boss of the shield, put for the shield itself. The translator can neither admit nor refute this opinion, as the quotations from Livy and Cæsar are not according to any edition in his possession.

143. *Gloria paucorum.*] i. e. *Gloria inter cives excellendi*: as, *Postquam Pompeius ad bellum maritimum missus est, plebis opes imminuta, paucorum potentia crevit.* Sall.

V. The spoils of war, Trophies, which proudly stand
Bedeck'd with armour, won by sea and land,
The high-built arch, which on its summit shows,
In strong relief, the captive's sculptur'd woes ;—
Are blessings far excelling human thought :
By Roman, Greek, Barbarian chieftans sought ;
Deem'd by no toils or perils dearly bought.
So much more strongly thirst of glory warms
Man's wayward heart, than virtue's softer charms.
For who courts virtue? who her worth regards,
Unless she bribes his courtship by rewards?
But oft have states and kingdoms ow'd their fall
To this dire thirst of soaring over all,
This lust of praise and titles :—vile parade,
To grace the stone where the poor dust is laid !
That stone, which a wild fig-tree serves to rend,
For tombs, like their frail tenants, have their end !

In the just scale put Hannibal :—ah ! see,
How light this conqueror's dust !—yet *this* is he,
Whom Afric's wide-stretch'd regions can't contain :
These are too small : he adds the realms of Spain :
Hence bounding o'er the Pyrenees he goes :
Nature oppos'd her Alps and all their snows :
In vain : to these he bends his daring way :
Not all their clouds, and snows, and rocks dismay :
With fire and vinegar the rocks he rends :
And, like a flood, on Italy descends.

But

149. *Niloque admota tepenti.*] Generally mistaken: for the construction is, *Admota* (à) *Nilo tepenti rursus ad Æthiopas*; the full extent of the known countries of Africa. *Rursus* means here as Sat. XII. 76. "A continued extension."

151. *Pyrenæum transilit.*] An allusion both to the passes of this mountain, which were called *saltus*, and to the rapidity of Hannibal's march.

Aetum, inquit, nihil est, ni Pæno milite portas 155
Frangimus, & mediâ vexillum pono Suburrâ.

O qualis facies, & quali digna tabellâ,

Cùm Gætula ducem portaret bellua luscum !

Exitus ergo quis est ? O gloria ! Vincitur idem [160

Nempe, & in exilium præceps fugit, atq; ibi magnus

Mirandusque cliens sedet ad prætoria regis,

Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare Tyranno.

Finem animæ, quæ res humanas miscuit olim,

Non gladii, non saxa dabunt, non tela, sed ille

Cannarum vindex, ac tanti sanguinis ultor, 165

Annulus. I, demens, & sævas curre per Alpes,

Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias !

Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis :

Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,

Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvaq; Seripho. 170

Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem,

Sarcophago contentus erit. MORS sola fatetur

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula. Creditur olim

Velificatus Athos, & quicquid Græcia mendax

Audet in historia ; cum stratum classibus îdem 175

Suppositumque rotis solidum mare. Credimus altos

Defecisse

157. *O qualis facies.*] The reflection is just and natural ; but obscured by its conciseness. Ambition is not only tragical in its end (which is explained in the next sentence) but endures infinite hazards and labours in its career. He alludes to the difficulties, which Hannibal combated in passing the Etrurian marshes ; in which he lost an eye.

159. *Vincitur idem.*] There is an emphasis in this word : i. e. *is*, *qui toties vicerat, victus est*.

168. *Pellæo juveni.*] Emphatical. *Pellæa*, at the best, was but a small town ; in later times a contemptible village. GRANG.

171. *A figulis munitam urbem.*] Babylon, the end of the hero's exploits ; and therefore ludicrously described in these terms.

174. *Græcia mendax*] The poet takes every occasion to inveigh against the Greeks. But he must not be supposed to accuse them
of

But this contents not : wid'ning still arise
 Still grander prospects : " nothing yet (he cries)
 " Nothing is done, 'till, those proud gates broke down,
 " Our colours wave triumphant in the town."
 Oh ! what a sight, anon, when he, one-ey'd,
 Waded for life, an elephant astride !
 But what's th' event ? blush, glory, at the tale,
 Thy tale of shame ! his foes in turn prevail :
 The hero flies, and sits, his triumphs o'er,
 A great, but poor dependent at the door,
 Till a Bithynian king is pleas'd to wake :
 And—all at leisure,—his appearance make.
 At length, no manly instruments of fate
 That life shall finish, which convuls'd the state
 Of harrafs'd realms : the pois'nous ring shall yield
 A dose, avenging Cannæ's bloody field.
 Go, madman, Alps' tremendous summits scale ;
 To be the hero of a school-boy's tale !

One world the boy of Pella can't content ;
 As in some small and rocky island pent,
 He pants for breath ; the earth, with all its skies,
 Yields him not air : poor man, he gasps, he dies !
 Yet, at the brick-built town arriv'd, a tomb
 Few feet in size, shall yield him ample room !
 'Tis death alone compels us to declare
 What little, little things our bodies are.

The Greeks assure us (but they sometimes lie,
 Yet this I neither credit, nor deny)
 That Athos, tho' a mountain, was sail'd round,
 That fluid sea was turn'd to solid ground ;
 That chariots past in safety o'er the brine,
 And that the Persians, when they chose to dine,

Took

of absolute fiction, but exaggeration only ; otherwise we shall hurt
 his moral.

175. *Classibus isdem.*] i. e. *iisdem, quibus Athos velificatus fuerat.*

Defecisse amnes, epotaque flumina, Medo
 Prandente, & madidis cantat quæ Sostratus alis.
 Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relictâ,
 In Corum atq; Eurum solitus sævire flagellis 180
 Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos,
 Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigæum?
 Mitius id sanè, quod non & stigmatè dignum
 Credidit; huic quisquam vellet servire Deorum?
 Sed qualis rediit? Nempe unâ nave, cruentis 185
 Fluctibus, ac tardâ per densa cadavera prorâ.
 Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas!

Da spatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos:
 Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc & pallidus optas.
 Sed quam continuis & quantis longa senectus 190
 Plena malis! Deformem, & tetrum ante omnia vultum
 Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,
 Pendentisque genas, & tales aspice rugas,
 Quales umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,
 In vetulâ scalpit jam mater simia buccâ. 195

Plurima sunt juvenum discrimina; pulchrior ille
 Hoc, atque ille alio: multum hic robustior illo.
 Una senum facies, cum voce trementia membra,
 Et jam læve caput, madidique infantia nasi.
 Frangendus misero gingivâ panis inermi. 200
 Usque adeo gravis uxori, natisque, sibi que,

Ut

184. *Huic quisquam vellet servire Deorum.*] It would be an improvement in the sense, did any MS. allow us to read *huic quis non vellet*, &c. The irony is disagreeably interrupted by the sudden gravity of the common reading.

186. *Per densa cadavera.*] Grangé, with his usual ingenious refinement, has discovered here a new sense. A tempest arising, as Xerxes was returning in his little skiff into Asia, some of his courtiers leaped voluntarily into the sea to lighten the vessel and save the worthless master. This adds highly to the foolish monarch's distress; but the word *densa* favours the common interpretation. *Ego* (as the wise-acre says in Terence) *amplius deliberandum censeo: res magna est!*

Took such a vast immeasurable Sup ;
 They drank whole brooks, nay, mighty rivers up.
 'Tis thus that Sostratus is pleas'd to sing,
 When o'er his cups his muse is on the wing.
 But how return'd the man of wond'rous feats,
 As, vanquish'd, he from Salamis retreats,
 The monarch, who could lash the winds at will
 (Poor godlings, never us'd at home so ill !)
 Who bound the God, that shakes the solid land,
 With fetters—(troth, 'twas kind, he did not brand
 This water-monarch for his drudge ;—what god
 Would serve a lord so whimsically odd ?)
 But how return'd he, let us ask again ?
 In a poor skiff he pass'd the blood-dy'd main,
 Chok'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.
 Glory, the frequent wish of man, bestows
 Such punishments as these, such tragic woes !

VI. “ O Jove, a happy length of days impart ;”
 Both well, and ill, you pray, with anxious heart.
 But ah ! what ills, in dire assemblage, prey,
 On the last scene of nature in decay !
 First, see the alter'd visage, once your pride !
 For the sleek skin, the lank and wither'd hide !
 The poor shrunk, shrivel'd chops ! and, for the grace
 Of manly looks, the monkey's leathern face !

Various clear lines discriminate the young ;
 Fairer than others this, and that more strong.
 The ag'd have but one face : their ills the same,
 The tremulous accent, and the palsy'd frame ;
 The hairless scalp, the ever-drivelling nose
 Of second infancy, their fated close.
 Add too the mumbled crust, and toothless gum,
 And man, to wife and child and self become

Ut captatori moveat fastidia Cossò !

Non eadem vini, atque cibi, torpente palato,
Gaudia. Prætereà quæ nunc cantante voluptas,
Sit licèt eximius citharædus, sitve Seleucus, 205
Et quibus auratâ mos est fulgere lacernâ ?
Quid refert magni sedeat qua parte theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiet, atque tubarum
Concentus ? Clamore opus est, ut sentiat auris,
Quem dicat venisse puer, quot nuntiet horas. 210
Prætereà minimus gelido jam corpore sanguis
Febre calet solâ ; circumfilit agmine factò
Morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quæras,
Promptiùs expediam, quot amaverit Hippia mœchos ;
Quot Themison ægros autumnò occiderit uno ; 215
Quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus
Pupillos : citiùs quot villas possideat nunc,
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat. X

Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxâ debilis ; ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & luscis invidet : Hujus 220
Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis.
Ipse, ad conspectum cœnæ diducere rictum
Suetus, hiat tantùm, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
Ore volat pleno mater jejuna. Sed omni Mem-

202. *Ut captatori moveat fastidia Cossò.*] We have had frequent instances before of this species of wit, called *oblique satire*. Horace is not without some of these beauties, as *Loquacem Delassare valent Fabium*, *Ne me Crispini Scrinia Iippi Compilasse putes* ; *Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste regentis*, &c. "I have often admired this piece of art in the two Roman satirists, and have been surprized to meet with a man in a satire, that I never, in the least, expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill-nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage, than out of any seeming design to abuse him. Our English authors, on the contrary, shew a kind of malice propense," &c. Addison on Medals.

The pleasure, in one word, arises both from the novelty and brevity of the reflection. The entertainment is unexpected ; and a short sentence answers the purpose of a whole satire.

214. *Hippia*

So vile and lothsome ;—that his very look
 Would give Will-hunting Cossus' self a puke !
 The senses all decay'd forget their signs ;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and vapid wines.
 Music exerts her melody in vain :
 What can Seleucus, or th' Orchestra's train ?
 Sit where he will, what purpose can it serve ?
 No sounds can vibrate on his torpid nerve.
 His boy must shout as loud as to a block,
 To tell what neighbour comes, or what's o'clock.
 So slowly creeps his blood, its warmth all lost,
 That nothing but a fever thaws its frost.
 Add too his aches, and pains, and ills, and wants—
 As numberless as Hippias' lewd gallants ;
 As those poor patients, Themison contrives
 To rob of life each autumn that arrives ;
 As wards, whom Hircus' knav'ry has betray'd ;
 Or partners, fleec'd by Basilus in trade ;
 In short, as countless, as the seats and lands,
 My quondam Barber, now a Lord, commands.
 Of a rheumatic shoulder one complains :
 Here a lumbago or sciatic pains :
 And there another, of both eyes bereft,
 Envies the man, who has one peeper left.
 This, us'd to eye with watering teeth the treat,
 Now takes from other hands his daily meat ;
 And opes his chops—as unfledg'd swallows theirs
 To catch the mouthful the starv'd mother bears.

L 4

But

214. *Hippias mæchos.*] This example illustrates the above note, by a poignancy no where equalled by Horace. Here four criminals are dispatched at once in four verses ; which therefore answer the purposes of so many studied invectives.

222. *Diducere rictum Suetus.*] The translation considers Suetus as belonging to his former state, before he became infirm ; in this manner : *Diducere rictum* (olim) *Suetus*, (nunc) *biat tantum*, &c. This is adopted, to avoid an apparent tautology.

Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec 225
 Nomina fervorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici,
 Cum quo præteritâ cœnavit nocte, nec illos,
 Quos genuit, quos eduxit. Nam codice sævo
 Hæredes vetat esse suos : bona tota feruntur
 Ad Phialen. Tantum artificis valet halitus oris, 230
 Quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.

Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
 Funera natorum, rogos aspiciendus amatae
 Conjugis, & fratris, plenæque sororibus urnæ.
 Hæc data pœna diu viventibus, ut renovatâ 235
 Semper clade domûs multis in luctibus, inque
 Perpetuo mœrore, & nigrâ veste senescant.

Rex Pylius (magno si quicquam credis Homero)
 Exemplum vitæ fuit a cornice secundæ.
 Felix nimirum, qui tot per sæcula mortem 240
 Distulit, atque suos jam dextrâ computat annos,
 Quiq; novum toties mustum bibit : oro, parumper
 Attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur
 Fatorum, & nimio de stamine, cum videt acris
 Antilochi barbam ardentem : nam quærit ab omni 245
 Quisquis adest socio, cur hæc in tempora duret ;
 Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit ævo?

Hæc eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,
 Atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.

Incolumi Trojâ Priamus venisset ad umbras 250
 Assaraci magnis solemnibus, Hectore funus
 Portante, ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus, inter
 Iliadum lacrymas, ut primos edere planctus

Cassandra

241. *Jam dextrâ computat annos.*] The ancients calculated a hundred years on the left hand, and the subsequent numbers on the right. Holiday illustrates the manner by a table of figures.

244. *Videt acris.*] Not *bellicosi*, as the Delph. Ed. explains it; but *adhuc juventute ferventis*.

But than the loss of members still far worse,
Observe his dotage next, a heavier curse.
The wretch forgets his servants' names; nay more,
The friend with whom he sup'd the night before,
Nay, his own flesh and blood: his will transfers
His wealth to Phiale; the whole is hers;
The child forgot:—such wheedling arts she drew,
Vile baggage, from long practice in a stew!

But say, he still continues sound of mind;
See then what other ills remain behind!
He lives but to behold the previous fall
Of brothers, sisters, children, wife and all.
It is a curse entail'd on ling'ring years:
'Midst deaths on deaths, and tears succeeding tears,
'Midst a long train of close-connected woe;
For ever must the old in fable go:
Till he, poor man, is left at last alone,
A solitary stranger, quite unknown.

The Pylian king (believe what Homer says)
Approach'd the long-liv'd crow in length of days;
His whole first century was fairly run,
And now the right-hand reck'ning was begun:
“ So many an autumn past, how blest was he!”
Yes, so it seems: but stay awhile and see
His pangs, when he beheld the pyre consume
His lov'd Antilochus, in early bloom!
How did he lothe his long-protracted date?
How blame the too, too harsh decrees of fate?
What dire offence, he ask'd his friends around,
Merits the curse of cumb'ring thus the ground?

Thus their fires mourn'd Achilles early lost,
And wise Ulysses, dash'd from coast to coast.

Priam had join'd his ancestors with joy,
And left, in wish'd prosperity, his Troy,

Cassandra inciperet, scissâque Polyxena pallâ,
 Si foret extinctus diverso tempore, quo non 255
 Cœperat audaces Paris ædificare carinas.
 Longa dies igitur quid contulit? Omnia vidit
 Everfa, & flammis Afiam ferroque cadentem.
 Tunc miles tremulus positâ tulit arma tiarâ,
 Et ruit ante aram summi Jovis, ut vetulus bos, 260
 Qui domini cultris tenue & miserabile collum
 Præbet, ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro!
 Exitus ille utcunque hominis: sed torva canino
 Latravit rictu, quæ post hunc vixerat uxor.
 Festino ad nostros, & regem transeo Ponti, 265
 Et Cræsum, quem vox justi facunda Solonis
 Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ.
 Exilium, & carcer, Minturnarumque paludes,
 Et mendicatus victâ Carthagine panis,
 Hinc causas habuere. Quid illo cive tulisset 270
 Natura in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam,
 Si circumducto captivorum agmine, & omni
 Bellorum pompâ, animam exhalasset opimam,
 Cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?
 Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres 275
 Optandas: sed multæ urbes, & publica vota
 Vicerunt. Igitur fortuna ipsius, & urbis
 Servatum victo caput abstulit. Hoc cruciatu
 Lentulus,

255. *Quo non.*] This is Henninius's reading: the common reading *quo jam* is not as intelligible, and scarce Latin.

268. *Exilium et carcer.*] The history of Marius must be consulted here: all these circumstances have their propriety.

His last remains with royal honours grac'd,
 On Hector's shoulders, and his brothers' plac'd
 With duteous woe, and mourn'd with pious strains
 By his lov'd daughters and long forrowing trains
 Of matrons ; — had he died before his son
 Had yet his daring fatal fleet begun.
 What liv'd he then to see ? dire scenes of woe !
 A ruin'd kingdom, a triumphant foe !
 To see his people by the sword expire,
 And all his cities blaze with hostile fire !
 Then, trembling, tottering with the weight of age,
 To quit his crown, in feeble fight engage,
 And, (like the aged ox to slaughter led
 By the ungrateful peasant whom he fed,)
 Like this mute suff'rer led, to yield his life,
 At Jove's high altar, to the murd'rer's knife !
 This end was human still : a fate more foul
 Reserv'd his consort, as a bitch, to howl.

I haste examples of our own to bring,
 And pass unnotic'd both the Pontic king,
 And that rich prince, to whom sage Solon said ;
 “ Call no man happy till he's fairly dead.”

Hence Marius' suff'rings, exil'd, plung'd in mud,
 Dragg'd to a dungeon with devoted blood,
 And begging bread upon the ruin'd wall
 Of mighty Carthage, emblem of his fall.
 Had he expir'd, dismounting from that car,
 Which show'd to Rome the Cimbric spoils of war,
 And then breath'd out his noble soul, elate
 With the just sense of his exalted state ;
 In what true bliss and glory had he died,
 His country's Saviour, and his country's Pride !

Naples to Pompey a kind fever gave,
 To hide his honours in a welcome grave.
 But public pray'rs arise : the gods allow
 The health requested by the erring vow.

Lentulus, hac pœna caruit, ceciditque Cethegus
Integer, & jacuit Catilina cadavere toto! 280

Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cum Veneris fanum videt anxia mater,
Usq; ad delicias votorum. Cur tamen, inquit,
Corripas? Pulchrâ gaudet Latona Dianâ.

Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem 285

Ipsa habuit. Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atque suam Rutilæ dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregii miseros trepidosq; parentes
Semper habet. RARA est adeò concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiae. Sanctos licet horrida mores 290
Tradiderit domus, ac veteres imitata Sabinas.

Præterea castum ingenium, vultumque modestum
Sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benignâ
Larga manu: (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
Custode, & curâ natura potentior omni?) 295

Non licet esse viros; nam prodiga corruptoris
Improbilas ipsos audet tentare parentes.

“Sed casto quid forma nocet?” Quid profuit olim
Hippolyto grave propositum? Quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, seu fastidita repulsâ: 300

Nec Sthenobæa minus quam Cressa excanduit, & se
Concussere ambæ. Mulier sævissima tunc est,
Cum stimulos odio pudor admovet. Elige quidnam
Suadendum

283. *Usque ad delicias votorum.*] i. e. ut pro ipsis vota deliciarum plena concipiant. GRANG.

295. *Natura potentior.*] Finely illustrated by Seneca: nullâ sapientiâ naturalia corporis aut animi vitia ponuntur: quicquid infixum et ingenuum est, lenitur arte, non vincitur. Ep. XI. IDEM.

302. *Concussere ambæ.*] A metaphor from savage animals preparing themselves for battle.

By Rome's and his cross fate that grave he fled,
And liv'd—to lose his honours and his head.
In happier guise did Catiline expire,
Tho' slaughter'd in his crimes, he died entire!

VII. “Beauty, sweet Venus, beauty give my child”
Each mother cries, by blind fond love beguil'd:
True: for the boys she pours a mod'rate pray'r,
But oh! her daughters must be heav'nly fair.
For this so oft to Venus' fane she flies,
And with such ardent vows fatigues the skies,
That in fond fancy she already sees
The granted blessing—all the charms that please!
“But why (she asks) condemn a mother's pray'r:
“Latona joys to see her Dian fair.”

But, sure, Lucretia warns you not to seek
The fatal charms that bask'd upon her cheek:
Virginia would have chang'd her form divine
For that hump-back, O Rutila, of thine.

For ever must the parent's bosom ache
With fear for sons that have too fair a make:
So rarely form and virtue are combin'd!
Let rigid education mould the mind,
Let nature give chaste sentiment, and flush
The glowing cheek with honour's conscious blush,
(Nature! kind tut'refs, who directs the heart
Above the force of precept or of art!)
Yet such the snares, which beauteous youths trepan,
They cannot reach unstain'd the state of man:
Corruption e'en the parent dares assail
With the bold bribe, when other methods fail.
“Aye, but my child in virtue's paths shall tread;
“And then what harm from beauty needs he dread?”
Go, see what good Hippolytus could find
In his attractive form and virtuous mind?
Or what Bellerophon? The women, spurn'd,
And to mere beasts of prey from lovers turn'd,

Breath'd

Suadendum esse putes, cui nubere Cæsaris uxor
 Destinât. Optimus hic & formosissimus idem 305
 Gentis patriciæ rapitur miser extinguendus
 Messalinæ oculis. Dudum sedet illa parato
 Flameolo; Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis
 Sternitur, & ritu decies centena dabuntur
 Antiquo: veniet cum signatoribus auspex. 310
 Hæc tu secreta, & paucis commissa putabas?
 Non nisi legitimè vult nubere. Quid placeat, dic:
 Ni parere velis, pereundum est ante lucernas.
 Si scelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res
 Nota urbi, & populo, contingat Principis aures. 315
 Dedecus ille domûs sciet ultimus. Interea tu
 Obsequere imperio, si tanti est vita dierum
 Paucorum. Quicquid levius, meliusque putâris,
 Præbenda est gladio pulchra hæc & candida cervix.
 Nil ergo optabunt homines? Si consilium vis, 320
 Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus quid
 Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
 Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
 Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
 Impulsi,

309. *Ritu decies centena dabuntur antiquo.*] The curious reader may find, that the critics have found out three different explanations for this passage. The translator begs leave to propose the following, upon the authority of Sat. VI. 114. where this sum *decies centena* is mentioned as a large portion. It should seem, that by some old sumptuary law this sum was really fixed as the utmost portion to be allowed a bride. Messalina (who wanted to do every thing according to strict form) stipulated this precise sum. But as £8000 could not be really a large dowry in the opulent state of Rome, we must suppose that the old legal term became proverbial for any large portion, and this reconciles both passages of the author. See Kennet, V. 9.

321. *Permittes ipsis numinibus*] This is almost a literal translation of that petition in the christian prayer, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven!" GRANG.

324. *Carior est illis homo quam sibi*] What heathen ever talked this language, before christianity enlightened the world? You seem

Breath'd nothing but revenge and fury : — dire
Is female wrath when shame augments the fire !

See Silius, whom an emp'refs wants to wed,
Behold th' accomplish'd youth to ruin led,
Ensnar'd by Messalina's fatal eyes :
What shall he do ? how save himself ? advise :
Th' impatient woman waits with keen desire ;
Long since she sits, drest in a bride's attire :
The genial bed, with Tyrian vests array'd,
Stands public in the garden's fragrant shade ;
Eight thousand pounds, by ancient rite decreed,
Are promis'd as a dow'r to crown the deed :
Th' aruspex and the public scribes attend :
(For nothing else will serve the lady's end,
She'll have no private work ; a legal claim
Must consecrate so chaste and pure a flame !)
What's your advice, then ? if he dares delay,
Her wrath destroys him ere the close of day :
If he consents, the tale's on ev'ry tongue,
And reaches the weak emp'ror's ears ere long ;
(For husbands hear their shame the last of all)
And this way too, the hapless youth must fall :
And, mean time, may, if he can rate so high
A few days' joys, with her high will comply.
See, then ; whate'er you think the safer deed,
That lovely neck with all its charms must bleed !

VIII. “ Shall man wish nothing, then,” methinks
you say ?

If you'll take counsel, hear the safer way.
Leave it to providence to choose the post,
That suits your powers and leads to bliss the most.

For

to hear the apostle himself speaking : “ God so loved the world,
that he spared not his only begotten Son ! ” GRANG.

Impulsu, & cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti, 325
 Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris : at illis
 Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.

Ut tamen & poscas aliquid ; voveasque facellis
 Extâ, & candiduli divina tomacula porci ;
 Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano. 330
 Fortem posce animum, & mortis terrore carentem ;
 Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
 Naturæ, qui ferre queat quosunque labores ;
 Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil ; & potiores
 Herculis ærumnas credat, sævosque labores, 335
 Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare ; semita certè
 Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
 NULLUM Numen habes, si sit prudentia : sed te
 Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cœloque locamus. 340

327. *Futura sit uxor.*] The poet argues here, as the Logicians speak, *a fortiori*. "We are blind with respect to the event even of "our MOST VIRTUOUS prospects; much more must we be so, "with respect to those, which have any thing of GUILT or FOLLY "mixt with them."

328. *Ut tamen et poscas.*] We learn here a proper regard to the CEREMONIAL of religion. For, though the Deity is inclined, by his own benignity, to bless his creatures, yet he expects the outward expressions of devotion from the rational part of them; for a plain reason: because, otherwise, the cares and pleasures of life would destroy that sense of their DEPENDENCE upon him, which is the truest foundation of all morality.

329. *Candiduli porci.*] The usual sacrifice in marriage. DELPH. EDIT.

337. *Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare.*] This does not mean, in the proud Stoical sense, "these things you can give yourself independent of the gods" (for this would be inconsistent with the piety, he recommended just before) but "independent of fortune:" in other words, "you may assure yourself of these blessings, for they are agreeable to the divine will."

For honey'd bane (still erring man's request)
That wiser choice gives always what is best.
Dearer to heav'n than to himself is man :
Our folly only breaks its gracious plan.
All blindness, we, by headlong passion led,
Pant for the comforts of the marriage bed,
And issue wish : but heav'n alone can see
What both our children and our wife shall be.

But that you may ask something, and bestow
The pious gifts, dependent creatures owe ;
For health of mind and body, ask the skies :
Ask the firm soul, which death itself defies ;
Which, scorning fortune, and in virtue blest,
Views the last stage as nature's boon of rest ;
Which hardiest toils with fortitude sustains,
Which quells all wrath, each loose desire restrains ;
A soul, which virtuous labours better please
Than guilty lusts, or feasts, or vitious ease.

These great and sov'reign blessings, which I show,
You may, with wisdom, on yourself bestow.
The only path to peace thro' virtue lies ;
No Deity is fortune to the wise.
To this vain phantom fools alone have giv'n
The name of goddess, and a place in heav'n.

S A T I R A XI.

ATticus eximiè si cœnat, lautus habetur ;
 Si Rutilus, demens: quid enim majore cachinno
 Excipitur vulgi, quàm pauper Apicius? Omnis
 Convictus, thermæ, stationes, omne theatrum
 De Rutilo. Nam dum valida, ac juvenilia membra 5
 Sufficiunt galeæ, dumque ardet sanguine, fertur,
 Non cogente quidem, sed nec prohibente Tribuno,
 Scripturus leges, & regia verba lanistæ.
 Multos porrò vides, quos sæpè elusus ad ipsum
 Creditor introïtum solet expectare macelli ; 10
 Et quibus in solo vivendi causa palatò est.
 Egregiùs cœnat meliùsque miserrimus horum ;
 Et citò casurus jam perlucente ruinâ.

Intereà,

This satire consists of four parts. The 1st. contains some valuable maxims with regard to œconomy and self-government: The 2d. contains the poet's invitation to his friend, and a short detail of the intended frugal entertainment: The 3d. gives some pleasing views of old Roman simplicity in contrast with the extravagance prevalent in his own age: And the 4th. concludes with the principal ingredients of what good sense and virtue would call a rational entertainment.

This satire, considered as an invitation-piece, is dull and tedious; for the character of that species of writing is gaiety and conciseness. But if we consider it as a studied satire written by an old man of plain manners against the luxury of the times, we must read it with pleasure and improvement.

The 1st. part contains many excellent observations expressed with the poet's usual pointed energy; the 3d. part gives (as just mentioned) some pleasing images of ancient Roman simplicity; and the 2d. and 4th. as pleasing a view of the poet in domestic life.

It

S A T I R E XI.

I. **I**F Atticus gives feasts of high expence,
 'Tis taste; if Rutilus, 'tis want of sense.
 What's to the very mob a greater joke
 Than an Apicius in a tatter'd cloke?
 This Rutilus is grown the common talk
 Of ev'ry table, play house, bath and walk:
 In the full tide and vigour of his blood,
 (Forc'd by no tribune, yet by none withstood)
 Fit for the toils of war, yet headlong led
 To learn the fencer's saucy rules for bread.

Many there are of this abandon'd kind,
 Whom their bilk'd creditors are sure to find
 Prowling around the shambles; rogues, who think
 'Tis life's sole end and aim to eat and drink;
 Then most expensive, when most sure to fall:
 Their ruin glaring visibly to all.

Lands,

It appears from line 203, that he wrote it in his old age, and, therefore, probably under Adrian.

3. *Apicius.*] A glutton, in the reign of Augustus, who spent in luxury *millies sestertium*, i. e. £807291 : 13 : 4 of our money. He destroyed himself for fear of want, though it appeared upon the settlement of his affairs, that he had still remaining *centies sestertium*, above £80000.

7. *Nec prohibente tribuno.*] He blames the magistrates of Rome for permitting such instances of disgrace.

8. *Regia verba.*] Such as *attolle, declina, percuti, urge, cede*. LUB.

12. *Egregiùs.*] Priscian says, it is for *egregiùs*. Lucretius also uses this comparative, as,

Nam nihil egregius quam res discernere iniquas
A dubiis. RIGALT.

Interea gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,
 Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus : interius si 15
 Attendas, magis illa juvant quæ pluris emuntur.
 Ergo haud difficile est perituram arcessere summam
 Lancibus oppositis, vel matris imagine fractâ,
 Et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
 Fictile : sic veniant ad miscellanea ludî. 20

Refert ergo quis hæc eadem paret : in Rutilo nam
 Luxuria est ; in Ventidio laudabile nomen
 Sumit, & a censu famam trahit. Illam ego jure
 Despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlas
 Omnibus in Libyâ sit montibus ; hic tamen idem 25
 Ignoret quantum ferratâ distet ab arcâ
 Sacculus. E cælo descendit, γυνῶδι σεαλόν,
 Figendum & memori tractandum pectore, sive
 Conjugium quæras, vel sacri in parte Senatûs
 Esse velis. (Nec enim lorica poscit Achillis 30
 Therſites, in qua se traducebat Ulysses
 Ancipitem.) Seu tu magno discrimine causam
 Protegere affectas, te consule, dic tibi quis sis :
 Orator vehemens, an Curtius et Matho, buccæ.
 Noscenda est mensura sui spectandaq; rebus 35
 In summis, minimisque ; etiam cum piscis emetur.
 Nec mullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum
 In oculis : quis enim te, deficiente crumenâ,
 Et crescente gulâ, manet exitus ; ære paterno,

Ac

34. *Buccæ.*] This is the Scholiast's and Grangæus's reading. *Curtius et Matho non oratores erant, sed BUCCÆ, i. e. fastuosi et ventosi caudicî.* The common reading, *Buccæ noscenda est mensura tuæ, — etiam cum piscis ematur,* is so incongruous, that Lubin proposes to read *bulgæ*, an old word signifying "a purse" from Lucilius's fragments. But it is too obsolete a term to be admitted ; and wants MSS. authority.

Lands, seas, and air they ranfack for what's nice ;
So keenly fet, they boggle at no price.

Nay, when the truth's examin'd, it appears,
The flavour's heighten'd by the price it bears.

'Tis easy, therefore, on this plan to raise

The perishable sum by desp'rate ways,

Either from plate, at pawn with brokers plac'd,

Or a kind mother's golden form defac'd,

And the dear dish to cook in earthen ware :—

Thus come they to the fencer's medley fare !

Things vary with the agent's rank and class :

That must, in Rutilus, for lux'ry pass,

Which, in Ventidius, claims our just applause,

And from his wealth a genuine lustre draws.

How silly he, who readily descries,

How much o'er hillocks tow'rs the mountain's size,

Yet sees not, a small purse has no pretence

To vie with iron coffers in expence !

From heav'n that maxim “ know thyself ” was sent,

And as our constant monitor was meant ;

Whether the state of marriage we embrace,

Or in the sacred senate take a place.

(Thersites, thus, ask'd not Achilles' mail,

Despairing, where Ulysses fear'd to fail)

Or if you would some doubtful cause defend,

Explore yourself, how far your pow'rs extend,

Whether you can harangue with decent weight,

Or, like the silly Matho, only prate.

To a full scrutiny your talents call ;

In ev'ry business, whether great or small.

Not ev'n a mullet should attract your eyes,

When in your purse a gudgeon only lies.

For what must be the end, the dire event ;

When, (luxury encreas'd, and money spent,)

Your

Ac rebus merfis in ventrem, fœnoris atque 40
 Argenti gravis, & pecorum, agrorumq; capacem?
 Talibus a dominis post cuncta novissimus exit
 Annulus, & digito mendicat Pollio nudo.
 Non præmaturi cineres, nec funus acerbum
 Luxuriæ, sed morte magis metuenda senectus. 45
 Hi plerumque gradus; conducta pecunia Romæ,
 Et coram dominis consumitur. Inde ubi paullum
 Nescio quid superest, & pallet fœnoris auctor,
 Qui vertère solum, Baias, & ad Ostia currunt.
 Cedere namque foro jam non tibi deterius, quam 50
 Esquilias a ferventi migrare Suburrâ.
 Ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa
 Mœstitia est, caruisse anno Circensibus uno.
 Sanguinis in facie non hæret gutta; morantur
 Pauci ridiculum, & fugientem ex urbe pudorem. 55
 Experiere hodie numquid pulcherima dictu,
 Perfice, non præstem vitâ, nec moribus, & re;
 Sed laudem filiquas occultus ganeo, pultes
 Coram aliis dictem puero, sed in aure placentas.
 Nam, cum sis conviva mihi promissus, habebis 60
 Evandrum, venies Tirynthius, aut minor illo
 Hospes, & ipse tamen contingens sanguine cœlum;
 Alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.
 Fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis.

De

49. *Ad Ostia*] Henninius reads *ad ostrea*. But this, though not noted as such, must surely be an error of the press.

53. *Uno anno.*] Not that these profligate men could return, when the year was expired; but that the loss of the public shows even for one year gave them more regret than the loss of every other privilege for their lives. LUBIN.

61. *Evandrum.*] This is explained by Virg. *Æn.* VIII. 59.

Your principal and int'rest, all your plate,
 Your herds and cattle, lands and whole estate,
 Have in that gulph, your belly, found their fate?
 Their badge of rank's the last departing thing;
 And poor Sir Pollio begs without his ring.
 They make a curse of heav'n's great blessing, breath;
 And dread old age more than an early death.
 This is their usual process; this their plan:
 They borrow and they squander all they can:
 Then, when the pay-day comes, and all's just done,
 Away to Baiæ, or to Ostia run.
 To fly is now no more, than to repair
 From some hot street to some more wholesome air.
 To want, ev'n for a year, the public shows,
 Gives them more pain than all the rest they lose.
 Each drop of modest blood has left their face:
 Poor modesty is scoff'd in ev'ry place:
 And 'tis the merit of a few alone,
 That from this town the goddess is not flown.

II. You'll have plain proof, my worthy friend, to-day,
 Whether I keep the moral rules I lay,
 Or whether I, while temp'rance is my tale,
 Love not, a secret glutton, to regale.
 For since my guest you'll be to-day, you'll see
 A plain Evander—nothing else—in me;
 And you, like his two heroes, with content,
 Will take my treat as kindly as 'tis meant:
 Guests, who to heav'n by fire and water went.

Hear first, before you come, your bill of fare:
 What I from no expensive stalls prepare,
 Yet what I think your modest taste will suit:
 The bill is short;—kid—herbs—eggs—pullets—fruit.

The

De Tibertino veniet pinguissimus agro 65
Hædulus, & toto grege mollior, infcius herbæ,
Necdum ausus virgas humilis mordere saliæti,
Qui plus lactis habet quàm sanguinis; & montani
Asparagi, posito quos legit villica fuso.
Grandia prætereà, tortoque calentia fœno 70
Ova adsunt ipsis cum matribus; & servatæ
Parte anni, quales fuerant in vitibus uvæ:
Signinum Syriumque pyrum: de corbibus isdem
Æmula Picenis, & odoris mala recentis,
Nec metuenda tibi, ficcatum frigore postquam 75
Autumnum, & crudi posuere pericula succi.
Hæc olim nostri jam luxuriosa senatus
Cœna fuit. Curius parvo quæ legerat horto
Ipse focus brevibus ponebat oluscula, quæ nunc
Squallidus in magnâ fastidit compede fossor, 80
Qui meminit, calidæ sapiat quid vulva popinæ.
Sicci terga suis rarâ pendentia crate
Moris erat quondam festis servare diebus,
Et natalitium cognatis ponere lardum,
Accedente novâ, si quam dabat hostia, carne. 85
Cognatorum aliquis titulo ter Consulis, atque
Castrorum imperiis, & Dictatoris honore
Functus, ad has epulas solito maturiùs ibat,
Erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.
Cum tremerent autem Fabios, durumq; Catonem 90
Et Scauros, & Fabricios, postremò severos
Censoris mores etiam collega timeret;

Nemo

The kid's my own, from my Tiburtine ground ;
 Of all my flock the fattest to be found :
 Ne'er cropp'd he grafs, or willow's bitter bud ;
 And has more milk within his veins than blood.
 The herbs are 'sparagus, from hills supply'd,
 Cull'd by my maid, her distaff laid aside :
 The eggs are large, warm from the matted nest :
 The hens, that laid them, are together drest :
 My grapes, tho' kept, are fresh, as from the vine ;
 Signian and Syrian are my pears, and fine :
 One basket brings my fruit ; my apples vie
 With those, the fam'd Picenum can supply.
 You need not fear them : by the winter dry'd,
 They've laid the autumn's crudities aside.

III. Such things were thought a most luxurious treat
 By senators, ere Rome became too great :
 When from his little garden Curius drew
 His frugal herbs and humbly cook'd them too ;
 Herbs, which the very slave would now disdain,
 Who digs in rags, fast fetter'd in a chain ;
 For slaves well know, by modern lux'ry taught,
 A sow's teats' relish, from the tavern brought.
 On very festivals, the great and rich
 Regal'd on nothing but the bacon fitch,
 And for relations, from their toils releas'd,
 On jolly birth-days, bacon was the feast,
 With some chance fresh-meat added to the board,
 Which public victims happen'd to afford.
 To feasts like these, before the usual hour,
 Relations, who thrice bore a consul's pow'r,
 Who camps had rul'd, and as dictators sway'd,
 Came from the cultur'd mountain, with their spade
 In honest rudeness on their shoulders laid.
 For when strict discipline restrain'd the town,
 And e'en a censor fear'd his colleague's frown ;

M

No

Nemo inter curas & seria duxit habendum,
 Qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
 Clarum Trojugenis factura ac nobile fulcrum : 95
 Sed nudo latere, & parvis frons ærea lectis
 Vile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,
 Ad quod lascivi ludebant ruris alumni.
 Tales ergo cibi, qualis domus, atque supellex.
 Tunc rudis, & Graias mirari nescius artes, 100
 Urbibus everfis, prædarum in parte reperta,
 Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
 Ut phaleris gauderet equus, cælataque cassis
 Romulæ simulacra feræ mansuescere jussæ
 Imperii fato, & geminos sub rupe Quirinos, 105
 Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & hastâ
 Pendentisque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti.
 Argenti quod erat, solis fulgebat in armis.
 Ponebant igitur Tusco farrata catino
 Omnia tunc ; quibus invideas, si lividulus sis. 110
 Templorum quoque majestas præsentior, & vox
 Nocte ferè mediâ, mediamque audita per urbem,
 Littore

97. *Vile coronati caput.*] An ass's head, stripped of its skin
 (possibly meant by the word *vile*) and crowned with flowers
 (*coronati*) was supposed to give fertility to the ground where it was
 fixt, according to the Tuscan superstition. Columella, B. X. line
 344, mentions this among other superstitious Amulets,

*Hinc caput Arcadici nudum cute fertur aselli
 Tyrrhenus fixisse Tages in limite ruris.*

But Gesner, upon this place of Columella, and the best critics
 upon Juvenal, wish to read *asellæ* upon the authority of Palladius
 I. 35, who expressly says, it was the head of a "she-ass or mare,"
 that formed the amulet; *Creduntur enim*, adds he, *suâ præsentia
 fecundare quæ spectant.*

Now we may say, the beds were so disposed that the guests (all
 pious farmers) could see this head as it hung in the fields or gardens
 (BRIT.

No Roman judg'd it worth a serious thought,
 What tortoise shells from ocean could be brought
 To decorate the beds with rich inlay,
 For Troy's great sons to spend the jovial day :
 But without backs, and small, and plain, their beds ;
 Whose fronts of brass had all their asses' heads,
 For children to play round in sportive mood :—
 Their sheds and goods were plain, and such their food.

The soldier, then, all Grecian arts unknown,
 When, proud with spoils from mighty towns o'er-
 thrown,

He found rich cups amidst his captur'd part,
 Wrought highly by some skilful workman's art,
 Melted them down, for nobler use decreed,
 To decorate his helm, or warlike steed :
 His helm display'd a savage wolf, made kind
 By Rome's great fate ; twins near a rock reclin'd ;
 And hovering Mars, in all his martial show :
 Emblems of ruin to the destin'd foe !
 Their silver deck'd their arms : their humble fare
 Was only serv'd in simple potters' ware :
 Blest men ! whom you with envy must behold,
 If you've a spark of envy in your mould !

The gods were more propitious too, than now ;
 They heard in ev'ry fane the pious vow ;

M 2

And,

(BRIT. and GRANG.) or, more simply, the heads of the beds (*frons*)
 had this ceremony engraved in brass, *ærea*. HOL. The poet, then,
 meant to express the piety as well as the simplicity of the old
 Romans upon this occasion.

107. *Pendentisque dei*] *In casside cœlata*. GRANG. "Hovering
 in the air over the children."

III. *Templorum*] i. e. *Deorum*. *Præsens* is from Virg. Ecl. I.
Nec tam præsentibus alibi cognoscere diuos.

Littore ab oceani Gallis venientibus, & Diis
 Officium vatis peragentibus, his monuit nos.
 Hanc rebus Latiis curam præstare solebat 115
 Fictilis, & nullo violatus Jupiter auro.

Illa domi natas, nostræque ex arbore menfas
 Tempora viderunt; hos lignum stabat in usus,
 Annosam si forte nucem dejecerat Eurys.
 At nunc divitibus cœnandi nulla voluptas; 120
 Nil rhombus, nil dama sapit; putere videntur
 Unguenta, atque rosæ, latos nisi sustinet orbes
 Grande ebur, & magno sublimis pardus hiatu,
 Dentibus ex illis, quos mittit porta Syenes,
 Et Mauri celeres, & Mauro obscurior Indus, 125
 Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu,
 Jam nimios, capitique graves. Hinc surgit orexis,
 Hinc stomacho vires. Nam pes argenteus illis,
 Annulus in digito quod ferreus. Ergo superbum
 Convivam caveo, qui me sibi comparat, & res 130
 Despicit exiguas: aded nulla uncia nobis
 Est eboris: nec tessellæ, nec calculus ex hâc
 Materiâ: quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
 Ossea: non tamen his ulla unquam obsonia fiunt
 Rancidula; haud ideo pejor gallina secatur. 135
 Sed

117. *Nostræque ex arbore.*] In opposition to the luxury of his own times, when citron tables were the fashion. See Sat. I. 129.

124. *Porta Sienes.*] Like the phrase in the third satire, *Janua Baiarum*. Siene was the way from Æthiopia into Egypt.

126. *Nabathæo.*] A part of Arabia had this name from Nabath a son of Ismael. This corresponds remarkably with the scripture history. It is probable, the Arabians imported these teeth from the East Indies.

128. *Hinc stomacho vires.*] The common reading is *bilis*, and may serve, as bile is necessary to digestion. But the reading of the text is preferred by Henninius.

132. *Calculus.*

And, when the Gauls pour'd from the distant coast
Of ocean, warn'd us of th' approaching host : -
They did themselves the prophet's part fulfil,
And in loud midnight voices spoke their will.
With such care Jove, not yet with gold profan'd,
But a mere earthen Jove, our state sustain'd !

Those virtuous times were only us'd to see
Mere home-made tables,—of some native tree :
The walnut for this use was but design'd,
When, sapp'd with age, 'twas overthrown with wind :
But now, in feasts, our rich no pleasures know ;
Turbot and ven'son, now, insipid grow ;
Perfumes and roses a mere stench emit ;—
Unless the tables, where the feasters sit,
Have some enormous panther's mimic shape
Grinning below with huge and horrid gape,
Made of the teeth, a monster-beast has shed,
When grown too large and heavy for its head ;
Which Afric or Arabian merchants send :—
On this all taste and appetite depend !
A silver pedestal's as vile a thing,
As on the finger a mere iron ring.

Far from my lowly cottage be that guest,
Who makes my humble furniture his jest !
No iv'ry I, no, not an ounce, possess ;
Not iv'ry e'en my board and men of chefs.
I covet no such things : I'm proud to own,
The very handles of my knives are bone.
And yet my food takes hence no nauseous smell ;
And such knives carve my pullet full as well.

M 3

I have

132. *Calculus.*] Though it has other significations, it here means most conveniently a chefs-man; *tessellæ* the chefs board from the small squares of which the surface is composed. HOL.

Sed nec structor erit, cui cedere debeat omnis
 Pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
 Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper, & pygargus,
 Et Scythicæ volucres, & Phœnicopterus ingens,
 Et Gætulus oryx, hebeti lautissima ferro 140
 Cæditur, & totâ sonat ulmea cœna Suburrâ.
 Nec frustum capræ subducere, nec latus Afræ
 Novit avis noliter tirunculus, ac rudis omni
 Tempore, & exiguæ furtis imbutus ofellæ.

Plebeios calices & paucis assibus emptos 145
 Porriget incultus puer, atque a frigore tutus;
 Non Phryx, aut Lycius, non a mangone petitus
 Quisquam erit, & magno. Cum posces, posce Latinè.
 Idem habitus cunctis: tonfi, erectique capilli,
 Atque hodiè tantùm propter convivium pexi. 150
 Pastoris duri est hic filius, ille bubulci:
 Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
 Et casulam, & notos tristis desiderat hœdos:
 Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris,
 Quales esse decet, quos ardens purpura vestit. 155
 Hic tibi vina dabit diffusa in montibus illis
 A quibus ipse venit, quorum sub vertice lusit:
 Namque una atq; eadem vini patria, atq; ministri.
 Forsitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro
 Incipiat prurire choro, plausuque probari. 160

Speſtent

137. *Trypherus*.] He taught the art of carving in wood.

138. *Sumen*.] "A sow's teats," with *lepus* and *aper*, were Roman dishes: the rest, foreign rarities. See Arbuthnot on Coins, &c. C. V.

144. *Furtis*.] The Delph. Editor says, this is a bad reading, and prefers *frustis*. But surely he is mistaken: *frustum* and *ofella* are synonymous.

145. *Plebeios calices*.] Made of glass, in imitation of the more precious sort, made of crystal, used by the great. See Martial's witty Epigram. XII. 75.

I have no slave, a neat proficient made,
By Rome's great master of the carving trade :
Blest man, who always has well-furnish'd feasts
Of Roman dishes, and all birds and beasts
Which lux'ry fetches from each distant realm !
Feasts cheaply got ; for they are serv'd in elm ;
As cheap the edgeless knives this feast employs ;
And all Suburra rattles with the noise.
My boy can't e'en dissect a common joint ;
And is quite rude and raw in every point —
Except it be (and here his skill is great)
In cooking some stol'n piece of savoury meat !

A boy, whose clothes but barely keep him warm ;
Will serve cheap glasses, all of common form ;
Not one, from Asian climes by merchants brought,
Highly accomplish'd, and as dearly bought ;
But one, to whom you must in Latin call :
Alike the dress of my attendants all :
Their hair is short and lank, and only dress,
This single day, in honour of our feast :
My shepherd's this, and that my herdsman's son :
Oft does he sigh, his town attendance done,
To see his *mammy*, now for weeks unseen,
His hut, and his kid-playmates on the green ;
A youth of modest and ingenuous face,
Such as becomes young men of better race ;
But what they want, who glow in purple lace !
This youth to-day will serve you with your wine ;
It is the produce of that mountain vine,
Beneath whose shade he ply'd his childish game : —
The wine and butler's country are the same.

IV. Perhaps you fancy, to augment your cheer,
Some bawd and minstrel wenches will be here ;

By

Spectent hæc nuptæ, juxtà recubante marito,
 Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem præsentibus ipsis!
 Non capit has nugas humilis domus: audiat ille
 Testarum crepitus, cum verbis, nudum olido stans
 Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet; ille fruatur 165
 Vocibus obscœnis, omnique libidinis arte,
 Qui Lacedæmonium pytismate lubricat orbem!
 Namque ibi fortunæ veniam damus. Alea turpis,
 Turpe & adulterium mediocribus: hæc eadem illi
 Omnia cum faciant, hilares nitidique vocantur. 170

Nostra dabunt alios hodiè convivia ludos.
 Conditor Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis
 Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
 Quid refert tales versus quâ voce legantur?
 Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis, 175
 Et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
 Per totam cessare diem: non fœnoris ulla
 Mentio, nec, primâ si luce egressa reverti
 Nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor.
 Protinus ante meum, quicquid dolet, exue limen. 180
 Pone domum, & fervos, & quicquid frangitur illis,
 Aut perit: ingratos ante omnia pone sodales.

Intereâ Megalefiacæ spectacula mappæ

Idæum

161. *Spectent hoc nuptæ*] These two lines in some MSS. are placed here; in others below, after the description of the Circensian games. This is certainly their proper place; for there was nothing impure in the Circus-Exhibitions. LUBIN. GRANG. and CONGREVE.

164. *Testarum crepitus.*] Some rattle made of shells used by these lascivious women in their dances, not at present understood. "Shell-music." HOL.

167. *Pytisma.*] "The spirting of wine between the teeth, when we taste it." *Pitissando modo mihi quid vini absumpsit!* Ter. The curious may find, if they please, many other senses for this passage.

183. *Mappa.*] The occasion of the towel was this. Nero, on a time, sitting alone at dinner, when these shows were eagerly expected,

By luscious songs and attitudes, to fire
The pruriency and rage of fierce desire.
But let high ladies with their husbands sit
To view foul scenes, e'en for their ears unfit :
My humble roof such pastimes can't admit.
Let him, whose floor of Spartan marble shines
With spawlings from his various tasted wines ;
Let him behold, what harlots from the stews
With bashful indignation would refuse !
High rank, it seems, gives privilege to vice :
Th' adulterous intrigue, and fleecing dice,
Are things, by which inferiors are disgrac'd :
But are, it seems, in nobles marks of taste !

Diff'rent amusements shall your mind employ :
You'll hear the author of the fall of Troy,
And Virgil read ; whose sounding diction vies
With his great master for the Epic prize.
Why need we mind, what voice it is recites
Strains so divine, where music's self delights ?

But put all business and all cares away ;
And, all at ease, to pleasure give the day.
Of int'rest here no mention be there made,
Let me not hear what you've receiv'd or paid ;
Nor fret at your wife's conduct, tho' she roam
And leave to wreck and ruin all at home.
Lay down all cares before my threshold's crost ;
Forget what sorry slaves have broke or lost ;
Quit all domestic subjects of regret :
And, chief of all, ungrateful friends forget.

Mean time the napkin, hung to view, proclaims
Th' Idæan rite, the Megalensian games.

The

pected, caused the towel, with which he wiped his hands, to be thrown out as a sign of his speedy coming. Hence it became the usual sign at these shows ; whereas, before, the *classicum*, the sound of a trumpet or the like, was the sign. HOL.

Idæum solenne colunt, fimilisque triumpho
 Prædo caballorum Prætor sedet: ac, mihi pace 185
 Immenfæ nimisæque licet si dicere plebis,
 Totam hodiè Romam Circus capit: & fragor aurem
 Percutit; eventum viridis quo colligo panni.
 Nam si deficeret, mœstam attonitamque videres
 Hanc urbem, veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis 190
 Consulibus. Spectent juvenes, quos clamor, & audax
 Sponsio, quos cultæ decet assedisse puellæ!
 [Spectent hoc nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
 Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem præsentibus ipsis.]
 Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula Solem, 195
 Effugiatque togam. Jam nunc in balnea salvâ
 Fronte licet vadas, quanquam solida hora supersit
 Ad sextam. Facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
 Continuis; quia sunt talis quoq; tædia vitæ
 Magna. Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

188. *Viridis panni.*] See Sat. VII. 114.

190. *Cannarum in pulvere.*] This is no idle circumstance. For Hannibal got his victory by taking advantage of the wind, which blew the dust into the eyes of the Romans. LUB.

The Prætor, bane of horse-flesh, holds his seat,
Like some triumphant chief, superbly great :
And all Rome's rabble, we may fairly say,
Are jamm'd within the Circus' walls to day.
I hear the crash, and hence can safely guess
The public joy, the green cloth's wish'd success.
Oh ! should it fail, Rome would be whelm'd in woe,
As, when in Cannæ's dusty plain, the foe
Slaughter'd two consuls' armies at a blow.
Let sparks attend, with whom for wit it passes
To brawl and bet, and sit by well-drest lasses !
But let us bask, beneath the vernal ray,
Our aged limbs, and throw all cares away.
The day, it's true, wants one full hour of noon :
Yet blush you need not, tho' you bathe so soon.
You could not five successive days employ
In such a life ;—for such a life will cloy :
'Tis seldom tasting, that must relish joy.

The END of VOL. I.



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